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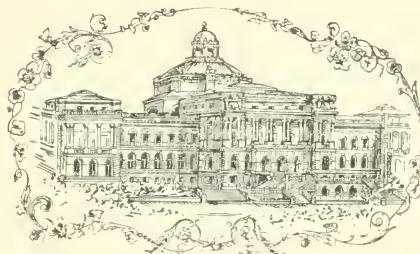
THE CONQUERORS.

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Illustrated with 100 Photogravures from Paintings by the World's Great Artists

COMPLETE IN TEN VOLUMES

VOLUME III

PHILADELPHIA
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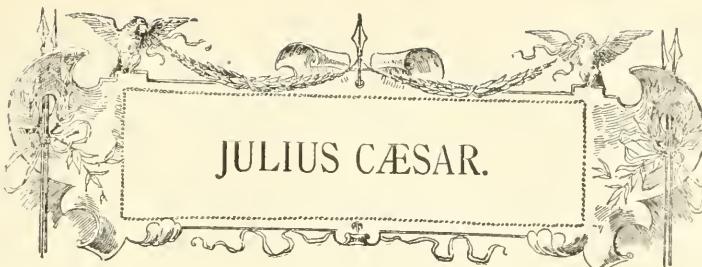
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THE CONQUERORS.

(SEE FRONTISPICE.)

IN 1892 Pierre Fritel astonished the world of art with his picture of "The Conquerors," exhibited at the Paris Salon. In this work the daring genius of the artist has brought together in one impressive scene the war-heroes of all ages. As inspired prophets have revealed to the imagination the future changes of nations in one vast vision, here the painter, rising above the limitations of his art, forces not merely upon the bodily eye, but upon the aroused mind the almost superhuman grandeur of those leaders who have from age to age changed the destinies of the world. In the centre of the van rides Julius Cæsar, whom Shakespeare has pronounced "the foremost man of all this world." On his right are the Egyptian called by the Greeks Sesostris, now known to be Rameses II., Attila, "the Scourge of God," Hannibal the Carthaginian, and Tamerlane the Tartar. On his left march Napoleon, the last world-conqueror, Alexander of Macedon, Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon, that "head of gold" in the great image seen in his vision as interpreted by the prophet Daniel, and Charlemagne, who restored the fallen Roman Empire. Straight onward, mounted on horseback or riding in chariots, march these mighty men of the past at the head of armies whose lines of spears stretch back into the dim distance. On either side lie prostrate the naked bodies of those who have yielded their lives that these men might exercise power. The Conquerors, their hosts and their victims, all belong to the world of the dead. Yet their power and glory are made fearful realities. Their influence and work are felt to pervade the world, to reach even to us, the living spectators. They are presented as dead, yet living and sending forth a mighty effect upon ages yet to come. The mighty sacrifices by which the glory of the world is achieved are here realized as never before.



CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR, the foremost man of the Roman world, belonged to the powerful Julian *gens* or tribe, which, according to the myth developed by the poet Virgil, traced its origin to Iulus, the son of the Trojan prince, Æneas, and grandson of the goddess Venus. But though of the noblest lineage of Rome, Cæsar, by birth and connections, was attached to the plebeian or liberal party in politics. He was born B.C. 102, on the 12th of Quintilis, the month which was, after his reform of the calendar,

called July in his honor. He was but sixteen years of age when he lost his father, who had been prætor. His mother, Aurelia, belonged to the Cotta family, and his aunt, Julia, was the wife of the plebeian leader, Caius Marius. His close connection with Marius exposed him to the resentment of the aristocratic dictator, Sulla.

At the age of nineteen, Cæsar, who was already prominent among the gilded youth of Rome, married Cornelia, the daughter of Cinna, who had been the colleague of Marius. He thus repudiated an alliance with the heiress Cossutia, of equestrian rank, to whom he had been betrothed in his father's lifetime. This first notable act in his career showed unmistakably Cæsar's determination to cast his lot with the plebeian party. Being ordered by Sulla to put away his wife, Cæsar boldly refused, although Pompey, his future rival, who was then more prominent, was weak enough to comply with a similar order. The recusant was proscribed, and sought

refuge among the Sabine hills. Sulla, being entreated by the most influential families of Rome to spare Cæsar's life, on the plea of his youth and unimportance, replied, "I see in yonder loosely girt dandy many a Marius." Yet their entreaties prevailed; but Cæsar was punished by being deprived of his wife's dowry and of his own inheritance. He was stripped of his office as a priest of Jupiter, and felt it necessary to join the army in Asia. There he served his first campaign, and at the capture of Mitylene, in 80 B.C., was awarded a civic crown for saving the life of a fellow-soldier.

On receiving news of the death of Sulla in 78 B.C., Cæsar returned to Rome, and, having employed the best rhetoricians of the time to fit him for public speaking, began to take open part in politics. He secured popularity with the plebeians by impeaching Dolabella, a distinguished noble, for extortion in his province of Macedonia. He next assailed another magnate, C. Antonius, who was protected by the Senate. Cæsar now retired from Rome, and desiring to perfect himself in oratory, he resolved to study in Rhodes under Apollonius Molo. On his voyage thither he was captured by pirates and obliged to pay them fifty talents for ransom. While their prisoner, he had threatened them that he would crucify them when he obtained his liberty, and accordingly, at Miletus, he manned some vessels, sailed after the pirates, overpowered them, and executed his threats. After completing his studies under Apollonius, Cæsar returned to Rome and devoted his energies more assiduously than ever to acquiring the favor of the common people. At the age of twenty-eight he was elected pontifex, the priestly office being part of the state administration. Though forced for some time to act a subordinate part, he kept steadily in view the grand object which he had early proposed to himself, and used every means to increase his popularity. On the death of Julia, the widow of Marius, her nephew pronounced a funeral oration in her honor. It was of course a panegyric on the plebeian hero, whose image was now publicly exhibited in spite of the unrepealed decree of Sulla, forbidding it. From that day Cæsar became to the excitable populace the representative of their lost chieftain.

Cæsar was made quæstor B.C. 68, and in discharge of his duty went to Spain, where his administration was marked with industry and vigor. He was elected *Ædile* in B.C. 65, and this office, which gave him superintendence of the temples and public works of the city, furnished a splendid opportunity for indulging his taste for magnificence, and at the same time securing popular favor. He beautified the capital, and entertained the people with exhibitions of wild beasts and gladiators. He had already incurred enormous debts in order to obtain office; yet he did not hesitate to plunge into more extravagant outlays. He borrowed from all his friends, and even from his rivals. His indebtedness soon exceeded \$1,500,000 of American money. He held out the lure of places and provinces to the wealthier members of his own faction, and thus stimulated them to greater exertions in behalf of his ambition. When Pompey adopted the policy of surrendering some of the more odious privileges which Sulla had conferred upon the Senate, Cæsar gladly accepted the opportunity to combine with him in the effort for reform. For a time the two politicians cultivated an appearance of friendship without real cordiality. Cæsar, soon after the death of Cornelia, took Pompeia, a relative of Pompey, as his second wife. He promoted the schemes which enabled Pompey to spread his fame and the terror of the Roman armies in the East. Never before had such absolute power been concentrated in the hands of a citizen as was freely given to Pompey.

There were other political movements in the city; but Cæsar carefully avoided being involved in those controlled by other leaders. The exposure and defeat of Catiline's conspiracy by the Consul Cicero was followed by an important debate in the Senate, and a suspicion was excited that Cæsar himself was privy to the plot. He was the only person who ventured to oppose the proposition for putting the conspirators to death; he recommended that their property should be confiscated, and that they should be dispersed through the different cities of Italy, and kept under a strict surveillance. Cæsar's speech on this occasion, as reported by Sallust, was singularly well adapted to flatter the dominant party, and also to keep up his credit with those who were hostile to

aristocratical interests. But for the unbending Cato he might probably have carried his motion.

In the following year, while Cæsar was prætor, the opposite faction in the Senate, who were bent on crushing his influence, passed a decree by which Cæcilius Metellus Nepos, one of the tribunes, and Cæsar, who strongly supported his measures, were declared incapable of continuing in their office. Cæsar continued to discharge the judicial functions of his magistracy till he found that force would be used to compel his submission to this illegal act of the Senate. The populace were roused by this strange proceeding, and Cæsar might have invoked their assistance against his enemies. Prudence induced him to check the zeal of his partisans, and the Senate, alarmed by this demonstration, repealed their own decree and thanked him for his conduct.

In the following year, B.C. 60, Cæsar obtained the province of Further Spain, and there first displayed that genius for war which has entitled him to be ranked among the greatest generals in the world. Returning to Rome, he found Pompey ready to desert the aristocracy. Crassus, who was the richest man in the state, and second only to Pompey in influence with the senatorial faction, was not on good terms with Pompey. Cæsar, however, succeeded in effecting a reconciliation between them, and thus formed the coalition which is known in history as the "First Triumvirate." To cement their alliance more closely, Cæsar gave Pompey his daughter Julia in marriage, though she had been promised to M. Brutus. Yet Cæsar, on the other hand, divorced Pompeia, and then took to himself a new wife, Calpurnia, the daughter of Piso, whom he nominated one of the consuls for the ensuing year.

The effect of the first triumvirate was to impair the credit of Pompey, throw disunion among the aristocrats, and put the whole power of the state in the hands of one vigorous and clear-sighted man. The Senate at last found they had got a master whom it was useless to resist; Cato still held out, but he stood alone. One of the most important measures of Cæsar's consulship was an agrarian law for the division of public lands in Campania among Pompey's dis-

banded soldiers. Pompey and Crassus, who had given in to all Cæsar's measures, accepted a place in the commission for dividing these lands. Clodius, the enemy of Cicero, was, through Cæsar's influence and the help of Pompey, adopted into a plebeian family, and thus made capable of holding the office of tribune; an event which Cicero had long dreaded, and fondly flattered himself that he should prevent by a temporizing policy. Clodius, being elected a tribune the next year, drove Cicero into exile. Beside the agrarian laws, Cæsar introduced a measure, which was passed, requiring the provincial governors, on their return from office, to render an account of their stewardship, and hand in their accounts for public inspection. The Julian Laws also were designed to prevent the plunder of the public revenues, the debasing of the coin, the bribery of judges and of the people at elections. There were laws also for the protection of citizens from violence, and sundry other necessary reforms. Yet these enlightened and useful laws were only passed by intimidation against the will of the Senate.

Cæsar was now appointed to govern the provinces of Transalpine Gaul, Cisalpine Gaul and Illyricum, with six legions for five years. Having thus obtained the command of an army and the management of an important war, he was enabled to prepare himself for the struggle which he foresaw was impending at Rome. His field of operations afforded him peculiar advantages; the Gauls were the hereditary enemies of the Romans, and the glory of subduing them could not fail to increase his popularity; while the opportunity of passing the winter in the north of Italy enabled him to watch the proceedings of parties in the capital.

In March, 58, B.C., while Cæsar was yet at Rome, news came that the Helvetians were leaving their country, with their wives and children, in order to settle in Southern Gaul, and were directing their march upon Geneva, to cross the Rhone at that place. Cæsar, hastening to Geneva, destroyed the bridge and raised a wall or entrenchment extending from the Rhone to the Jura. The Helvetians asked permission to pass through the Roman Province on their way to the country of the Santones, and on Cæsar's refusal they resolved to cross

the Jura higher up into the country of the Sequani, with whom they entered into negotiations to that effect. Cæsar decided to prevent them at all risks, as he foresaw the danger to the Roman Province should the Helvetians settle in Gaul. He left his lieutenant, Labienus, at Geneva, with the only legion he had in the Province, and hastened back to Cisalpine Gaul, where he raised two fresh legions, and summoned three more which had wintered near Aquileia. With these five legions, about 30,000 men, he took the most direct road to Gaul and marched through the country of the Segusiani, who lived near the confluence of the Rhone and the Arar (now called the Saône). Meanwhile the Helvetians, having crossed the country of the Sequani, had reached the Arar. Beyond this river were the *Ædui*, a powerful nation of Celtic Gaul, extending to the Ligeris (or Loire), who were friendly with Rome. The *Ædui* applied to Cæsar for assistance. He watched the motions of the Helvetians, and when he learned that three-fourths of their number had crossed the Arar, he marched at midnight with three legions, and fell upon those who still remained on the east bank with the baggage, and killed or dispersed them. Then crossing the Arar, he pushed on in pursuit of the main body of the Helvetians. Cæsar's cavalry, 4,000 strong, composed of Gaulish horsemen, raised in the province and among the *Ædui*, were worsted by 500 Helvetian horsemen. The cause of the defeat was soon revealed. There was a party hostile to Rome among the *Ædui*, led by Dumnorix, a young man of great wealth, influence and ambition, who secretly favored the Helvetians, although he actually commanded a body of auxiliary cavalry under Cæsar. The provisions which the *Ædui* had promised to supply to the Romans were not forthcoming. Cæsar sent for Divitiacus, the brother of Dumnorix, a Druid, who was friendly to Rome, and told him all he knew about his brother's double dealing. Divitiacus acknowledged his brother's fault and obtained his pardon. Dumnorix, however, continued in his heart hostile to the Romans, and at the time of Cæsar's first expedition into Britain, refused to embark with his auxiliaries, left Cæsar's camp, was followed, overtaken and executed.

The movements of the Helvetians were slow and circuitous, and Cæsar, after following them for two weeks, gave up the pursuit, and took the road to Bibracte, the principal town of the *Ædui*. The Helvetians, mistaking this movement for a retreat, turned round and followed the Romans. Cæsar, halting on a hill, formed his four old legions in three lines half-way up the slope. The Helvetians, having left all their baggage, wagons and families in one spot, closed their ranks and formed their phalanx, repulsed Cæsar's cavalry and advanced to attack his first line. They were vastly superior in numbers; Cæsar, having dismounted, sent away his own and all the other horses, to preclude all hope of flight, and having harangued his men, gave the signal for battle. The legionaries, from their elevated position, hurled their javelins with great force, and then rushed sword in hand upon the Helvetians, who stoutly resisted the onset. At last, covered with wounds, the Helvetians retired towards a mountain a mile distant. The Romans followed them; but their flank was attacked by the Helvetian rear-guard, 15,000 strong. Cæsar ordered his third line to face about and repel these new enemies, while the other two were engaged against the main body of the Helvetians, who had halted and returned to the charge. The double fight lasted from noon till sunset. The Helvetians were at length driven back, one part to the mountain and the rest to their baggage, where they continued to fight desperately behind their carts during the night, till they were nearly all slain. The other part, to the number of 130,000, moved off to the country of the Lingones. The Romans were detained three days on the battle-field in attending to the wounded and burying the dead.

Then Cæsar marched in pursuit of the Helvetians, who threw themselves on his mercy. Cæsar demanded their arms, hostages and the surrender of the slaves and other fugitives who had taken refuge among them. They were ordered to return home, and cultivate their lands. The *Boii* alone, being distinguished for their bravery, were allowed to remain among the *Ædui*, at the request of the latter. A part of one of the Helvetian tribes, 6,000 in number, having marched off in the midst of the confusion and taken the way towards the

Rhine, were pursued by Cæsar's orders, brought back, and either put to death or sold as slaves. The Helvetians, who returned home, were mustered by Cæsar and found to number 110,000 men, women and children.

A war with the Germans followed. Ariovistus, a powerful king of that dreaded people, being invited by the Sequani and the Arverni, had crossed the Rhine some time before with 15,000 men, who soon were increased to 120,000, and had defeated the *Ædui* and their allies in a great battle. The Germans had seized several districts of Gaul, and exacted hostages from the people. The *Ædui* having appealed to Cæsar for help, he at once ordered Ariovistus to desist from molesting the *Ædui* and their allies, who were neighbors to the Roman province, and to restore their hostages. Ariovistus replied that as he had never dictated to the Romans what use they should make of their victories, he would not be dictated to by them. A second embassy, conveying to Ariovistus Cæsar's demands, received a still haughtier reply. Cæsar marched from Vesontio to meet Ariovistus, and the latter proposed a conference, which proved fruitless. Soon after, Ariovistus arrested and put in chains two Romans, who had gone to the German camp to renew the negotiations.

Cæsar determined to make the attack. The Germans came out and formed for battle in phalanxes. They placed their wagons, baggage and women in a semi-circle behind them, so as to prevent escape. Both armies rushed to the encounter with such rapidity that the Romans had not time to throw their javelins, and at once resorted to their swords. A desperate hand-to-hand fight ensued. The Germans giving way, fled towards the Rhine, fifty miles distant. Many were slain; others, and Ariovistus among them, escaped across the river. Ariovistus' two wives and one daughter were killed in the flight; another daughter was taken. This campaign put a stop to German invasion of Gaul for a long period.

Cæsar now put his troops into winter quarters, and himself crossed the Alps to Cisalpine Gaul, to hold the usual courts for the administration of justice and the civil business of the province. The campaign of 57 B.C. was against the Belgic

Gauls. Alarmed by the advance of the Romans through Celtic Gaul, the Belgæ had, during the winter, formed a confederacy, and prepared themselves for resistance. Cæsar found in these preparations a pretext for attack. Collecting his forces, he in fifteen days reached the country of the Remi, the first Belgic people on that side. The Remi at once made their submission. After crossing the river Axona, Cæsar fixed his camp on the right bank. The Belgæ meantime besieged the town of Bibrax, belonging to the Remi. Cæsar sent to its relief his light troops, and the Belgæ, raising the siege, rapidly advanced towards Cæsar's camp, but the Roman general kept quiet in his entrenchment. The Belgæ broke up for want of provisions, and resolved to fight each in his own territory. After subduing some minor tribes, Cæsar marched against the Nervii, the most powerful of the Belgic tribes. A sanguinary engagement was fought on the banks of the Sabis, in which the Nervii actually surprised the Roman soldiers while in the act of tracing their camp. The Nervii fought desperately to the last, and it is reported that out of their 60,000 fighting men only 500 survived.

The Aduatici, who were the descendants of a body of Cimbri and Teutones, while on their march to support the Nervii, heard of the total defeat of their allies. At once retiring to a natural stronghold, they were regularly besieged by Cæsar, who formed a line of circumvallation. They soon sued for peace, and Cæsar ordered them to throw their arms outside of their ramparts. They obeyed the command, yet secretly retained one-third of them; they then opened their gates and mingled with the Roman soldiers. At night Cæsar prudently withdrew his men within his lines. At midnight the Aduatici attempted to scale Cæsar's entrenchments. They were repulsed with great loss, and the next day Cæsar, entering their stronghold, sold them as slaves to the number of 53,000.

Cæsar's third campaign, 56 B.C., was against the Western Gauls, where Crassus had been already successfully operating. The Veneti, a powerful commercial seafaring people, having a numerous fleet, with which they used to visit Britain, soon recovered from the alarm of Cæsar's conquests, arrested the

officers of Crassus, and refused to give them up until their own hostages were restored. Cæsar fitted out a fleet to attack them by sea, while he marched against them by land. A great naval battle, which lasted a whole day, ended with the destruction of the fleet of the Veneti, who lost two hundred ships. Cæsar, in order to strike terror into the neighboring people, put to death all the chief men of the Veneti, and sold the rest as slaves. The rainy season setting in, Cæsar placed his troops for the winter among the Aulerci, and he went, as usual, to pass the winter in Northern Italy.

In 55 B.C., the German tribes, called the Usipetes and the Tenchtheri, being harassed by the Suevi, crossed the Rhine. The former sent to Cæsar asking his permission to settle in Gaul. He answered that there was no vacant place in Gaul for fresh emigrants, but if they chose to settle among the Ubii, on the banks of the Rhine, he would employ his good offices for the purpose. While negotiations were going forward, Cæsar's Gaulish cavalry, 5,000 strong, were suddenly attacked by 800 German horsemen and defeated. The next day a number of German chiefs came to Cæsar's camp to apologize for the affray. Cæsar arrested them all, marched against their camp and surprised them. The Romans made a dreadful carnage of the Germans. This was the action about which Cato declaimed loudly against Cæsar in the Roman Senate.

Cæsar's next exploit was the rapid construction of a bridge, by which he crossed the Rhine, ravaged the country of the Sicambri, and then returned after spending eighteen days on German ground. Then followed his first brief expedition into Britain, on returning from which he put his troops into winter quarters in Belgic Gaul, and repaired, as usual, to Cisalpine Gaul. In 54 B.C., Cæsar continued his successes in Gaul, and made a more successful descent upon Britain.

The following year, 53 B.C., symptoms of general disaffection manifested themselves throughout Gaul. The people had been overawed, but not subdued. The harshness and rapacity of the conquerors made the Gauls wish to shake off the yoke; but all their attempts were detached, partial and ineffective. But though they failed, they gave, for the time, full employ-

ment to the Romans. It was a year of desultory though destructive warfare. The disturbances which occurred at Rome in consequence of the murder of Clodius made Cæsar turn his attention thither. He raised troops in every part of the Cisalpine province. These rumors spreading among the transalpine Gauls, they thought the time was come for one great effort, while Cæsar was engaged in Italy. The Carnutes began by massacring all the Romans whom they found in the town of Genabum. Vercingetorix, a young man of one of the first families of Arverni, was placed at the head of a confederacy of the whole of Celtic Gaul. Even the *Ædui* wavered in their allegiance. Cæsar, hearing this news, and seeing that the affairs of Rome had, through Pompey's influence, assumed a quieter aspect, set off in mid-winter, 52 B. C., for the province of Farther Gaul. His arrival spread alarm among the Arverni, who hastily recalled Vercingetorix to their defence. Cæsar quickly subdued the north. Vercingetorix, in a great council of the chiefs, advised, as the only means of harassing the Romans, to burn and destroy the whole country round them. This design was carried out with the exception of the town of Avaricum, which Cæsar stormed and took, his soldiery putting old men, women and children, to the sword. The *Ædui*, till then the firmest allies of Rome, openly declared against Cæsar. This made his position in the centre of Gaul very difficult; but having effected a junction with Labienus, he carried all before him. At Alesia the power of the confederacy was broken. Next day Vercingetorix assembled a council, and offered nobly to devote himself to save their lives, by giving himself up to Cæsar. This he did, and was subsequently taken to Rome. The *Ædui* and Arverni now made their submission to Cæsar. This was the hardest-fought campaign of all the Gallic war.

In 51 B. C., Cæsar commenced his eighth and last campaign in Gaul. The spirit of the Gauls had been broken in the last campaign. Cæsar easily defeated the Carnutes; but he had more trouble with the Bellocaci, a Belgic nation, who at last submitted and gave hostages, all except Commius, the chief of the Atrebates, who had once been a friend to Cæsar. His life had been attempted by Labienus, and from that time

Commius swore he would never trust himself to a Roman. A revolt in Western Gaul was quelled by C. Fabius, who subjugated all Armorica. Gutruatus, chief of the Carnutes, who had joined in the revolt, was taken to Cæsar's camp, whipped with rods until he fainted, and then beheaded. Cæsar next besieged and took Uxellodunum, a stronghold of the Cadurci. He commanded that all the men who had assisted in its defence should have their hands cut off. Then repairing to Narbo, he placed his army in winter quarters, visited the Province, distributed rewards, and went to winter at Nemetocenna. In the Spring he set off for Italy, where he was received by all the municipal towns with great rejoicings. On his return to Belgic Gaul he reviewed his troops, and soon afterwards returned to the north of Italy, where his dissensions with the Senate soon caused the outbreak of the civil war.

For nine years Cæsar had held the command of Gaul. He had succeeded not only in extending the Roman power to the very verge of that vast country, but had trained an army of veterans, thoroughly devoted to himself and his fortunes. He had entered upon this part of his career at the age of forty-two, practically without experience as a general, yet from the very first he manifested a thorough understanding of the essential principles of war, and profiting by his own minor errors, he speedily developed a generalship which has ever since remained unquestioned and almost unsurpassed. The greatest of modern captains have delighted to study the details of Cæsar's campaigns, so lucidly and unostentatiously set forth by himself in his famous *Commentaries*.

CÆSAR'S INVASION OF BRITAIN.

The campaigns of Cæsar in Belgium could not fail to make him acquainted with the existence and character of the inhabitants of the great island which lay within sight of its coasts. It was indeed from their allies on the opposite shore that his enemies had drawn no inconsiderable resources. Questioned as to the relations subsisting between themselves and the natives of Britain, they asserted that many of their own race had emigrated from Gaul during the preceding cen-

tury, and established themselves beyond the white cliffs just visible in the horizon.

Cæsar spent some weeks in collecting his naval armaments, dispatched an officer named Volusenus to explore the opposite coast, and commissioned Commius, a chieftain on whom he had conferred the sovereignty of the Atrebates, to repair to his friends and kinsmen in the island, and represent to them in proper colors the magnitude of the Roman power, and the advantages of alliance or submission. The rumor of his preparations had already alarmed the Belgians in the south of Britain, and various embassies from them reached his camp, with the offer of hostages for their good-will and fidelity.

The season had already advanced too far to allow the Roman general to contemplate the conquest of any part of the island in this campaign, if indeed he entertained any such ulterior view. His object was to obtain a personal acquaintance with the country, its chiefs and people, to thrust himself in some way into their affairs, and establish such relations with them as might afford a convenient pretext for further interference at a future time. For his immediate designs it seemed sufficient to collect a force of two legions and a few hundred cavalry. The former were destined to embark in eighty transports at the Portus Itius, the latter at a spot eight miles further to the east. The embarkation of both divisions was to take place simultaneously, on the morning of the 26th of August, soon after midnight, during the third watch. This seems to have been the commencement of the flood-tide, which runs along the coasts of the channel in a northeasterly direction.

The proconsul embarked with the infantry, and proceeding slowly, possibly that he might fall in with the cavalry transports, found himself at ten in the morning off the cliffs of Dover. The expected squadron, however, was detained by wind, or accident, and the spot itself offering some impediments, the invader determined to seek another landing-place. The sea is described here as running up into the land by a narrow creek overhung by heights, which completely commanded every approach, and were already crowded with the natives in arms. Accordingly, after waiting the greater part

of the day for the arrival of his cavalry, the proconsul took the next flood-tide, aided by a favorable wind, and coasted northward a distance of seven or eight miles, which brought him to the open beach of Walmer or Deal.

The movements of the Roman squadron were closely watched by the Britons from the heights, and by the time it had arrived at the spot where Cæsar proposed to draw up his vessels, the beach was lined with an imposing array of warriors in their chariots, prepared to dispute his landing. The sea was too shallow to admit of the larger vessels approaching the land, and the barbarians rushed into the surge to reach their invaders. The war-galleys which drew less water were ordered to the flanks to dispel the host of assailants, and when they opened their batteries of missiles the Britons were thrown into disorder. The Romans, however, in the confusion incident to a mode of fighting with which they were not familiar, showed little alacrity in attacking the enemy, until the standard-bearer of the tenth legion leaped with his eagle into the waves, and summoned his comrades to the rescue. Excited by the danger of their adored ensign, the soldiers threw themselves into the water, repulsed the barbarians, and made good their landing.

The fame of Cæsar and his legions had gone before him, and when the Britons found themselves engaged hand to hand with the conquerors of Gaul, their courage failed. But the Romans, destitute as they were of cavalry, might have suffered severely from the vigorous attack of chariots and horsemen; and, however feeble was the resistance opposed to their landing, they were not in a condition to pursue, but hastened to secure the spot on which they had planted themselves by throwing up their earthworks. Before, however, even these first defences were completed, an embassy arrived from the Britons, with the offer of hostages and humble protestations of submission. Commius, who had been seized and thrown into chains when he ventured to set foot in the island, was restored with many excuses to liberty. The Roman general complained of his hostile reception after offers of friendship and alliance; but he agreed to accept the overtures now proffered, together with the promised hostages.

But whether or not the Britons were sincere in the first terror of defeat, an accident which befell the foreign armament gave them courage to change their policy and break their faith. The Roman cavalry, sailing at last on the fourth day after their leader's departure, were driven back by a violent wind. As their course lay towards the northwest, the gentle breeze with which they had hoped to effect their landing came probably from an easterly quarter. Before they had reached the Downs the wind freshened to a gale, and their vessels were rendered unmanageable. Some of them, indeed, succeeded in recovering the coast of Gaul; but others were carried through the straits far to the west, and narrowly escaped being cast away on distant points of the British coast. At midnight the tide rose with the full moon and the strong east wind to an unusual height, such as the Romans, imperfectly acquainted with those seas, had never before witnessed. The war vessels drawn up on the beach were covered with the waves and dashed in pieces, while the transports at anchor were torn from their moorings, and hurled upon the coast or against one another.

Thus the fleet was almost disabled, nor had the little army proper means for repairing it. Nor was the camp provided with grain for the winter. The Britons, who had noticed the smallness of the Roman force, and its want of supplies, now conceived the hope of cutting it off by famine, presuming that the entire loss of an army with its general would deter the Romans from repeating the enterprise. But they did not execute their plans skillfully. They made a sudden attack upon the seventh legion, which had been sent to forage, but was not yet beyond reach of assistance from the camp. Cæsar rushed forth to the rescue, and repulsed the assailants; but his experience of the treachery of the enemy, and the peril to which he was now daily exposed, made him the more anxious to withdraw from the island without delay. The equinox was also fast approaching, and the tempestuous weather which generally accompanies it.

Cæsar was well pleased therefore at receiving a new offer of submission from the vacillating barbarians. He contented himself with imposing upon them double the number of

hostages they had originally promised. Since the night of the storm he had labored assiduously to refit his vessels, destroying, for the want of fresh materials, the most damaged, in order to repair the rest. He sailed soon after midnight some days before the equinox, that is to say, about three weeks from the time of his landing, taking the ebb-tide, which would then serve to carry him down the coast, and thence across into Gaul. Two vessels which could not make the appointed port were borne by the current further down the channel. The Britons, as soon as they learned that the Romans had left their shores, neglected, with the exception of two only of their tribes, to send the promised hostages.

But at Rome the news of Cæsar's victories called forth unbounded acclamations, especially the vaunted success of his attack upon an unknown island, which struck their imaginations as a heroic exploit, while it inflamed their cupidity with the hopes of new and incalculable plunder. The avaricious dreams of the Romans ascribed hoards of plate and jewels to the rudest barbarians of the ancient world. Britain was reported to be rich in mines, at least of the inferior metals. Above all, the pearls of the Rutupian coast were celebrated for their supposed abundance and splendor, and became objects of especial desire. The breastplate set with these costly brilliants, which the conqueror afterwards dedicated to Venus Genetrix, the patroness and mother of his race, was no less agreeable to the eyes of the young nobility than to those of the goddess herself. A thanksgiving of twenty days was decreed in his honor, while he hastened, as usual, to the frontier of his province to confer with his friends from Rome.

During Cæsar's absence preparations were in progress in the ports and camps of northern Gaul for a second invasion of Britain with a more powerful force. Six hundred transports were built, of a construction adapted to the shallow coasts and short chopping waves of the channel. The whole armament was appointed to assemble at the Portus Itius.

The spring had not yet passed, when the Roman armament sailed for Britain. It consisted of five legions, and a proportionate number of cavalry, the importance of which

force had been proved in the late expedition. Three legions were left under Labienus, to provide for the security of Gaul. The landing was effected without opposition at the same spot as in the preceding summer; and Cæsar, leaving ten cohorts and three hundred horse, to protect his naval station, repaired with his main body to a place in the neighborhood, where he constructed a camp for permanent occupation. This was the foundation, in all probability, of the famous station of Rutupiæ, or Richborough. The ruins of its gigantic defences attest to this day the extent and solidity of the Roman military works in our island.

The Britons still declined to oppose the invaders; it was not till the army had advanced to the banks of the Stour, twelve miles distant from its encampment, that it found a foe arrayed to dispute its further progress. But the Britons did not place their reliance on the slow and narrow stream of a petty river; they had a camp of their own peculiar construction, a space cleared in the centre of a wood, and defended by the trunks of trees, to which they retreated on the first repulse, and whence it was difficult to dislodge them. When this was at last effected, Cæsar did not venture to pursue the rapid flight of their horsemen and chariots in a country unknown to him.

An accident, which had again befallen his fleet, suddenly recalled him. A storm, as in the preceding expedition, had severely injured his vessels. It took several days of incessant labor to repair the damage, and then, at last, it was determined to draw up the whole armament on shore, and extend and strengthen the fortifications which defended it on the land side. Cæsar again advanced, and again encountered the natives at the passage of the river. Amidst their internal dissensions (for such seem to have prevailed among them to a greater extent than even among their neighbors on the continent), the Britons had embraced the resolution of trusting the conduct of their defence to one of their principal chieftains. His name was Cassivellaunus, and he ruled over the Trinobantes, the people of Middlesex, Hertford and Essex.

The British method of fighting was almost wholly on horseback or from chariots. The dexterity with which the

barbarians managed these ponderous vehicles, the weight of their onset, and the rapidity of their retreat, baffled through the day the skill and vigor of the invaders. The Roman lines were shaken by repeated charges; the *pilum* stretched many a chieftain on the plain, but his steeds and empty car came bounding against the wall of steel. Repulsed, the flying squadrons were quickly beyond the reach of pursuit; the Gaulish cavalry were languid and inactive; it was by the steady endurance of the veteran infantry that victory was at last secured. The Britons lost the bravest of their combatants, together with their cumbersome materials of war. From that day the Britons never ventured again to attack Cæsar's legions in regular battle, but scattered themselves through the country, in the hope of wearing out their strength by repeated and desultory skirmishes.

Cæsar, however, kept his men well together, and refrained from partial engagements, while he marched boldly into the heart of the country, to the banks of the Thames, behind which Cassivellaunus had retreated. It was necessary, in order to ford the river, to ascend above the highest point which the tide reaches; and the very spot where the passage was made may be conjectured with some confidence from early and constant tradition. A place known by the name of Coway Stakes, near the mouth of the Wey, is supposed to have derived its appellation from the palisades with which the Britons obstructed the bed and bank of the Thames, the remains of which were still visible, according to the testimony of Bede, in the eighth century. This spot accords also sufficiently well with the distance of eighty miles from the sea, at which Cæsar places the frontier of Cassivellaunus' dominions.

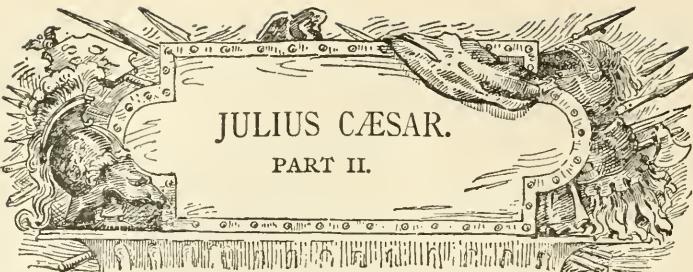
The swimming and fording of rivers were among the regular exercises of the Roman legionary. Though immersed up to his chin in water, he was expert in plying his hatchet against the stakes which opposed his progress, while he held his buckler over his head not less steadily than on dry land. Behind him a constant storm of stones and darts was impelled against the enemy from the engines which always accompanied the Roman armies. The natives were driven from their position,

and Cæsar marched upon the capital of the Trinobantes, which lay at no great distance.

The Trinobantes, over whom Cassivellaunus had usurped authority by the murder of its sovereign, were disposed to treat with the conqueror and abandon the tyrant to his fate. Their example was followed by several other states, enumerated under the names of Cenimagni, Segontiaci, Ancalitæ and Bibroci, occupying apparently the counties of Berks and Buckingham, and the neighborhood of Henley and Bray. The British chief, reduced to his single stronghold, defended himself with the natural fortifications of forest and morass which surrounded his city. He excited the people of Cantium, or Kent, to attack the naval camp of the invaders; but while they were repulsed with loss and discomfiture, he was obliged himself to escape from the fastness which he could no longer maintain. Reduced to extremity, he sued for peace, which he obtained by the surrender of his usurped sovereignty, and the promise of hostages and tribute from the various states which he had combined against the Romans.

Cæsar was anxious to return to Gaul, where rumors of projected insurrection were more rife than ever. He retained no territory in Britain, nor left any stronghold or garrison; and when he quitted its shore, with the nugatory assurance of a trifling tribute, he must have felt himself baffled in his enterprise. Even the hopes of plunder were totally unfulfilled. Cicero, who corresponded with his brother Quintus, serving under the proconsul in his British campaign, assures us that nothing was to be obtained from the poverty of the natives.—C. MERIVALE.





BEFORE the close of his Gallic campaign, Cæsar had determined not to divest himself of the command of his army, well knowing that if he should thus put himself in the power of his enemies at Rome, his life would be the forfeit. The interval of Cæsar's absence from Rome had produced a great change in the state of parties. Pompey, jealous of the fame of the man to whose elevation he had mainly contributed, had effected a reconciliation with the aristocratical party, and, aided by their support, resolved to crush the conqueror of Gaul. Cæsar's connection with Pompey had been dissolved by the death of Julia without surviving offspring.

Cæsar now desired to obtain the consulship a second time, and a special enactment had been already passed enabling him to stand for this office in his absence. In 49 B.C., Pompey prevailed upon the Senate to pass a decree to the effect, "that Cæsar should disband his army by a certain day, and that if he did not do so he should be regarded as an enemy of the State." Cæsar, who was now at Ravenna, in Cisalpine Gaul, sent Curio to Rome with a letter in which he proposed to give up his army and come to the city, if Pompey would also give up the command of the troops which he had. The troops of Pompey comprised two legions which had been taken from Cæsar, and by a decree of the Senate were designed for the Parthian war, but had been illegally put into the hands of Pompey by Marcellus, the consul. The Senate, acting under the influence of Pompey and Metellus Scipio, whose

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J. FERRIS. PINX.

JULIUS CÆSAR INVADING BRITAIN.

daughter Pompey had married, determined to enforce their decree. The tribunes, M. Antonius and Q. Cassius, the friends of Cæsar, attempted to oppose the measure by their 'intercessio,' which was perfectly legal; but their opposition was treated with contempt, and thus they gained what they were probably not sorry to have, a good excuse for hastening to Cæsar with the news.

The feelings of the army were entirely with Cæsar; and he, well aware of their disposition, crossed the Rubicon, the small stream which separated his province from Italy proper. This act commenced the civil war. Cæsar directed his march to the South. Rome was filled with confusion, councils were divided and hesitating, and Pompey, who was the commander-in-chief on the side of the Senate, was unprovided with troops to oppose the veterans of the Gallic wars. Domitius, who had thrown himself into Corfinium to defend the place, was given up to Cæsar by his soldiers, who joined the invading army. When the alarm became still greater, the senatorial party decided to pass into Greece, and for the present to abandon Italy to Cæsar's legions. Pompey, with a large part of the Senate and his forces, hurried to Brundisium and crossed the Adriatic to Dyrrhachium, in Epirus. Cæsar, who had reached Brundisium some days before, did not stop their flight, but advanced to Rome, where he met with no opposition. The remnant of the Senate was assembled, with due regard to forms, to pass some ordinances, and there was little or nothing to mark the great change that had taken place, except that Cæsar possessed himself of the public money, which the other faction in their hurry to escape had left behind.

Cæsar's next movement was into Spain, where Pompey's party was strong, and where Afranius and Petreius were at the head of eight legions. After completely reducing this important province, Cæsar, on his return, took Massilia (now Marseilles), the siege of which had been commenced on his march to Spain. This ancient city, the seat of Greek civilization in Gaul, had professed a wish to maintain a neutral position between the two rival parties and their respective leaders. The title of Dictator was assumed by Cæsar on his return to

Rome; but he made no further use of the power which it was supposed to confer, than to nominate himself and Servilius consuls for the following year, B.C. 48. The campaign of this year completed the destruction of the senatorial party. The contest between Cæsar and Pompey was brought to a final issue by the defeat of the latter on the plains of Pharsalus, August 4th, B.C. 48.

Pompey, after the battle, turned his face to the East, once the scene of his conquests; but he had no friends on whom he could rely, and instead of going to Syria, as he had at first intended, he was compelled to change his course. He sailed to Pelusium, in Egypt, trusting to the protection of Ptolemy, whose father had owed to him the throne of that country. But the ministers of this young king, dreading the power of Cæsar, basely courted his favor by the murder of his rival. Brought ashore in a small boat by the guards of the King, L. Septimus, a Roman centurion, who had served under Pompey in the war with the pirates, stabbed him even in the sight of his wife, Cornelia, and cutting off his head threw the body naked upon the sands. Cæsar, who had pursued him with incredible celerity, arrived at Alexandria, where the head of that unhappy man, presented as a grateful offering, gave him the first intelligence of his fate. He wept, and turned with horror from the sight. He caused every honor to be paid to Pompey's memory, and from that time showed the utmost beneficence to the partisans of his unfortunate rival.

The sovereignty of Egypt was in dispute between Ptolemy and his sister Cleopatra. The latter, though married to her brother, and joint heir by their father's will, was ambitious of undivided authority; and Cæsar, captivated by her charms, decided the contest in favor of the Queen, world-renowned for her beauty and charms. A war ensued, in which Ptolemy was killed, and Egypt subdued by the Roman arms. In this war the famous library of Alexandria was burnt to ashes B.C. 48. Cleopatra, then in her twenty-third year, completely captivated the great conqueror, and followed him to Rome, where she was living at the time of his death. But he was never unmindful of affairs of state, and when a revolt of the Asiatic provinces, under Pharnaces, the son of Mithridates,

demanded his presence, he hastened thither. The prince was signally chastised at Zela, and the report of the campaign was conveyed by Cæsar to the Roman Senate in three memorable words, "Veni, vidi, vici." (I came, I saw, I conquered.) He returned to Italy in the autumn by way of Athens. At Brundisium he was met by Cicero, who was glad to make his peace, and had no reason to be dissatisfied with his reception. On his return to Rome, Cæsar was named Dictator for one year, and Consul for the following year with Lepidus.

The partisans of Pompey were still extremely formidable. His two sons, with Cato and Scipio, were in arms in Africa. Cæsar, during the winter, crossed over to Africa and defeated them in a decisive engagement at Thapsus. Scipio perished in his passage to Spain. Cato, shutting himself up in Utica, meditated a brave resistance; but finally seeing no hope of success, he determined not to survive the liberties of his country, and fell deliberately by his own hand. Cneius Pompey, the son of Pompey the Great, had raised a considerable force, and was in possession of the southern portion of Spain. The great battle of Munda, in which 30,000 men are said to have perished on the side of Pompey, terminated the campaigns of Cæsar. Pompey was taken after the battle, and his head was carried to Cæsar, who was then at Hispalis.

Cæsar returned to Rome absolute master of the empire. He was then hailed as the father of his country, was created Consul for ten years, and perpetual Dictator. His person was declared sacred; his title henceforth was Imperator, B.C. 45. From this period his attention was directed solely to the prosperity and happiness of the Roman people. He remembered no longer that there had been opposite parties, but showed himself beneficent alike to the friends of Pompey and to his own. He labored to reform every species of abuse or grievance. He introduced order into every department of the State, defining the separate rights of all its magistrates, and extending his care to the regulation of its most distant provinces. The reformation of the calendar, the draining of the marshes of Italy, the navigation of the Tiber, the embellishment of Rome, the complete survey and delineation of the empire, alternately employed his liberal and capacious mind.

The Roman republic had finally, by its own acts, resigned its liberties. "They were not extinguished," as Montesquieu has well remarked, "by the ambition of a Cæsar or a Pompey." If the sentiments of Cæsar and Pompey had been the same as those of Cato, others would have had the same ambitious thoughts; and since the Commonwealth was fated to fall, there never would have been wanting a hand to drag it to destruction. Cæsar had by force subdued his country, and therefore was an usurper; so reasoned many influential Romans. A conspiracy was formed by sixty senators, at the head of whom were Brutus and Cassius; the former a man beloved of Cæsar, who had saved his life, and heaped upon him numerous benefits. It was rumored that the Dictator wished to add to his numerous titles that of King, and that the Ides of March was fixed on for investing him with the diadem. It is credible that Marcus Brutus was the last man who joined the conspiracy planned by Cassius, and favored without immediate participation by Cicero and his cautious friend, Atticus. Hence we are told of inscriptions, probably merely written in chalk, upon the prætorian seat of Brutus, of the following kind: "O Brutus, you are asleep." Again, "You are not Brutus." At the same time pasquinades were inscribed upon the statue of the first Brutus: for example, "Would that you were alive!" again, "Your descendants are degenerate."

Cæsar had many warnings of the intended treason; but he refused to listen to any pretended discoveries. The Senate, on the Ides of March, was to be held in the Pompeian Curia. Cæsar had not only pardoned all opponents, but had passed an act of real amnesty, by which all penalties for political offences were remitted, and the clients and children of his enemies were, upon submission, restored to their privileges and properties. Some event had occurred to make Cæsar unwilling to attend the Senate on the fatal day—perhaps Calpurnia's dreams, perhaps some undefined anticipation of impending evil, or even a remembrance that he had been warned to beware of the Ides of March. It is said that Decimus Brutus overpowered these scruples, and led his friend and patron like an ox to the slaughter. Trebonius prevented Mark Antony from immediately accompanying his colleague into the house.

Cæsar entered, and was immediately surrounded by the conspirators, sixty in number, who pressed upon him and stabbed him to death. He defended himself for some time against their daggers till, seeing Brutus amongst the number, he exclaimed, "Et tu, Brute!" (And you, Brutus!) and, covering his face with his toga, resigned himself to his fate. He received twenty-three wounds, of which one alone was fatal, B.C. 44.

The Roman people were struck with horror at the deed: they loved Cæsar, master as he was of their lives and liberties. Mark Antony and Lepidus, ambitious of succeeding to the power of the Dictator, resolved to pave the way by avenging his death. When the day of the funeral had been publicly announced, a pile was raised to Cæsar near his daughter Julia's tomb and in front of the rostra; and on it a gilded shrine, being a model of the Temple of Venus Genetrix, was placed, and within it an ivory couch, adorned with gold and purple coverlets. At his head was a trophy, with the robe in which he had been slain. Those who were hurrying with their funeral offerings were told to carry them to the Campus Martius along the streets which suited them best. The people to whom Cæsar, by his will, had bequeathed a great part of his fortune, were penetrated with gratitude. A public harangue from Antony over the bleeding body, exposed in the Forum, inflamed them with the utmost indignation against his murderers, who must have met with immediate destruction, had they not fled with precipitation from the city.

Julius Cæsar was tall and slight, with pale complexion and refined features. His forehead was wide and high, his cheeks sunken, his nose long, thin and straight, his lips full, his eyes dark gray, and his neck thick and sinewy. He wore no beard, and some charged that in the latter part of his life he desired to wear constantly the conqueror's laurel crown in order to conceal his increasing baldness. He was always scrupulously neat, remarkably abstemious, quiet in manner, and noted for courtesy. Cool and collected, complete master of himself, his temper and passions, he was able thereby to become master of the State and of the Roman world.

As a warrior, a statesman and a man of letters, Julius

Cæsar stands conspicuous among the most remarkable men of all time. When advanced in life, and with slight previous military experience, he conquered a population, renowned for its valor, and numbered by millions, with no aid from charts, and exposed perpetually to treachery and false information. Still more, he not only conquered this barbarian race, but he afterwards won the love, respect and admiration of those he had vanquished. His fertility of resources, his lightning rapidity of movement, the perfect discipline maintained among his soldiers place him among the first rank of the world's renowned generals; and certainly he was the greatest master of the art of war known to antiquity. In all his career he lost but one battle, and this was through the fault of his generals. His ruling passion was ambition—an insatiable thirst for power, yet he invariably used that power for the best interests of the people.

As a writer and an orator Cæsar has received the highest praise from Cicero; his Commentaries, written in a plain, perspicuous style, entirely free from all affectation, place him in the same class with Xenophon, and those few who have successfully united the pursuit of letters and philosophy with the business of active life. He established public libraries, and gave to the learned Varro the care of collecting and arranging the books. When Cæsar was at the height of his power he was addressed thus by Cicero:

“Your life, Cæsar, is not that which is bounded by the union of your soul and body. Your life is that which shall continue fresh in the memory of ages to come, which posterity will cherish and eternity itself keep guard over. Much has been done by you which men will admire; much remains to be done which they can praise. They will read with wonder of empires and provinces, of the Rhine, the Ocean, and the Nile, of battles without number, of amazing victories, of countless monuments and triumphs; but unless the Commonwealth be wisely re-established in institutions by you bestowed upon us, your name will travel widely over the world, but will have no fixed habitation; and those who come after you will dispute about you as we have disputed. Some will extol you to the skies, others will find something wanting; and the

most important element of all. Remember the tribunal before which you are to stand. The ages yet to come will try you, with minds less prejudiced than ours, uninfluenced either by the desire to please you or by envy of your greatness."

Even higher is the praise which has been given to Cæsar by the latest and best historian of Rome, Theodore Mommsen:

"Cæsar, from the outset and as it were by hereditary right the head of the popular party, had for thirty years borne aloft its banner without ever changing or even so much as concealing his colors; he remained democrat even when monarch. As he accepted without limitation, apart of course from the preposterous projects of Catalina and Clodius, the heritage of his party; as he displayed the bitterest, even personal, hatred to the aristocracy and the genuine aristocrats; and as he retained unchanged the essential ideas of Roman democracy, viz., alleviation of the burdens of debtors, transmarine colonization, gradual equalization of the differences of rights among the classes belonging to the State, emancipation of the executive power from the Senate; his monarchy was so little at variance with democracy, that democracy on the contrary only attained its completion and fulfillment by means of that monarchy. For his monarchy was not the Oriental despotism of divine right, but a monarchy such as Gaius Gracchus wished to found, such as Pericles and Cromwell founded—the representation of the nation by the man in whom it puts supreme and unlimited confidence. The ideas which lay at the foundation of Caesar's work were so far not strictly new; but to him belongs their realization, which after all is everywhere the main matter; and to him pertains the grandeur of execution, which would probably have surprised the brilliant projector himself if he could have seen it, and which has impressed, and will always impress, every one to whom it has been presented in the living reality or in the mirror of history—to whatever historical epoch or whatever shade of politics he may belong—according to the measure of his ability to comprehend human and historical greatness, with deep and ever-deepening admiration."

THE BATTLE OF PHARSALUS.

In the camp of the coalition the contest with Cæsar was looked on as so completely decided by the battles of Dyrrachium that it only remained to reap the fruits of victory ; in other words, to follow out and capture the defeated army. Their former over-cautious reserve was succeeded by an arrogance still less justified by circumstances ; they gave no heed to the facts that they had, strictly speaking, failed in the pursuit, that they had to hold themselves in readiness to encounter a completely refreshed and reorganized army in Thessaly, and that there was no small risk in moving away from the sea, renouncing the support of the fleet, and following their antagonist to the battle-field chosen by himself. They were simply resolved at any price to fight with Cæsar, and therefore to get at him as soon as possible and by the most convenient way. Cato took up the command in Dyrrachium, where a garrison was left behind of eighteen cohorts, and in Coreyra, where three hundred ships of war were left ; Pompeius and Scipio proceeded—the former, apparently, following the Egnatian way as far as Pella, and then striking into the great road to the south ; the latter from the Haliacmon through the passes of Olympus—to the lower Peneius and met at Larissa.

Cæsar lay to the south of Larissa in the plain—which extends between the hill-country of Cynoscephalæ and the chain of Othrys, and is intersected by a tributary of the Peneius, the Enipeus—on the left bank of the latter stream near the town of Pharsalus. Pompeius pitched his camp opposite to him on the right bank of the Enipeus along the slope of the heights of Cynoscephalæ. The entire army of Pompeius was assembled ; Cæsar, on the other hand, still expected the corps of nearly two legions formerly detached to Ætolia and Thessaly, now stationed under Quintus Fufius Calenus in Greece, and the two legions of Cornificius, which were sent after him by the land route from Italy and had already arrived in Illyria. The army of Pompeius, numbering eleven legions, or 47,000 men and 7,000 horse, was more than double that of Cæsar in infantry, and seven times as numerous in cavalry ; fatigue

and conflicts had so decimated Cæsar's troops that his eight legions did not number more than 22,000 men under arms, consequently not nearly the half of their normal amount. The victorious army of Pompeius, provided with a countless cavalry and good magazines, had provisions in abundance, while the troops of Cæsar had difficulty in keeping themselves alive, and only hoped for better supplies from the corn-harvest not far distant.

The Pompeian soldiers, who had learned in the last campaign to know war and trust their leader, were in the best of humor. All military reasons on the side of Pompeius favored the view that the decisive battle should not be long delayed, seeing that they now confronted Cæsar in Thessaly ; and the evident impatience of the many noble officers and others accompanying the army doubtless had more weight than even such reasons in the council of war. Since the events of Dyr-rhachium these lords regarded the triumph of their party as an ascertained fact ; already there was eager strife as to the filling up of Cæsar's supreme pontificate, and instructions were sent to Rome to hire houses at the Forum for the next elections. When Pompeius hesitated as to his crossing of the rivulet which separated the two armies, and which Cæsar with his much weaker army did not venture to pass, this excited great indignation ; Pompeius, it was alleged, delayed the battle only in order to rule somewhat longer over so many consulars and prætorians, and to perpetuate his part of Agamemnon. Pompeius yielded ; and Cæsar, who, under the impression that matters would not come to a battle, had just projected a mode of turning the enemy's army, and for that purpose was on the point of setting out towards Scutussa, likewise arrayed his legions for battle, when he saw the Pompeians preparing to offer it to him on his side. Thus the battle of Pharsalus was fought on the 9th of August, in the year of Rome, 706, almost on the same field where, a hundred and fifty years before, the Romans had laid the foundation of their dominion in the East.

Pompeius rested his right wing on the Enipeus ; Cæsar, opposite to him, rested his left on the broken ground stretching in front of the Enipeus ; the two other wings were sta-

tioned out in the plain, covered in each case by the cavalry and the light troops. The intention of Pompeius was to keep his infantry on the defensive, but with his cavalry to scatter the weak band of horsemen which, mixed after the German fashion with light infantry, confronted him, and then to take Cæsar's right wing in rear. His infantry courageously sustained the first charge of that of the enemy, and the engagement there came to a stand. Labienus likewise dispersed the enemy's cavalry after a brave but short resistance, and deployed his force to the left with the view of turning the infantry. But Cæsar, foreseeing the defeat of his cavalry, had stationed behind it on the threatened flank of his right wing some 2,000 of his best legionaries. As the enemy's horsemen, driving those of Cæsar before them, galloped along and around the line, they suddenly came upon this select corps advancing intrepidly against them, and, rapidly thrown into confusion by the unexpected and unusual infantry attack, they galloped at full speed from the field of battle. The victorious legionaries cut to pieces the enemy's archers now unprotected, then rushed at the left wing of the enemy, and began now on their part to turn it. At the same time Cæsar's third division, hitherto reserved, advanced along the whole line to the attack. The unexpected defeat of the best arm of the Pompeian army, as it raised the courage of their opponents, broke that of the army and, above all, that of the general. When Pompeius, who, from the outset, did not trust his infantry, saw the horsemen gallop off, he rode back at once from the field of battle to the camp, without even awaiting the issue of the general attack ordered by Cæsar. His legions began to waver and soon to retire over the brook into the camp, which was not accomplished without severe loss.

The day was thus lost, and many an able soldier had fallen; but the army was still substantially intact, and the situation of Pompeius was far less perilous than that of Cæsar after the defeat of Dyrrhachium. But while Cæsar, in the vicissitudes of his destiny, had learned that fortune loves to withdraw herself at certain moments even from her favorites, in order to be once more won back through their perseverance, Pompeius knew fortune hitherto only as the constant

goddess, and despaired of himself and of her when she withdrew from him ; and while in Cæsar's great nature despair only developed still mightier energies, the feebler soul of Pompeius, under similar pressure, sank into the infinite abyss of despondency. As once, in the war with Sertorius, he had been on the point of abandoning the office entrusted to him in presence of his superior opponent and of departing, so now, when he saw the legions retire over the stream, he threw from him the fatal general's scarf, and rode off by the nearest route to the sea, to find means of embarking there. His army, discouraged and leaderless—for Scipio, although recognized by Pompeius as colleague in supreme command, was yet general-in-chief only in name—hoped to find protection behind the camp-walls. But Cæsar allowed it no rest ; the obstinate resistance of the Roman and Thracian guard of the camp was speedily overcome, and the mass was compelled to withdraw in disorder to the heights of Crannon and Scotussa, at the foot of which the camp was pitched. It attempted, by moving forward along these hills, to regain Larissa ; but the troops of Cæsar, heeding neither booty nor fatigue, and advancing by better paths in the plain, intercepted the route of the fugitives. In fact, when late in the evening the Pompeians suspended their march, their pursuers were able even to draw an entrenched line, which precluded the fugitives from access to the only rivulet to be found in the neighborhood.

So ended the day of Pharsalus. The enemy's army was not only defeated, but annihilated ; 15,000 of the enemy lay dead or wounded on the field of battle, while the Cæsarians missed only 200 men ; the body which remained together, amounting still to nearly 20,000 men, laid down their arms on the morning after the battle ; only isolated troops, including, it is true, the officers of most note, sought a refuge in the mountains ; of the eleven eagles of the enemy nine were handed over to Cæsar. Cæsar, who, on the very day of the battle, had reminded the soldiers that they should not forget the fellow-citizen in the foe, did not treat the captives as Bibulus and Labienus had done ; nevertheless he, too, found it necessary now to exercise some severity. The common soldiers were incorporated in the army, fines or confiscations of property

were inflicted on the men of better rank ; the senators and equites of note who were taken, with few exceptions, suffered death. The time for clemency was past ; the longer the civil war lasted, the more remorseless and implacable it became.

Some time elapsed before the consequences of the 9th of August, 706, could be fully discerned. What admitted of least doubt was the passing over to the side of Cæsar of all those who had attached themselves to the party vanquished at Pharsalus merely as being the more powerful. The defeat was so thoroughly decisive that the victor was joined by all who were not willing or were not obliged to fight for a lost cause. All the kings, peoples and cities which had hitherto been the clients of Pompeius now recalled their naval and military contingents, and declined to receive the refugees of the beaten party. Thus acted Egypt, Cyrene, the communities of Syria, Phœnicia, Cilicia and Asia Minor, Rhodes, Athens, and generally the whole of the East. In fact, Pharnaces, King of the Bosporus, pushed his officiousness so far that on the news of the Pharsalian battle he took possession not only of the town of Phanagoria, which several years before had been declared free by Pompeius, and of the dominions of the Colchian princes confirmed by him, but even of the kingdom of Little Armenia, which Pompeius had conferred on King Deiotarus. Almost the sole exceptions to this general submission were the little town of Megara, which allowed itself to be besieged and stormed by the Cæsarians, and Juba, King of Numidia, who had for long expected, and after the victory over Curio expected only with all the greater certainty, that his kingdom would be annexed by Cæsar, and was thus obliged, for better or for worse, to abide by the defeated party.

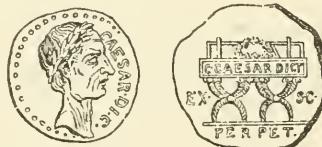
In the same way as the client communities submitted to the victor of Pharsalus, the tail of the constitutional party—all who had joined it with half a heart or had even, like Marcus Cicero and his fellows, merely danced around the aristocracy, like the witches around the Brocken—approached to make their peace with the new monarch, a peace accordingly which his contemptuous indulgence readily and courteously granted to the petitioners. But the flower of the

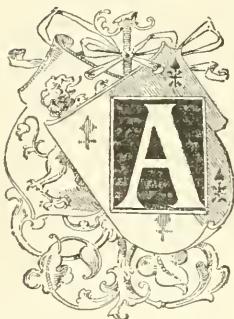
defeated party made no compromise. All was over with the aristocracy ; but the aristocrats could never become converted to monarchy. The highest revelations of humanity are perishable ; the religion once true may become a lie, the polity once fraught with blessing may become a curse ; but even the gospel that is past still finds confessors, and if such a faith cannot remove mountains, like faith in the living truth, it yet remains true to itself down to its very end, and does not depart from the realm of the living till it has dragged its last priests and its last partisans along with it, and a new generation, freed from those shadows of the past and the perishing, rules over a world that has renewed its youth.

So it was in Rome. Into whatever abyss of degeneracy the aristocratic rule had now sunk, it had once been a great political system ; the sacred fire, by which Italy had been conquered and Hannibal had been vanquished, continued to glow—although somewhat dim and dull—in the Roman nobility so long as that nobility existed, and rendered a cordial understanding between the men of the old régime and the new monarch impossible. A large portion of the constitutional party submitted at least outwardly, and recognized the monarchy so far as to accept pardon from Cæsar, and to retire as much as possible into private life ; which, however, ordinarily was not done without the mental reservation of thereby preserving themselves for a future change of things. This course was chiefly followed by the partisans of lesser note ; but the able Marcus Marcellus, the same who had brought about the rupture with Cæsar, was to be found among these judicious persons, and voluntarily banished himself to Lesbos. In the majority, however, of the genuine aristocracy passion was more powerful than cool reflection ; along with which, no doubt, self-deceptions as to success being still possible and apprehensions of the inevitable vengeance of the victor variously co-operated.

No one probably formed a judgment as to the situation of affairs with so painful a clearness, and so free from fear or hope on his own account, as Marcus Cato. Completely convinced that after the days of Ilerda and Pharsalus the monarchy was inevitable, and morally firm enough to confess to

himself this bitter truth and to act upon it, he hesitated for a moment whether the constitutional party ought at all to continue a war which would necessarily require sacrifices for a lost cause on the part of many who did not know why they offered them. But when he resolved to fight against the monarchy, not for victory, but for a speedier and more honorable fall, he yet sought as far as possible to draw no one into this war who chose to survive the fall of the republic and to be reconciled to monarchy. He conceived that, so long as the republic had been merely threatened, it was a right and a duty to compel the lukewarm and bad citizen to take part in the struggle; but that now it was senseless and cruel to compel the individual to share the ruin of the lost republic. Not only did he himself discharge every one who desired to return to Italy; but when the wildest of the wild partisans, Gnaeus Pompeius the younger, insisted on the execution of these people, and of Cicero in particular, it was Cato alone who, by his moral authority, prevented it.—T. MOMMSEN.





FTER five years of skillful warfare Julius Cæsar had in 53, B.C., apparently completed the conquest of Gaul. He had also crossed into Germany and into Britain; but though successful in his battles with the natives, had been unable to maintain a prolonged conflict at such distance from Italy. The enforced withdrawal of his armies from these regions and the increasing oppression of the Roman dominion inspired the Gauls with fresh determination to cast off the foreign yoke. In order to succeed it was necessary that they should be united, and that each tribe should be willing to sacrifice individual interests for the general welfare. They secured an able leader in Vercingetorix, whose heroic career recalls that of Hermann in Germany. But the resistless genius of Cæsar overcame the Gallic chieftain and effectually incorporated Gaul within the Roman Empire.

Vercingetorix first appears as a young nobleman of great power among the Arverni. His father, Celillus, had been a chief, but was put to death for aiming at sovereignty. When the Carnutes rose in revolt and massacred the Romans in Genabum, Vercingetorix collected his own dependents and called upon the rest of his tribe to seize the opportunity of overthrowing the Roman tyranny. With many chiefs of Central and Western Gaul he organized an extensive conspiracy for this object. But his uncle Gobanites and other principal men of his own State, apprehensive of the result,

united their authority against him and expelled him from the city of Gergovia. The people, however, soon declared in favor of the young chief and his bold attempt for freedom, and drove the more prudent magistrates into exile in their turn.

Vercingetorix was now hailed as King of the Arverni, and immediately sent ambassadors in every direction, exhorting his fellow-conspirators to fulfill their pledges. The Senones, Parisii, Pictones, Turones, and all the other tribes bordering upon the Ocean, acknowledged him as commander-in-chief of the Gallic Confederacy. His first object was to raise and equip as large a cavalry force as possible. To the greatest activity, he joined an extreme rigor of command. He was supported by all the influence of the Druids, and was thus able to join the sanctions of religion to his commands. The abandonment of their standards by those who had taken the great oath was punished by torture and the flames. Those guilty of lighter offences had their ears cropped or their eyes put out, and were sent home to serve as a warning to their countrymen of the punishment which awaited all offenders.

Vercingetorix led his army into the territory of the Bituriges. This people, who were under the protection of the *Ædui*, called for succor against the enemy. By the advice of the lieutenants Cæsar had left with the army, the *Ædui* sent a considerable force to protect them. But this force refused to cross the Loire and returned again to their own country. The reason of this conduct, as given in the report of Cæsar's lieutenants, was an apprehension of treachery on the part of the Bituriges. It is certain that their retreat threw the latter into the arms of Vercingetorix.

Cæsar, while yet in Italy, was informed of these facts and set out immediately for Transalpine Gaul. In spite of the winter snows he crossed the Cevennes and entered the upper valley of the Elaver. The panic-stricken Arverni reported this sudden invasion to Vercingetorix, who, moved by their entreaties, put his army upon the march, and quitting the territories of the Bituriges, advanced towards Auvergne. Cæsar had foreseen this movement and hastened across the country to Vienna (now Vienne), where he found a body of cavalry, fresh and vigorous, awaiting him. With this rein-

forcement he hastened back through the territories of the *Ædui* and joined young Brutus, whom he had left in command during his absence. In front of the *Arverni*, Cæsar now drew up his cavalry and two legions, who had wintered among the *Lingones*, before Vercingetorix had even heard of his presence. When the latter general got notice of this prompt action he led his army into the territory of the *Boii*, whom at the close of the Helvetic War, Cæsar had assigned to the *Ædui*.

Vercingetorix with excellent military judgment resolved to invest *Gergovia*. This step greatly perplexed the Roman general, for winter was not yet over, and he foresaw great difficulties in provisioning his army in the field. Resolving, however, at all hazards, not to submit to an affront, Cæsar marched to the relief of the city. He captured the towns of *Vellaunodunum*, *Genabum* and *Noviodunum*. In consequence of this rapid success, Vercingetorix summoned his chiefs to a council and explained to them the only plan which could secure to them the victory. He held "that private property ought to be sacrificed to the public exigencies; that all the villages and farm-houses within the reach of the Roman foraging parties should be consigned to the flames. That it mattered not whether the Romans were themselves slain, or only deprived of their baggage and cattle, without the aid of which the war could not be carried on. Finally it was necessary that all the towns, which were not strongly fortified, should also be burned." His advice was followed, and the desperate sacrifice was made. More than twenty towns of the *Bituriges* were burned down in one day, and the example was imitated by the adjacent States.

But one exception was allowed, and that one eventually thwarted the sagacious plan. *Avaricum*, one of the most splendid cities in all Gaul, was spared at the request of its gallant inhabitants, who pledged themselves to defend it. Cæsar besieged this city. All that valor, skill and unbounded zeal could effect, was exhibited by the besieged and besiegers. Vercingetorix was in constant communication with the city, and as constantly on the watch to prevent the necessary supplies from reaching the Roman camp. When the defenders within the city began to be worn out, it was decreed that

10,000 men should be sent to reinforce its garrison. This was done, and still the besieged kept their pledge. At length the place became no longer tenable, and the inhabitants attempted to retire. The Romans, eager to revenge the massacre of Genabum, and exasperated by the obstinate defence of the place, spared neither old men, women nor children, so that out of about 40,000 scarce eight hundred of the besieged escaped to the camp of Vercingetorix.

Cæsar now proceeded to assail the Arverni in their own country. Before he could approach their capital, Gergovia, he had to pass the Elaver, but found all the bridges broken down. Vercingetorix, to avoid a battle, rapidly retreated to Gergovia, which he had chosen as the place where he was determined to stand and await the Roman attack. This citadel of the Arverni occupied the summit of a lofty hill, difficult of access and strongly fortified. Midway down the steep declivity the Gallic general had built a stone wall six feet high. In the meantime Convictolitanus, the new *Æduan* Vergobret (or chief ruler), had joined the national cause, and was only waiting for a favorable opportunity to induce the State to take the same part. He gave the command of 10,000 infantry intended for Cæsar to Litavicus, a young nobleman of great influence, and one of his accomplices. This officer informed the *Æduans* that their countrymen Viridumarus and Eporedorix, the commanders of Cæsar's *Æduan* cavalry, had, with their men, been massacred by the Romans. This falsehood so worked on the *Æduans* that they resolved to throw in their lot with the Confederates. They were led in the direction of Gergovia by Litavicus. Cæsar, being informed of this, immediately marched with four legions after the *Æduan* cavalry. On his overtaking them, the falsehood was exposed, and the troops threw themselves on Cæsar's mercy. Litavicus escaped with his clansmen to the camp of Vercingetorix. Cæsar sent a message to the *Æduan* magistrates that the treason had miscarried, and that their troops were safe in camp. But this information came too late. A previous message received from Litavicus had excited popular outrages: many Romans were slain, and others sold as slaves. On receiving Cæsar's letter the magistrates punished the perpe-

trators of these excesses; but they felt that the State was compromised, and began to prepare for an open declaration of hostilities. The departure of the four legions had not escaped the notice of Vercingetorix: he attacked the other two which had been left by Cæsar to guard the camp; they gallantly resisted the attack, and the Roman general's timely return forced Vercingetorix to retire to Gergovia.

Cæsar now began a regular siege of that town. The Romans carried the stone-wall and made themselves masters of three of the camps. A centurion sealed the city wall with three of his own men; but when Vercingetorix galloped into the town at the head of his cavalry, the Gauls proved victorious. The Romans turned and fled, and were pursued to the foot of the hill by Vercingetorix. Forty-seven centurions fell in this attack. Eporedorix and Viridumarius now deserted Cæsar, and the whole state followed in their steps. Cæsar's position was indeed critical. All Gaul, with the exception of three tribes, had rallied round the national standard. Cæsar attempted to retire, and Vercingetorix, rashly throwing himself in the lion's path, was utterly defeated.

The Gaulish general took refuge behind the walls of Alesia with 84,000 infantry and 10,000 horse. The latter force, now useless, was dismissed, with orders to return to their several tribes and summon them to the rescue. This they did; but on their arrival they were again and again defeated, chiefly by Cæsar's German auxiliaries. Vercingetorix, observing these movements from the citadel of Alesia, led forth his troops and had the best of the engagement until the arrival of Cæsar himself changed the aspect of affairs. The Romans redoubled their exertions, and the Gauls were soon in full retreat towards Alesia. On the next day Vercingetorix, assembling a council, made a remarkable address. He declared that he had undertaken the war not from self-interest, but to recover the common liberty of Gaul; and that, since there was a necessity of yielding to fortune, he was willing to become a victim for their safety, whether they should think proper to appease the anger of the conqueror by his death, or to deliver him up alive. A deputation immediately waited on Cæsar to receive his orders. He insisted on the surrender of their arms

and the delivering up of all their chiefs. Having accordingly seated himself at the head of his army, before the camp, their leaders were brought, the brave Vercingetorix delivered up, and their arms thrown into the ditch. Vercingetorix was kept a close prisoner, and afterwards taken to Rome to grace the triumph of Cæsar. After being thus exhibited to the Roman populace the valiant warrior was put to death in prison. As a leader of his countrymen Vercingetorix had displayed both military ability and political sagacity in a high degree. Had he been confronted with a less potent genius than that of Cæsar, he might have repelled the Roman legions from Gaul as Hermann did from Germany.

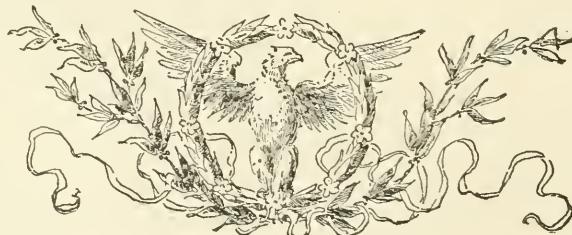
THE SIEGE OF GERGOVIA.

Cæsar's main army advanced along the Allier down into the canton of the Arverni. Vercingetorix attempted to prevent it from crossing to the left bank of the Allier; but Cæsar overreached him, and after some days stood before the Arvernian capital, Gergovia. Vercingetorix, however, doubtless even while he was confronting Cæsar on the Allier, had caused sufficient stores to be collected in Gergovia, and a fixed camp, provided with strong stone ramparts, to be constructed for his troops in front of the walls of the town, which was situated on the summit of a pretty steep hill; and, as he had a sufficient start, he arrived before Cæsar at Gergovia and awaited the attack in the fortified camp under the wall of the fortress. Cæsar, with his comparatively weak army, could neither regularly besiege the place nor even sufficiently blockade it; he pitched his camp below the rising ground occupied by Vercingetorix, and was compelled to preserve an attitude as inactive as his opponent. It was almost a victory for the insurgents that Cæsar's career of advance from triumph to triumph had been suddenly checked on the Seine and on the Allier. In fact, the consequences of this check for Cæsar were almost equivalent to those of a defeat. The Hædui, who had hitherto continued vacillating, now made preparations in earnest to join the patriotic party; the body of men whom Cæsar had ordered to Gergovia had on the march been induced by its officers to declare for the insurgents; at the same time

they had begun in the canton itself to plunder and kill the Romans settled there. Cæsar, who had gone with two-thirds of the blockading army to meet that corps of the Hædui which was being brought up to Gergovia, had by his sudden appearance recalled it to nominal obedience ; but it was more than ever a hollow and fragile relation, the continuance of which had been almost too dearly purchased by the great peril of the two legions left behind in front of Gergovia ; for Vercingetorix, rapidly and resolutely availing himself of Cæsar's departure, had during his absence made an attack on them, which had well nigh ended in their being overpowered and the Roman camp being taken by storm. Cæsar's unrivalled celerity alone averted a second catastrophe like that of Aduatuca. Though the Hædui made once more fair promises, it might be foreseen that, if the blockade should still be prolonged without result, they would openly range themselves on the side of the insurgents. While the bulk of the garrison of Gergovia was occupied in intrenching the side on which the assault was expected, the Roman general watched his opportunity to surprise another access less conveniently situated, but at the moment left bare. In reality, the Roman storming columns scaled the camp wall, and occupied the nearest quarters of the camp ; but the whole garrison was already alarmed, and, owing to the small distances, Cæsar found it not advisable to risk the second assault on the city wall. He gave the signal for retreat ; but the foremost legions, carried away by the impetuosity of victory, heard not or did not wish to hear, and pushed forward without halting up to the city wall, some even into the city. But masses more and more dense threw themselves in front of the intruders ; the foremost fell, the columns stopped ; in vain centurions and legionaries fought with the most devoted and heroic courage ; the assailants were chased with very considerable loss out of the town and down the hill, where the troops stationed by Cæsar in the plain received them and prevented greater mischief. The expected capture of Gergovia had been converted into a defeat, and the considerable loss in killed and wounded—seven hundred soldiers had fallen, including forty-six centurions—was the least part of the misfortune.

Cæsar's imposing position in Gaul depended essentially on the halo of victory that surrounded him ; and this began to grow pale. The conflicts around Avaricum, Cæsar's vain attempts to compel the enemy to fight, the resolute defence of the city and its almost accidental capture by storm, bore a stamp different from that of the earlier Celtic wars, and had strengthened rather than impaired the confidence of the Celts in themselves and their leader. Moreover, the new system of warfare—the making head against the enemy in intrenched camps under the protection of fortresses—had completely approved itself at Lutetia as well as Gergovia. Lastly, this defeat, the first which Cæsar in person had suffered from the Celts, crowned their success, and it accordingly gave, as it were, the signal for a second outbreak of the insurrection. The Hædui now broke formally with Cæsar and entered into union with Vercingetorix. Their contingent, which was still with Cæsar's army, not only deserted from it, but also took occasion to carry off the dépôts of the army of Cæsar at Noviodunum on the Loire, whereby the chests and magazines, a number of fresh horses and all the hostages furnished to Cæsar fell into the hands of the insurgents. It was of at least equal importance that on this news the Belgæ, who had hitherto kept aloof from the whole movement, began to bestir themselves. The powerful canton of the Bellovaci rose with the view of attacking in the rear the corps of Labienus, while it confronted at Lutetia the levy of the surrounding cantons of central Gaul. Everywhere else, too, men were taking to arms ; the strength of patriotic enthusiasm carried along with it even the most decided and most favored partisans of Rome.

—T. MOMMSEN.





THE name of Catiline has become a common epithet for a conspirator and traitor. He owes this bad eminence to the genius of Cicero, who exposed his conspiracy with such matchless eloquence that he compelled even some distinguished citizens, who were implicated in the plot, to join in denouncing the baffled leader and in driving him to ruin. Modern poets have dramatized him as a desperate villain, a human fiend. "I think," said Cicero, "there never was in the world a monster compounded by nature of such diverse, contrary and conflicting tempers, qualities and propensities." Yet his power of dissimulation enabled him so to veil his vices as to render him still more formidable. He was, therefore, able to deceive the good, to intimidate the weak, and to inspire new boldness into his most depraved associates.

Lucius Sergius Catilina was born of a patrician family in 108 B.C. In the civil war between Sulla and Marius, Catiline was an active partisan of the former, under whom he served as quæstor. When Sulla triumphed and the friends of Marius were proscribed, Catiline embraced the opportunity to gratify his evil propensities, and found delight in murder and robbery. His brother-in-law was one of the victims of his cruelty, and he is charged with having murdered his first wife and son in order to marry his second wife, Aurelia. At an early age his fortune was ruined by his prodigality and

excesses. The bribes which he paid to judges to get immunity for his crimes were enormous. Yet such was the corruption of the whole body-politic that his complicated infamy formed no sensible obstruction to his regular official promotion. In 68 B.C. he was elected *prætor*, and in the next year was governor of the province of Africa. In the year 66 he presented himself as a candidate for the consulship, and, having been defeated, he formed a plot to assassinate the consuls Cotta and Tarquatus, whose competitors had been convicted of bribery. The plot failed, because one of the conspirators omitted to give a signal at the appointed time.

In the next year Catiline entered the lists against Cicero as a candidate for the consulship. But Cicero, though a "new man," that is, one in whose family none had yet held office, was successful. Catiline, being defeated, organized a band of ruffians, assassins and desperate men, with whom were also associated many patricians and Senators. With this formidable following, Catiline again canvassed for the consulship, but was again defeated in October, 63. This repulse rendered him furious, and he prepared for the speedy execution of his plot, which now included the burning of the city and the massacre of the consuls and friends of order. An army, composed of Sulla's veterans and other partisans of Catiline, was assembled in Etruria. Two of the conspirators attempted to kill Cicero at his house, but failed, for the secret had been revealed to Cicero by Fulvia, the mistress of one of the conspirators.

The Senate by a decree now invested the Consuls with the power of dictators. In this perilous crisis Cicero acted with consummate energy and prudence. On the 8th of November, when Catiline ventured to enter the Senate, Cicero denounced him in a powerful and inimitable oration. The conspirator, whose friends had already shrunk from him, rose to reply; but his voice was drowned by cries of "Traitor," "Parricide." In spite of his unmatched audacity he was compelled to withdraw. Leaving Rome in the ensuing night, he joined his rebel army in Etruria. He still had confidence that when he approached Rome at the head of the dreaded veterans, accustomed to the atrocities of the civil war, his friends would resume their courage, and his opponents would be overcome.

with terror. But Cicero continued his activity in Rome, and was fortunately able to lay before the Senate legal evidence of the treason meditated. Ambassadors from the Gallic tribe of the Allobroges testified that Lentulus and other conspirators had sought to enlist their services against the Commonwealth. Lentulus and the others accused were speedily arrested, and Cicero submitted the question of their punishment to the Senate. Cato, in strong terms, and Cicero less vehemently, urged the death penalty. Cæsar, in a remarkable speech, advised perpetual imprisonment. The Senate decreed death, and the sentence was speedily executed.

This act effectually destroyed Catiline's hopes of a revolt in the city. His army, diminished by desertion, was hemmed in by those of Metellus and Antonius. In February, 62, he hazarded a battle with those of the latter, then commanded by Petreius. Though Catiline displayed military skill and dauntless bravery, he was defeated and killed with 3,000 of his followers. His body was found far in advance of his own ranks, amid a heap of the enemy whom he had slain.

The contemporary authors to whom we are indebted for accounts of Catiline are Cicero and Sallust, both bitterly opposed to him. It has been thought, therefore, by some, that their statements of his character and conspiracy are exaggerated. But there is sufficient evidence from other sources to confirm their probability on all disputed points and to justify the verdict of history on the Roman traitor.

CÆSAR ON THE PUNISHMENT OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

In all debates, Conscrip Fathers, when the matter under deliberation is in its nature doubtful, it is the duty of every Senator to bring to the question a mind free from animosity and friendship, from anger and compassion. When those emotions prevail, the understanding is clouded, and truth is scarcely perceived. To be passionate and just at the same time, is not in the power of man. Reason, when unbiased, and left to act with freedom, answers all our purposes: when passion gains the ascendant, reason is fatigued, and judgment lends no assistance.

In the case now before us, let it be our wisdom, Conscription Fathers, not to suffer the crimes of Lentulus and his accomplices to hurry you beyond the bounds of moderation. Indignation may operate on your minds, but a due sense of your own dignity, I trust, will preponderate. My opinion is this: if you know of any pains and penalties adequate to the guilt of the conspirators, pronounce your judgment; I have no objection. If you think death a sufficient punishment, I concur with Silanus; but if the guilt of the prisoners exceeds all forms of vindictive justice, we should rest contented with the laws known to the constitution.

The Senators who have gone before me have exhausted the colors of rhetoric, and in a pathetic style have painted forth the miseries of their country. They have displayed the horrors of war, and the wretched condition of the vanquished; the young of both sexes suffering violation; children torn from the mother's arms; virtuous matrons exposed to the brutal passions of the conqueror; the houses of citizens, and the temples of the gods, pillaged without distinction; the city made a theatre of blood and horror; in a word, desolation and massacre in every quarter.

But why, immortal gods! why all that waste of eloquence? Was it to inflame our passions? to kindle indignation? to excite a detestation of rebellion? If the guilt of these men is not of itself sufficient to fire us with resentment, is it in the power of words to do it? I answer, No: resentment is implanted in our hearts by the hand of nature; every man is sensible of injury and oppression; many are apt to feel too intensely. But we know, Conscription Fathers, that resentment does not operate alike in all the ranks of life: he who dwells in obscurity may commit an act of violence, but the consequence is confined to a small circle. The fame of the offender, like his fortune, makes no noise in the world. It is otherwise with those who figure in exalted stations; the eyes of mankind are upon them; and the wrong they do is considered as an abuse of power. Moderation is the virtue of superior rank. In that pre-eminence no apology is allowed for the injustice that proceeds from partiality, from anger, aversion, or animosity. The injury committed in the lower classes of

life is called the impulse of sudden passion; in the higher stations, it takes the name of pride and cruelty.

I am willing, Conscription Fathers, to admit that the keenest torments are in no proportion to the guilt of the conspirators. But let it be remembered that in all cases of punishment it is the catastrophe that makes the deepest impression on the minds of the people. Is the criminal treated with severity? his crimes are forgotten, and his sufferings become the general topic. What has been proposed to you by Decius Silanus, sprung, I am persuaded, from his patriot zeal; I know the character of the man; integrity and honor are the principles that direct his conduct. Neither partiality, nor private resentment, can govern his opinion. But what he has proposed, appears to me, I will not say cruel (for in the case of such malefactors, what can be cruel?), but I am free to declare that it is contrary to the laws established by our ancestors.

With regard to capital punishment, it is a truth well-known, that to the man who lives in distress and anguish of heart, death is not an evil; it is a release from pain and misery; it puts an end to the calamities of life; and after the dissolution of the body, all is peace; neither care nor joy can then intrude. But tell me, Silanus, in the name of the immortal gods I ask you; why did you not add, that, before the mortal stroke, the prisoners should suffer pain and torment under the scourge of the executioner? Those penalties, you will say, are forbidden by the Porcian law: and have we not laws, in express terms, declaring that the life of a Roman citizen shall remain inviolable, and that banishment is the only sentence that can be enforced? Shall it be said that the lictor's rod is worse than death? be it so; and what can be too severe in the case of men convicted of the most horrible crimes? If, on the other hand, stripes and lashes are the slightest punishment, with what color of reason are we to respect a prohibitory law on a point of no importance, and yet violate it in a matter of the greatest moment?

It may be said, who will object to a decree against the enemies of their country? The answer is obvious: time may engender discontent; a future day may condemn the proceeding; unforeseen events, and even chance, that with wild caprice

perplexes human affairs, may give us reason to repent. The punishment of traitors, however severe, cannot be more than their flagitious deeds deserve; but it behoves us, Conscript Fathers, to weigh well the consequences before we proceed to judgment. Acts of state, that sprung from policy, and were perhaps expedient on the spur of the occasion, have grown into precedents often found to be of evil tendency. The administration may fall into the hands of ignorance and incapacity; and in that case, the measure, which at first was just and proper, becomes by misapplication to other men and other times the rule of bad policy and injustice.

It must be admitted that, in times like the present, when Marcus Tullius Cicero conducts the administration, scenes of that tragic nature are not to be apprehended. But in a large populous city, when the minds of men are ever in agitation, a variety of jarring opinions must prevail. At a future day, and under another consul, who may have an army at his back, falsehood may appear in the garb of truth, and gain universal credit. In such a juncture, should the consul, encouraged by our example, and armed with power by the decree of the Senate, think proper to unsheathe the sword, who shall stop him in his career? who will be able to appease his vengeance?

Our ancestors, Conscript Fathers, never wanted wisdom or courage; nor were they ever so elate with pride, as to be above imitating the wholesome institutions of other nations. They borrowed the make of their arms, and the use of them, from the Samnites; from the Etruscans they adopted the robes and ensigns of the magistracy; and in short, whatever they saw proper and useful among their allies, and even their enemies, that they were sure to transplant for their own advantage. They wished to improve by good example, and they were above the mean passion of envy.

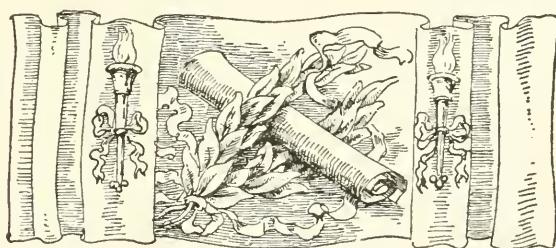
In that early period, and with that generous disposition, they looked towards Greece, and from that nation imported the custom of punishing some offences by the lictor's rod, and in capital cases they pronounced judgment of death. In process of time, when the State rose to power and grandeur, and the people, as will always be the case in prodigious multitudes, were divided into contending factions, innocent men

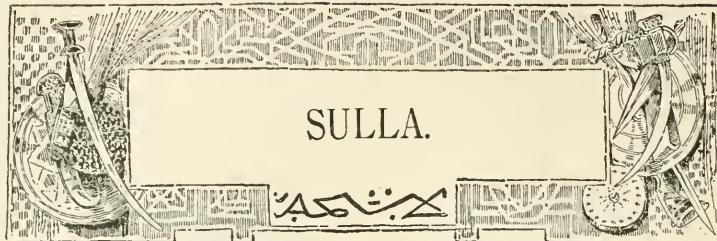
were often oppressed, and grievances increased and multiplied; it was then that the Porcian law, and others of a similar nature, repealed the power of inflicting capital punishment, and left to the condemned the privilege of going into exile.

By these examples, and this train of reasoning, I am led to this conclusion. Consult your own dignity, Conscription Fathers, and beware of innovation. I believe I may assume, without fear of being contradicted, that the eminent men of a former day, who from small beginnings raised this mighty Empire, possessed a larger portion of wisdom and virtue than has fallen to the lot of their descendants. What our ancestors obtained with glory, we of the present day find too much for our decayed abilities; we sink under the weight.

But you will say, What is the scope of this long argument? Shall the conspirators be discharged, and suffered to strengthen Catiline's army? Far from it: my advice is this; let their estate and effects be confiscated; detain their persons in separate prisons, and for that purpose choose the strongest of the municipal towns; declare, by a positive law, that no motion in their favor shall be brought forward in the Senate, and that no appeal shall be made to the people. Add to your decree, that whoever shall presume to espouse the cause of the guilty, shall be deemed an enemy to the Commonwealth.—

From SALLUST'S CATILINE.





SULLA.



ON the night of the 6th of July, 82, B.C., the venerable Temple of Jupiter, in the Roman capitol, which had been erected by the early kings, dedicated by the youthful republic, and spared by the storms of five hundred years, perished in the flames. This calamity might be regarded as an image of the actual condition of Rome itself. The Constitution lay prostrate and needed reconstruction. The patricians had clung tenaciously to traditional forms and usages, until they became unsuited to the changed condition and enlarged dominions of the Republic. The restless populace, by whose services and sacrifices the greatness of the State had been achieved, demanded a relaxation of the old oppressive laws and a greater share in the administration. The patrician party resisted strenuously any innovation in the Constitution, however inconvenient and dangerous its workings. But Sulla, the ablest of them all, seeing the temple which enshrined the prerogatives of the Senate endangered and almost destroyed, determined to restore the oligarchy and establish the old order on a firmer basis by a new Constitution.

Lucius Cornelius Sulla (less correctly called Sylla), was born in 138, B.C. He was descended from a patrician family which had once been prominent, but had sunk to obscurity. He received a good education and early acquired that taste for literature and art which distinguished him throughout life. But he also devoted himself to pleasure, and even from youth

was disgraced with sensual vice. After an early manhood spent in indolence and licentiousness, he was at the age of thirty-two chosen one of the *quaestors*, and served in the army of Caius Marius, then in his first Consulship. The war with Jugurtha in Africa had been prolonged; but Sulla, the literary profligate, succeeded by crafty diplomacy in bringing about the betrayal of Jugurtha, who was surrendered directly to him by Bocchus, King of Mauritania. Sulla had a seal ring engraved, representing the surrender of Jugurtha into his hands. The pretensions of the young patrician aroused the jealousy of the plebeian Marius, twenty years his senior. Sulla, however, continued to serve as his lieutenant, and in the Cimbric War gained further distinction.

The increasing ill-will of his commander at last compelled Sulla to leave him and to join the army of Catulus. Here he had charge of the commissariat department, and by his good management kept his soldiers abundantly supplied with provisions, while those of Marius suffered from scarcity. This condition of affairs aggravated the resentment of the plebeian general. After the Cimbric War Sulla retired to private life, and in the year 94, B.C., he was an unsuccessful candidate for the office of *prætor*. It is said that the people wished him to take the lower office of *Aedile*, because his influence in Africa would, as they thought, enable him to supply more readily strange wild beasts for the public shows. In the following year he promised to furnish splendid shows and was elected *prætor*. In 92 he went as pro-*prætor* to Cilicia, and restored Ariobarzanes to the kingdom of Cappadocia. Sulla's ability and growing reputation had now marked him as an acceptable leader of the aristocratic party; but the hostility between him and Marius steadily increased.

The outbreak of the Social War in 90, B.C., delayed his departure for the seat of war in Asia. Both Marius and Sulla took part in the desperate conflict with the Italian tribes, who had long been content to follow the Roman standards, but now sought to obtain substantial rewards for their services. Early in this war the Consul L. Porcius Cato was slain, and Sulla, who had been his lieutenant, succeeded to the chief command. The contest was now prosecuted with vigor, and

Sulla's victories eclipsed in public regard those of the veteran Marius. Driving the enemy out of Campania, he defeated Papius Mutilus, the Samnite consul, and followed up his victory by the capture of the strong town of Bovianum.

After the flower of Rome and Italy had fallen in the Social War, the Senate determined to bring it to an end, and to renew the attack on Mithradates, King of Pontus. The ability which Sulla had displayed during the Social War, and his attachment to the Senatorial party, marked him out as fitted to undertake this important command. He was elected Consul b.c. 88, and forthwith received the command of the Mithradatic War. But Marius had long coveted this distinction, and Publius Sulpicius was determined that Marius, not Sulla, should have charge of these forces. This man was one of the greatest orators of the age, and had by his splendid talents acquired great influence. He brought forward a law by which the Italians were to be distributed among the thirty-five voting tribes. The Consuls, to prevent a vote which would place the army under Marius, suspended all public business. Sulpicius, with an armed force, demanded the withdrawal of their arbitrary decree. The Consuls refused, and a great tumult arose, many being slain. Sulla, quitting Rome, hastened to the army; but Sulpicius got a law passed, depriving Sulla of the command, and vesting it in Marius. Finding his soldiers ready to respond to his wishes, Sulla marched on Rome. Marius was taken by surprise, and sent two prætors, bidding Sulla, in the name of the Republic, to advance no further. These two prætors were murdered, and the army continued to advance. The city was taken. Sulpicius, by the orders of Sulla, was put to death; but Marius escaped. Sulla now appointed Octavius and Cinna consuls, and hastened to the relief of Greece.

Most of the Grecian States had declared war against Rome, and were in favor of Mithradates, King of Pontus. Such was the position of affairs when Sulla landed in Epirus, b.c. 87. In the following Spring he took Athens, and when its port, the Piræus, also fell into the hands of Sulla, he treated this renowned city with the utmost barbarity. The soldiers were indulged in indiscriminate slaughter and plunder. After the

disastrous campaign in Greece, the Pontic army, which had consisted of 110,000 men, was reduced to a tenth of its original numbers. The King of Pontus concluded a treaty with Sulla, who hastened to return to Rome. The Marian party had once more gained the ascendancy through the machinations of Cinna. Sulla carried with him from Athens to Rome works of art and a valuable library, including most of the works of Aristotle and Theophrastus.

Marius, his rival, who had been made Consul for the seventh time, did not long survive this honor. Sulla landed at Brundusium with only 40,000 men, whilst the Marian party could command the services of 200,000 men in arms. Sulla by bribery won over many followers of Marius. He was supported by the Roman nobles, among whom was Cneius Pompey, then only twenty-three years of age. In 82 B.C., the struggle was brought to a close by the decisive victory won by Sulla over the Samnite Pontius Telesinus before the Colline gate of Rome. His victory was immediately followed by a scene of most revolting butchery. All partisans of Marius were put to death. Sulla resolved to extirpate the popular party, root and branch, and offered a reward for the heads of all those he had named in a published list, called the Proscription. All persons whose names appeared on this list were outlaws, who might be killed at any moment, and their property was confiscated to the State. Terror reigned in Rome, for Sulla, to gratify his friends, placed on the Proscription their personal enemies. The horror of the multitude was excited by the appearance of 47,000 names.

Sulla was appointed Dictator at the commencement of these horrors. The Dictatorship had been in abeyance in Rome for more than one hundred and twenty years, and by it Sulla now obtained absolute power, B.C. 81. At the close of this year, he celebrated a splendid triumph on account of his victory over Mithradates. In the midst of a gorgeous ceremony, he claimed for himself the surname of *Felix*, and a gilt statue was erected to his honor bearing that name. During B.C. 79, Sulla carried into execution his various reforms in the Constitution. He established many military colonies throughout Italy. Italian towns which had fought against him were de-

prived of the Roman franchise; their lands were confiscated and given to the soldiers who fought under him. An idle and licentious soldiery supplanted an industrious agricultural population. Whilst Sulla thus established throughout Italy a population devoted to his interests, he created at Rome a bodyguard for his protection by giving the citizenship to a great number of slaves belonging to those who had been proscribed by him. As many as 10,000 slaves are said to have been thus rewarded. Sulla's constitutional reforms were of a threefold character. First, he very considerably increased the number of the jury-courts; secondly, the presidency of the courts was limited to the nobility; and thirdly, the Senators were once more installed in the office of jurymen.

After having held his Dictatorship for three years, Sulla resigned his power, and declared himself ready to render an account of his conduct whilst in office. By his voluntary abdication, he shows that he never contemplated, like Julius Cæsar, the establishment of a monarchy. One year after his retirement, he died through the rupture of a blood-vessel caused by a loathsome disease. His funeral was a magnificent pageant. A monument was erected to his memory, on which was the inscription, left by his own directions to be engraved :

LUCIUS CORNELIUS SULLA, FELIX.

“NO FRIEND EVER DID ME SO MUCH GOOD, NO ENEMY SO MUCH HARM,
BUT I REPAYED HIM WITH INTEREST.”

Lucius Cornelius Sulla, though a lover of literature and art, was conspicuous even among the Romans for licentiousness and debauchery. He possessed all the accomplishments and all the vices which Cato the Elder had been accustomed to denounce. He was haughty, cautious and determined. With a thoroughly aristocratic spirit, he formed his schemes with deep forethought, prosecuted them with deliberate perseverance, and abandoned them with cold contempt when his object was accomplished. The slaughter of the Civil War and

the bloody proscription of his Dictatorship have dimmed the glory of his previous career. Had a decade been taken from the lives of both Marius and Sulla, their fame would have been unstained with the horrid cruelties which the very mention of their names now evokes.

SULLA'S SIEGE OF ATHENS.

[NOTE.—Herbert uses the popular but less correct form of the name,—SYLLA.]

Archelaus, the general of Mithradates, held the Piræus, or port of Athens, one of the most strongly fortified places in the ancient world, being defended and connected with the upper town by the superb Long Walls, erected by Pericles during the Peloponnesian war, not less than sixty feet in height, wrought in huge blocks of squared stone; while the tyrant Aristion, an Epicurean philosopher by origin, but now a stipendiary of Mithradates, held the city itself, with its Acropolis, heaven-reaching temples and almost impregnable fortresses, which had set Xerxes himself at defiance. Those in the Piræus were well supplied with food, provisions and material of war of all kinds; for Mithradates was completely master of the sea, sweeping it in all directions with his victorious squadrons, and shutting up the Rhodians, now the second naval state of the Mediterranean, in their harbors. Since the termination of the Punic wars and their relief from all apprehensions on the score of their formidable maritime rivals, the Romans appear to have entirely neglected their marine, and merely maintaining small coasting squadrons to co-operate with their land forces, to have allowed the empire of the seas to fall to whomsoever it would, even to the merest piratical barbarians, who were not reduced without considerable trouble and expense by Pompey the Great, as he was somewhat absurdly styled, and the far greater Cæsar.

During the whole summer of the first year of his war, Sylla assailed the Piræus desperately, but in vain. After attempting escalades several times, all of which failed from the difficulty of procuring ladders of adequate length sufficiently strong for the purpose, and from the extreme height and strength of the works, he fell back, worn out and weary, to Eleusis and Megara, until he could bring materials of all

kinds, iron, cordage, and military machines from Thebes in Bœotia. The beautiful groves of the Lyceum and Academe were felled to supply timber to the besiegers; towers were raised, and a huge mound thrown up, against the fortress, and engines of the largest and most formidable kind were kept constantly playing against the walls.

But, on the whole, little or nothing was effected. A dashing sortie, by which Archelaus, sallying out with his infantry in mass, fiercely assailed the working parties of the Romans in front, while he launched his cavalry to the right and left, in order to overwhelm them, was repulsed. For Athenian partisans of Rome within the walls had contrived to convey information of the intended outbreak to the besiegers, and Sylla had consequently a supporting force, ambushed at hand, sufficient not only to protect his men in the trenches, but to beat back the Asiatics in brilliant style, slaying many and driving more into the sea. Shortly after this failure, however, having erected great internal mounds, and cavaliers overlooking his own defences and the works of the enemy, Archelaus collected fresh powers from Chalcis and the Islands, and armed all the rowers of his fleet; when, being vastly superior in numbers to the besiegers, he again broke out, torch in hand, at dead of night, and cut down, burned, and destroyed all the great assailing works and engines of the Romans.

But so great was the activity and perseverance of the Roman general, that within ten days everything he had lost was replaced; and the enemy was as hard pressed as before, until having erected other counter-works on his walls, and being reinforced by another Asiatic army under Dromichætes, the daring and energetic Governor once more led his whole garrison into the field by all his gates at once, lining his heavy infantry with archery and slingers, and fell so furiously on the Roman lines that he made a serious impression for a considerable time, and was only checked when Muræna brought up the reserves, and rallied the shaken legions, not without considerable effort. Fortunately, at this moment a legion came up, which had been out wooding and foraging; and this fresh body, supported by the camp-followers, slaves

and degraded legionaries, renewed the combat so fiercely that the besieged were driven in, with a loss of two thousand men left dead on the field; and Archelaus himself, fighting desperately to the last, was shut out of the gates, and only escaped capture, being hoisted by ropes over the battlements.

After this bloody but indecisive affair, Sylla drew off his men and placed them in winter quarters, fortifying himself with deep ditches cut from sea to sea, which were intended to prevent the assaults of the numerous and excellent cavalry of the enemy; but, as his men toiled daily at these gigantic works, they were engaged in almost hourly fights, now about the trenches, now close up to the walls, the Orientals sallying in dense masses and plying them with darts, stones, and vast leaden balls hurled from the catapults. Still, however, the siege continued with unabated fury on both sides. On one occasion, treasonable information from within being conveyed to Sylla that Archelaus would endeavor to reinforce the upper town and revictual it, being now hard pressed for provisions, he was enabled to seize the convoy and cut off the detachment engaged in escorting it. On another, some Romans, having actually ascended the walls of the Piraeus and effected a lodgment on the rampart, were overthrown by a desperate rally and cast back headlong into their own lines by an attack so impetuous, that the pursuers from the city entered the trenches pell-mell with them, and narrowly missed destroying the remainder of the works and engines of the Romans. This catastrophe was prevented only by the arrival of Sylla in person with reinforcements from the camp, who by desperate exertions, toiling and fighting hand to hand through the whole night, like a common soldier, succeeded in re-establishing the combat, and about daybreak repulsed the enemy. Then bringing twenty vast catapults to bear at once on the huge tower of Archelaus, from his own battering tower, he so shook and maltreated the former, that the besieged withdrew it to preserve it from total destruction.

Thus passed the first campaign of the Mithradatic war; and, it may be said, with no advantage to the Romans. Never was the place more skillfully or more resolutely defended than Athens; for Aristion, in the upper city, knew that he could

hope no quarter for himself or his adherents, and resolved to sell his life at the dearest; while Archelaus, who was a thorough soldier and well aware of the importance of time in war, made a defence such as has never been surpassed in warfare, and which deserved, if it might not command, success.

The city was now sorely pressed by famine; everything edible had been consumed, to the vilest animals, the grass from the ramparts, sword-belts and sandal-leathers, and things obscene and indescribable; yet the feeble and famishing garrison would not surrender to the Romans, too well aware of the nature of Rome's mercy to come voluntarily into its clutches. With treachery within and Sylla's energy without, no effort of Archelaus, and he tried all, could suffice to throw succors and provisions into the town. All he could do was to counter-plot, and when Sylla, informed of his intentions, ambushed his victualing parties, to sally on his trenches with fire and sword.

Once his works were completely sapped and battered; and the huge walls, being undermined, were supported only by vast props of timber, which were in their turn fired by the besiegers with such masses of pitch and piles of tow covered with sulphur, that the flames were unquenchable and unendurable. Then the whole immense fabric of Pericles came thundering down, with such a roar and so sudden a ruin, that it appalled the Roman legions, and struck terror to the souls of the garrison, many of whom were crushed and confounded in the downfall. Yet, even under this fearful disadvantage, Archelaus maintained his credit as a general, and saved his post, when all indeed seemed desperate. With several wide and practicable breaches open, he fought so resolutely himself, and animated his men to such stubborn and immovable resistance, that the very ruins were found no less inexpugnable than the uninjured ramparts. Sylla was forced, at the sword's point, with his best men, down to the foot of the breach; when most unwillingly he called off the stormers with the trumpet, having undergone a loss at least as great as that he had inflicted on the enemy.

During the hours of darkness, the noble governor so completely retrenched the breaches with a new concave ram-

part, constructed out of the rubbish, that, when on the morrow the Romans rushed into the *cul de sac*, resolute to win and anticipating little difficulty in battering the soft, new-built masonry, they were overwhelmed by such volleys of missiles from above, in front, and ravaged by such a cross fire of artillery from the flanks, afforded by the junction of the old rampart with the new retrenchment, as drove them back wholly dismayed and defeated, and compelled their leader to resign all ideas of taking the Piræus so defended, by storm, sap, or escalade.

But the fall of Athens was decreed, in spite of the gallantry of its defenders. The spring of 86 B.C., was now far advanced; and the city, entirely circumvallated, and surrounded by deep trenches, had been strictly blockaded for above a year, besides receiving and repelling almost daily assaults from the enemy; when it was reported to Sylla that the garrison were feeding on their own dead, and were so weak, both in morale and physique, that a storm could no longer be supported. To this method recourse was again had, and at length successfully. The walls were carried by escalade, and at the same moment by sap, at the dead of night, Sylla entering, sword in hand, at the breach between the Piræan and the Sacred gate, with wild blasts of trumpets and war horns, and the fierce shouts of the infuriated legionaries, rushing unchecked to rape, massacre and pillage. So dreadful was the carnage, that, even to the days of Plutarch, marks were shown on the walls how deep had stood the blood of the victims; that all the Ceramicus, within the gates, was afloat with gore; and that, according to eye-witnesses, the ghastly torrent streaming through the crevices of the portals deluged the barbican and gate-house.

Sylla, it is said, was personally enraged at the scurrile taunts and ribaldry which had been continually launched against him from the walls by the defenders, who did not even spare the name of his wife, the noble Cæcilia Metella, and this was his revenge. That he was not a man incapable of taking bloody vengeance for personal insults or wrongs, his subsequent course sufficiently proves; but the unfailing massacre which followed every storm or surrender, when

Romans were victors, renders it unnecessary, if not unjust, to ascribe these horrors to the peculiar blood-thirstiness of Sylla, since Scipio the Continent and Cæsar the Clement are equally guilty with him of ruthless and unnecessary carnage.

How many fell in that dreadful night is not recorded; but Plutarch asserts that as many died by their own hands, through despair of receiving mercy and unwillingness to survive their country, as by the swords of the ruthless cohorts. It appears, however, that after the sack and first havoc, the city was spared pillage, slavery, or further dishonor, by the orders of the conqueror, who, if he regarded nothing of living humanity, affected at least to respect the glory of the mighty dead and the literary splendor of the Athens of other days.

Aristion and his garrison, and all who had held place under him since he first seduced the city from her Roman allegiance, retreated to the citadel, but were speedily reduced by famine, and surrendering at discretion were slaughtered to a man. The remainder of the citizens were pardoned and permitted to govern themselves, as before, by their own local and municipal laws, and except the Acropolis, which was despoiled at the most of forty pounds weight of gold and six hundred of silver, the city escaped the systematic Roman spoliation.

Sylla has left it recorded in his own Memoirs, quoted by Plutarch, that the city was captured on the first of March, corresponding to the new moon of the Attic month Anthesterion; and, on the very day after its storm, he determined to waste no more time on the blockade of the Piræus, but to attempt it again with the battering-ram, and to carry it, if possible, by assault, while his men were still flushed with their late success, and confident of victory.

The new retrenchments were the point which he now assailed, and these were soon so much damaged by the rain, and by sappers who undermined the foundations, working beneath the shelter of the tortoise, that large breaches were made again and again, and retrenched only by the besieged, to be once more forced and opened by the besiegers; so that, at length wearied out, and seeing the inutility of farther resist-

ance, the great King's gallant commander drew off the whole of the Oriental forces, less damaged and less diminished in numbers than the conquerors, and embarking them in his ships, still held the harbor of Munychium, and blockaded Sylla as closely as he had before blockaded the city.

This siege is principally to be considered with a view to the length and obstinacy both of its attack and defence, and perhaps on the whole it reflects more credit on the defender than on the assailant. On both sides, every resource of art, of mechanism, and of engineering, as they were then understood, was brought into play; but it must be remembered, that in no other respect has the modern gained so much on the ancient system of warfare as in the reduction of beleaguered places. The length of time now required to reduce the strongest place, with adequate breaching batteries, and under ordinary circumstances, has become a mere matter of calculation; and it can be foreseen to a day, by skillful engineers, how soon, if not relieved, the finest first-rate fortress must surrender, or be carried by assault, without a chance of failure.

Before the invention of gunpowder, on the contrary, the art of defence was so far superior and better understood that many places were utterly impregnable, or reducible only after years of blockade, by means of works so extensive and of such magnitude as to require more toil, time, labor, and materials for the construction, than the fortress they were intended to reduce.

In the siege of Athens the advantages lay with the occupants of the Piræus, who having the command of the sea, could not be straitened either of provisions or men, with both of which they were constantly supplied and reinforced, and had always the means of evacuating the place when it was no longer tenable, or desirable to be retained, as they ultimately did, by water.

It must be remembered, also, that Sylla had little aid to expect from home at this period. During the whole of his Mithradatic campaigns he had to rely solely on his own indefatigable energies and resources, on such contributions as he could raise from sterile and oft-wasted countries, on his tact

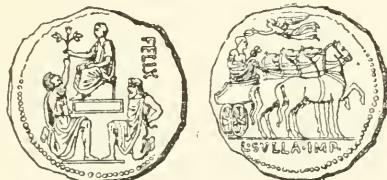
in making war support war, and on such spoils as he might capture from the enemy, for the maintenance of his army and for the materials of war.—H. W. HERBERT.

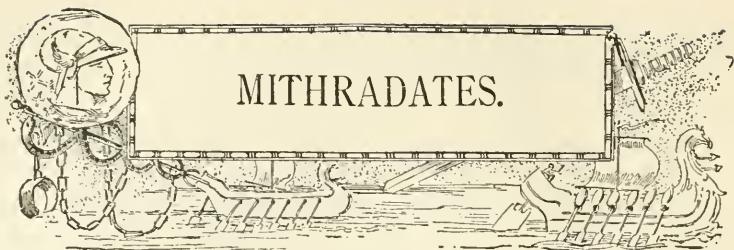
SULLA AND CÆSAR.

Why is it that these two names, Sulla and Cæsar, call up such different feelings? Of the two Dictators, one is never spoken of without abhorrence ; the other is never spoken of without some degree at least of admiration. Yet there is much likeness in the two men, and there are points in which Sulla has the advantage. Sulla and Cæsar alike were at once generals, statesmen, scholars and profligates. On the military details of their campaigns military men must decide ; but the results of the warfare of Sulla were assuredly not less than the results of the warfare of Cæsar. If Cæsar conquered Gaul, Sulla reconquered Greece and Asia ; if Cæsar overthrew Pompeius, Sulla overthrew Pontius Telesinus. The political career of Sulla is far more honorable and consistent than that of Cæsar. Both led armies against their country ; both gave out that they were driven to do so only by the intrigues of their enemies. Sulla struggled, we might say, for a principle ; at any rate for a party ; at any rate for something beyond himself ; he scorned the gewgaws of royalty ; he aspired not to keep perpetual dominion for himself, still less to found a dynasty of kings or dictators in his own house. Cæsar's career was purely selfish ; it may be that the sway of one was at the moment the best thing for Rome and the world ; it may be that Cæsar knew and felt this ; still his career was a selfish one. He sought his own advancement ; he sank even to the low ambition of titles and ornaments ; he wanted to be called a king, and to wear a diadem. As private men, there is little to choose between the two ; both were steeped in every vice—refined, accomplished, scholar-like debauchees.

Why, then, do we hate Sulla, and in a manner love Cæsar? Success may have something to do with it ; Sulla's aristocracy passed away ; Cæsar's Empire fell for a moment, but it had strength enough to rise again under his adopted son, and to live on, we may almost say, till the present hour. The other Dictator has left no such memorials before our eyes and ears ; no

month is called Cornelius, no modern potentate calls himself Sulla as his proudest title. But this is not all: the real difference lies much deeper. Cæsar, with all his crimes and vices, had a heart. He was a man of battles, but not a man of proscriptions. He was a warm friend and a generous enemy. In one point of view, Sulla's was the wiser policy. Sulla never spared or forgave, and he died in his bed; Cæsar forgave, and he died by the daggers of those whom he had forgiven. Most men, indeed, would choose the bloody death of Cæsar—a death which admirers might call martyrdom—rather than the foul and lingering disease of Sulla. But there is the fact; the merciful conqueror died by violence; the wholesale murderer went unmolested to his grave. Sulla really had in him more of principle than Cæsar; but Cæsar was a man—Sulla was like a destroying angel. Cæsar one might have loved—at Sulla one could only shudder; perhaps one might have shuddered most of all at the careless and mirthful hours of the author of the proscription. Great he was in every natural gift; great, one might almost say, in his vices; great in his craft of soldier and ruler; great in his unbending will; great in the crimes which human wickedness never can outdo. In his strange superstition, the most ruthless of men deemed himself the special favorite of the softest of the idols with which his heaven was peopled. We, too, can acknowledge the heaven-sent luck of Sulla, but in another sense. If Providence ever sends human instruments to chastise a guilty world, we may see in the all-accomplished Roman aristocrat, no less than in the Scythian savage, one who was, beyond all his fellow-men, emphatically the Scourge of God.—E. A. FREEMAN.





THE name Mithridates, or, as it is found on coins, Mithradates, was common among the Persians, and means "Given by Mithra (or the Sun)." It has been made renowned by Mithradates VI., King of Pontus, a descendant of a line of Persian princes. He was surnamed Eupator, and is commonly called the Great.

This celebrated king of an obscure country on the southern shores of the Euxine Sea was conspicuous by his genius both in war and peace. Cicero considered him superior in power and character to any king against whom the Romans ever waged war; and in another passage declares him the greatest of all kings after Alexander of Macedon. He was a son of Mithradates V., and was born about 135 B.C. He succeeded his father in 120, while he was still a minor, and was surrounded by guardians whom he had reason to suspect. He excelled in athletic exercises, and was distinguished in his youth by his physical strength and daring spirit. His intellectual vigor is attested by the fact that he could speak twenty-two languages.

The capital of Pontus was Sinope, one of the principal ports on the Euxine. During the minority of Mithradates, the aggressive Romans seized his province of Phrygia. But in 112 B.C., soon after he attained manhood, he began a career of conquest, and in about seven years he had added to his dominions the Lesser Armenia, Colchis, and the entire eastern coast of the Euxine. He pursued his conquests even beyond the Caucasus, and became master of the Chersonesus Taurica (the modern Crimea). He acquired part of Paphlagonia about

102, and occupied Galatia. Not content with the rôle of conqueror, it is said that his love of romantic adventure led him to quit his palace secretly and wander over Asia Minor in disguise for several months. His daughter Cleopatra was married to Tigranes, King of Armenia, about 96 B.C. In this year, turning his arms towards the interior of Asia Minor, he made himself master of Cappadocia, expelled King Ariobarzanes, and set his nephew Ariarthes on the throne of that country ; but in 94, inflamed by jealous suspicions, he caused this prince to be assassinated.

Roman power had long been paramount in Asia Minor, and when the Roman Senate decreed that Ariobarzanes should be restored to the throne of Cappadocia (92 B.C.), Mithradates temporized and submitted to its mandate, but prepared for war. He instigated his ally, Tigranes of Armenia, who was also an ambitious monarch, to expel the nominee of the Romans. Ariobarzanes fled to Rome, and Sulla was directed to restore him, but was for a time detained in Italy by the outbreak of the Social War. Meantime Mithradates, having collected an army of about 250,000 men, began the war against the Romans in 88 B.C. His army was recruited from the hardy mountaineers of the Caucasus and the Taurus, and many of his officers were Greeks. He first invaded Cappadocia and drove out Ariobarzanes. He defeated the Romans in several battles, captured the Roman General Manius Aquilius and put him to death in a cruel manner. In the first campaign he overran Bithynia, Galatia, Phrygia, and even the Roman province of Asia, thus becoming master of all Asia Minor, except a few towns in Ionia and Lycia. After taking up his winter quarters in Pergamus, he ordered a general massacre of the Roman and Italian residents of Asia Minor. This order was obeyed with general alacrity, and it is said that 80,000 perished in one day.

In 87 B.C. he sent a powerful fleet and army into Greece, under the command of Archelaus, who took Athens and other cities, which welcomed the King of Pontus as a deliverer. The arrival of Sulla produced a change. After a tedious siege, he captured Athens, and in 86 B.C. he defeated Archelaus at Chæronea, a place already famous for other battles. Sulla

gained still another victory over the army of Mithradates at Orchomenos; and a Roman army, commanded by Fimbria, entered Asia Minor and defeated his army in Bithynia in 85 B.C. The war was ended in 84 by a treaty of peace, by which Mithradates relinquished Bithynia, Cappadocia, and the Roman province of Asia, and agreed to pay 2,000 talents to indemnify the Romans for the cost of the war. Mithradates appears to have fulfilled his part of the agreement; but Murena, who had been left in command of the Romans in Asia, renewed hostilities without provocation or plausible pretext, and invaded Pontus in 83 B.C. Mithradates complained to the Roman Senate, which commanded Murena to desist; but he disobeyed, and began a second invasion. Mithradates then met him on the bank of the Halys, and gained a complete victory, in 82 B.C. The Senate sent another legate, and peace was restored.

During the next eight years, Mithradates employed himself in strenuous efforts to restore the fortunes and wealth of his dominions, and to prepare for a renewal of the war. He collected and disciplined a formidable army (about 150,000 men), gathering soldiers even from the banks of the Danube; and he adopted the Roman arms and training. His alliance with Tigranes of Armenia was renewed. The third war of Mithradates against Rome began in 74 B.C., and lasted nearly nine years. The protraction of the war was partly owing to the genius and energy of the Pontic monarch, who created army after army, and adopted the policy of avoiding pitched battles and wasting the enemy's power by cutting off his supplies and otherwise harassing him; and partly to the co-operation of his ally, Tigranes. Two Roman armies, under Lucullus and Cotta, entered Bithynia. Mithradates defeated Cotta by sea and land at Chalcedon. Lucullus defeated Mithradates at Cyzicus in 73 B.C., and again on the river Granicus. About the same time his fleet was defeated by the Romans at Tenedos. The army with which he began the war was now annihilated. Having returned to his capital, he raised a fresh army and took up a position at Cabeira. Here several partial actions occurred between him and Lucullus. At last Mithradates having determined to move his camp, a panic demoral-

ized his army, which was routed by Lucullus near Cabeira in 72 B.C. The king is said to have escaped capture by scattering in his path gold and silver, which his pursuers stopped to gather. Cicero also asserts that he retarded the Romans in their pursuit by leaving in Pontus a great quantity of gold and other treasures. Mithradates took refuge in the capital of Tigranes, in 71 B.C., and gave orders that his wife Monima and other wives or concubines should be put to death.

The Romans demanded that Tigranes should surrender the King of Pontus; but he refused (70 B.C.). Lucullus, therefore, invaded Armenia and defeated Tigranes at Tigranocerta in 69 B.C., and again at Artaxata in 68. The victorious career of Lucullus was interrupted by the mutiny of his army, who were worn out with the hardships of mountain warfare. The indomitable Mithradates returned with an army to Pontus, and defeated the Roman General Fabius in 67 B.C. In the next year he recovered his kingdom by a great victory over the Roman General Triarius, in which 7,000 Romans were killed. Lucullus, appearing to be unequal to the task of subduing Mithradates, was now superseded by Pompey the Great, who persuaded the King of Parthia to become the ally of the Romans. Pompey attacked the Pontic king in Lesser Armenia, and gained a victory which ended the war, though no treaty of peace was made.

Mithradates abandoned Pontus to the victor, and escaped through the defiles of the Caucasus into Colchis. Pompey shrank from pursuing him into that inhospitable region. But the aged Mithradates found foes in his own household. His son Pharnaces openly rebelled against his father. To avoid the fate of a captive, the king, who had taken refuge in a strong tower, died by suicide in 63 B.C. With a view to this end of his career, he had long carried poison with him; but it is also stated that his constitution had been so long injured by antidotes that it did not produce the desired effect, and he was compelled, like King Saul of Israel, to call a Gaulish mercenary to dispatch him with his sword. His body was sent by Pharnaces to Pompey, as a token of submission, and the conqueror caused it to be interred with regal honors in the tomb of his ancestors at Sinope. Of the fifty-seven years of

his reign, nearly twenty-five had been occupied in an almost continuous struggle against the Roman power.

THE DEATH OF MITHRADATES.

Mithradates had gathered all the troops that were left to him, had made his way, partly by force, partly by persuasion, through the wild tribes that dwelt about the eastern end of the Black Sea, and was now, it seemed, secure in the possession of his kingdom of the Bosphorus. The restless spirit of the old man, who had never enjoyed, or indeed cared to enjoy, a year of peace from his boyhood, would not allow him to remain quiet. The scheme which he had conceived was magnificently large and bold. He had failed, he argued to himself, because he had not used the right materials. It was useless to match Asiatics against Europeans. He might gather hundreds of thousands of Armenians and Syrians and bastard tribes, half Greek, half barbarian, from Western Asia; but they would not be able to stand against Roman armies of only one-fifth their number. But there were enemies to whom Rome had been obliged to bow her head more than once. The Gauls under Brennus had actually taken their capital, and had had to be bought off with gold; only thirty years before the Cimbri and Teutones had reduced her to her last army, and it was only the supreme genius of one man that had saved her in that extremity. Here was material enough out of which to raise a tremendous conflagration. Why should he not march along the north coast of the Black Sea, calling all the nations to arms as he went along? They would be ready enough to answer, for there was not one which did not fear and hate the power of Rome. An army would thus be gathered as he advanced; there would be no limit to its numbers, except his own convenience. With these new forces joined to his own—and the latter he was straining every nerve to increase—he would do as Hannibal had done before him, burst through the barrier of the Alps, and make Rome fight for her life before her own gates.

It was a splendid plan; but it was too great for his means. And just at the time, too, when all his powers were most

wanted his health failed him. For more than a year he suffered from a disease which not only weakened him in body and mind, but was so horribly disfiguring that he could not bear that any one should see him, but sent out all his orders through the two or three attendants who alone were permitted to approach. Still he persevered. He had accumulated enormous treasures of gold and silver, coined and uncoined; and he spent them profusely in making preparations for this last effort. Crowds of the men who were always ready to sell their swords to the highest bidder came to take his pay. From these and from the veterans who had served under him in many campaigns a large army was raised, to be increased, it was hoped, manifold as it went westward, calling the wild tribes of the interior to war against Rome; or, an object that would probably attract them more, to plunder the rich countries of the South. To the chiefs of such tribes as could be approached envoys were sent with rich presents. Meanwhile, in all the Greek towns upon the coast, the docks were busy with ship-building.

At last, in the summer of 63 B.C., everything was ready for a final effort. The king, too, had recovered his health, and intended himself to unfold his plans to the army. The assembly to which the king intended to set forth his scheme of a grand war against Rome did not, of course, comprise the whole army. No man could possibly have made his voice heard by so vast a multitude; but it consisted of all the officers of every degree, with as many of the private soldiers as could find standing room in the place where it had been summoned to meet, the market-place of the capital. The officers of superior rank stood in front. As to the others, pains had been taken to bring into the neighborhood of the king such as were most devoted to him; these were to lead the applause when he should begin to unfold his scheme, and it was hoped that the rest would follow their example. The scheme itself was unknown, though rumors of it were in the air.

Mithradates was carried down to the market-place in a litter. A platform had been erected for him on the flight of steps leading up to the Temple of the Twin Brethren. His

appearance was greeted with a shout of welcome, for it was many months since he had been seen in public. He bowed his thanks to the assembly, and then proceeded to address them. His speech, which was delivered with remarkable fervor and energy, set forth the plan that has been described above, of raising the nations of the North against Rome, and avenging on Italy the miseries which Italy had inflicted on the world. It was listened to in profound silence, and when it ended with a glowing picture of the prizes which Rome, full as she was of the plunder of the world, would furnish to her conquerors, there was some sound of applause. The king returned to the palace; but soon the market-place was crowded with a multitude of people, soldiers and citizens being mingled together in the greatest confusion. The king's son, Pharnaces, appeared upon the platform from which the king had addressed the soldiers. Pharnaces was the favorite son, and had been declared heir to the throne. In spite of this favor he had plotted against his father. The plot had been discovered. Still the old man, who spared neither child nor friend when they stood in his way, had kept a soft spot in his heart for this favorite of his age, and had pardoned him. His appearance on the platform was received with a roar of applause; the soldiers waved their swords above their heads; the citizens threw their caps into the air. The applause became more frantic than ever when an officer, in whom Mithradates recognized one of his most trusted generals, stepped to the youth's side and placed upon his head a large crown, which had been cut for the occasion out of a paper roll. The king ground his teeth together with rage as he looked on. "Curse the viper!" he said. "Fool that I was not to crush him when I had a chance!"

Still his anger did not make him lose his mastery of himself. Power had slipped from his grasp; but he might still save life, and while life remained there was always the chance of power. He sat down and hastily wrote on a scroll of paper these words: "Mithradates resigns of his own free-will the kingdoms of Pontus and the Bosphorus to Pharnaces, and engages not to disturb the said Pharnaces therein, if he on his part will grant him a safe passage to whatsoever place

without the said kingdoms of Pontus and the Bosphorus he may choose."

The scroll was taken by a messenger. The man forced his way with difficulty through the crowd, reached Pharnaces, and put the message into his hand. The young man read it, seemed to reflect for a moment, and tore the paper. The messenger did not return.

Mithradates had not yet lost all hope. He hastily indited another scroll: "The father implores his son, in the name of the gods that protect and avenge the family, to suffer him to depart unharmed."

This second message made Pharnaces hesitate for some time. He read it again and again, and then showed it to two or three of the officers that stood near him. The second scroll was torn like the first, and thrown upon the ground.

Mithradates now hesitated no longer. The game had finally gone against him, the chances were past all retrieving, and he had nothing more to do but to pay the forfeit. He would at least do it without useless complaining. He turned to an attendant and said: "Go to the princesses and bid them come hither." To another he said: "Fetch a flagon of wine and three cups."

He then took a casket, undid the fastenings, and took from it a sealed earthenware jar, holding, it might be, half a pint. The persons present in the chamber were the king, the gigantic Galatian body-guard, two attendants, Lucius, and a young Cilician. The princesses now entered the room. Both had been betrothed to kings: Nyssa, the elder, to the King of Egypt; Mithradatis, the younger, to the King of Cyprus. But the alliances, planned in the days of their father's prosperity, had been broken off when his fortunes suffered a change; and for the last ten years they had dragged on a weary, purposeless life, only relieved from time to time by their having to share one of their father's perilous journeys.

"My children," said Mithradates, "I am no longer king. There is your ruler," and he pointed to Pharnaces, who still stood upon the platform in the market-place, receiving the homage of the soldiers and the citizens. "I will not live under him even were he willing that I should live. What

will you do? Your choice is free. Only remember that the man who has betrayed his father will not hesitate to sell his sisters. Pompey will pay a high price to have such ornaments for his triumph."

"Father! we will die with you," they said in one voice.

"It is well, my children. You have decided as becomes the daughters of a king. And now, there is no time to be lost. Unless you make haste, Pharnaces may come and compel you to live. Here is the readiest and easiest way of escaping from him. I have some experience in these matters," he added, pointing with a smile to the jar of poison, "and you may trust me. It will not cost you a pang. But that you may be sure, let me take it first, and you will see that I have not deceived you."

"Father," said Nyssa, "pardon us if we seem to oppose your will; but you have given us our choice to live or die, and we have taken death. Grant us the favor that we may die before you."

"Let it be as you will," said Mithradates. Breaking the seal of the jar, he poured a small portion of the poison into two of the cups which he had just half filled with wine. With untrembling hands they took the cups and drained them. They then kissed their father's hand, and covering their faces with their mantles, sat down. The poison did its work as swiftly and as painlessly as had been promised. They drew two or three deep sighs. Then, at almost the same moment, the head of each drooped upon her shoulder. They were dead. Mithradates felt the wrist of each, lifted the mantle, and closed the staring eyes. He then emptied what remained in the jar into the third cup.

"This must not fail me," he was heard to mutter to himself. He had reason to doubt its power. Living in constant fear of poison he had so fortified himself with antidotes that he had become proof against this danger. Still he hoped that what he had taken, a potent drug which few but himself possessed or even knew of, might have the desired effect. For some time he sat waiting the result. Finding that the poison was not acting, he rose from his seat and walked rapidly to and fro. His skill taught him that move-

ment might increase its power. All, however, was useless. "Happily," he said to himself, "there is yet another way. Against that at least there is no antidote."

He turned to the giant who stood, still impassive in the midst of all these horrors, by his chair.

"Man," he said, "you have served me well many a day. I want one service more. I have fortified myself too well against poison. I have not fortified myself against the treachery of friends and children. Against this your sword is the only antidote. Strike here." He pointed out the very spot where the dagger could pass between the ribs and pierce the heart without an effort. The Galatian, still stolid and unmoved, did exactly as he was bidden, and drove the steel well home. But when he saw his master fall, a sudden fury seemed to seize him, and he turned furiously upon Lucius. The young Roman's eyes were fixed intently upon the king, and he was entirely off his guard. But for his Galatian attendant his days had been numbered. The young man threw himself between the giant and his victim, and received in his own heart the steel that was aimed against his master. At that very moment the door of the chamber was burst open, and a party of soldiers sent by the new king entered. The body-guard hastily withdrew the steel from the body of his victim, plunged it into his own heart, and fell dead across the body of Mithradates.—A. J. CHURCH.



POMPEY.



POMPEY, the Roman Triumvir, whose greatness is overshadowed by that of his rival, Cæsar, was, in the early part of his career, exceptionally fortunate ; in the latter part exceptionally unfortunate. He was greater in the estimate of his own generation than he has been to subsequent ages.

Cneius Pompeius Magnus was the son of Cn. Pompeius Strabo, a Roman general, and was born in the year B.C. 106. Young

Pompey early displayed talents fitted as well for the forum as the camp. His first military service was under his father, who, in support of the aristocratic party in the wars of Marius and Sulla, commanded an army against Cinna. While in camp near Rome Terentius, a young patrician, and tent-fellow of the younger Pompey, was engaged by Cinna to kill both the father and son. Pompey, being timely informed of the design, withdrew in the night from his tent and secured his father's life by setting a guard round the prætorium. Pompeius Strabo was, however, soon afterwards killed by lightning.

The party of Marius and Cinna became predominant, and, on making themselves masters of Rome, filled its streets with blood. Young Pompey retired to the territory of Picenum, where he possessed considerable estate, but on the approach of Sulla raised a body of troops by his own authority, and obliged most of the neighboring towns to declare for that leader. His popularity enabled him to levy three whole legions, with

which he advanced to join Sulla in Campania. Three commanders of the opposite party agreed to obstruct his route by different attacks. He routed the first, killing with his own hand the commander of a formidable body of Gallic horse. He was next opposed by an army under the Consul Scipio ; but the consular soldiers deserted their leader and joined Pompey's standard. Carbo afterwards attacked him with his cavalry, but was repulsed, and the young hero joined Sulla in safety and was rewarded with the title of Imperator. Sulla, in order more firmly to attach Pompey to his interest, induced him to divorce his wife Antistia, and to marry *Æmilia*, daughter of Metella, Sulla's wife, although she was pregnant by another husband.

Pompey was now employed in reducing Sicily, and he soon succeeded in expelling Perpenna, the Marian commander, and in bringing that important island to submission. When the Marian faction revived in Africa also, under Domitius Ahenobarbus, joined by one of the Numidian kings, Pompey was ordered by the Senate to pass over to that continent. Taking with him five legions and immediately marching against Domitius, Pompey destroyed the greater part of his army in an unexpected attack. He then forced his camp, slew him, and took prisoner the Numidian king, whose territories he at once reduced, and bestowed upon a friend of his party. On his return to Rome, b.c. 83, he was hailed *Magnus*, the Great ; his audacious perseverance also procured for him the honors of a triumph.

After the death of Sulla fresh disturbances arose, principally fomented by the Consul Lepidus, who hoped to raise himself to the supreme power by reviving the contentions between the aristocratic and popular parties. He withdrew from Rome, and placed himself at the head of an army, which was defeated by the united forces of Catulus and Pompey. The latter general was ordered by the Senate to march against M. Junius Brutus, who commanded a detachment in the interests of Lepidus in Cisalpine Gaul. Pompey forced him to take shelter in Mutina (now Modena), and soon brought him to a surrender. Brutus was put to death, in violation, it is said, of a safe-conduct granted him.

The rapid progress of the Marian leader, Sertorius, in Spain, caused the Senate to send Pompey to the assistance of Metellus, who was carrying on an unequal war against that able commander. His appointment took place b.c. 77, and he immediately proceeded with his troops to the seat of war. He was intrusted with a proconsular command separate from that of Metellus. They seem, however, to have acted in perfect concert. They were foiled by the activity and intelligence of Sertorius, and Pompey was twice defeated and brought into great personal danger. Sertorius would gladly have made peace; but his terms were not acceded to, and he sought to strengthen himself by an alliance with Mithradates at the other extremity of the Roman world. The war continued with little advantage to the senatorian commanders, till Sertorius was basely assassinated by his own officers. Perpenna, who betrayed and succeeded him, was easily subdued by Pompey, and when the war was brought to a conclusion a second triumph was decreed to him. This success was followed by his election to the Consulship, b.c. 70, although he had not held any of the usually preceding subordinate offices. With his colleague, Crassus, he endeavored to conciliate the favor of the people, and to moderate the ascendancy of the patricians; he restored the tribunitial power, and afterwards dismissed his army, remaining at Rome as a private citizen.

But Pompey was soon summoned to greater power and more responsible duties than he had yet held. In the beginning of the year b.c. 67, it was determined by the Romans to destroy the lawless bands and piratical adventurers who infested the coasts of the Mediterranean, and no one was regarded as so capable for the extraordinary task as the general who had already been honored with two triumphs. When Pompey had fulfilled the expectations of the people, and in forty days effected the supremacy of the sea, other responsibilities and dignities were willingly conferred on him. The tribune Manilius proposed a law commissioning Pompey to supersede Lucullus in the conduct of the war against Mithradates and Tigranes, and also superseding the other Roman commanders in their government of the Asiatic provinces.

Thus all the armies of the republic in those quarters were placed under his absolute disposal, whilst he retained the naval command granted him for the piratical war. He thus obtained by the action of law a greater power than ever was before possessed by a Roman citizen. So strong, however, was the tide of popularity in Pompey's favor, that when the day of determination arrived, only Hortensius and Catulus had the courage to speak against the law, while it was supported by all the eloquence of Cicero, who hoped to obtain the Consulate through the favor of the Pompeian party, and by all the influence of Cæsar, who may have been pleased with such a precedent of unconstitutional authority. The law passed by the suffrages of all the tribes, though Pompey professed his unwillingness to engage in this new scene of toil.

In b.c. 67, Pompey proceeded to Asia, and took the command from Lucullus, who could not forbear to manifest some displeasure on the occasion, especially as his successor studiously annulled all his acts. Mithradates was driven from his strong posts, defeated with the loss of his camp, and obliged to take refuge in the neighborhood of the Caspian Sea. Pompey, who, in the meantime had compelled Tigranes, King of Armenia, to desert his ally and submit his kingdom to the Roman disposal, pursued Mithradates as far as Scythia, and spent two years in contending with the barbarous nations in that part of Asia. His career of conquest extended through Syria and Palestine as far as the Red Sea. He besieged Jerusalem for three months, and on entering the city intruded into the Temple of Jehovah, and even into the Holy of Holies. Jews and Christians afterwards noted the beginning of his decline from this time.

Returning to Italy, the conqueror of the East landed at Brundusium in b.c. 61, and, disbanding his army, proceeded as a private citizen to Rome. His demand of a triumph was granted without hesitation. Rome had never witnessed so splendid a spectacle as his triumphal procession for two days afforded. Many captive kings and persons of high rank walked before the chariot; and the spoils of Asia, delivered to the public treasury, amounted to an immense sum. He displayed his humanity by liberating all his captives after the

triumph, and sending them back to their own country, with the exception of Aristobulus and Tigranes.

Cæsar, now returning from his government in Spain, was earnestly desirous of obtaining the Consulate, and for this purpose planned a reconciliation between the two rivals, Crassus and Pompey. This he effected, and associated himself with them, thus forming what is called the First Triumvirate. Cæsar was elected Consul B.C. 59, and by the marriage of Pompey to his daughter Julia, an apparently firm union was cemented between them. In B.C. 54, Julia died; in the following year Crassus was slain in Asia. The hostility between Cæsar and Pompey then rapidly developed itself. They were no longer colleagues, but competitors. Pompey began to be fully sensible of the danger of Cæsar's superiority, who was every year adding to his military reputation and advancing in popularity. In order, therefore, to improve his interest with the great families, he married Cornelia, widow of the younger Crassus, and daughter of Metellus Scipio; and he made her father his partner in the Consulate.

The crisis now drew on apace. Pompey, by his influence, caused Cæsar's application for the prolongation of his command in Gaul to be rejected by the Senate, and he filled the principal magistracies with the open enemies of that general. Proposals were made that they should both resign their commands; but Pompey's faction remonstrated that the legal term of Cæsar's had already expired, which was not the case with Pompey's. Cæsar at length crossed the Alps, and encamped at Ravenna B.C. 49. A decree of the Senate proclaimed him a public enemy, and Pompey was required to take upon himself the defence of the State. Cæsar crossed the Rubicon with his troops, and Pompey, accompanied by Cato, Cicero and the other nobles of Rome, imprudently abandoned the city, and even Italy, and fell back upon Greece, where they assembled a numerous army. Cæsar followed and offered Pompey battle. This Pompey declined, and encamped before Dyrrhachium. Cæsar then besieged the camp, and drew strong lines of circumvallation; but these were forced with great slaughter by Pompey, who, thinking his victory now complete, followed Cæsar into Macedonia.

The decisive battle was fought between the two great rivals at Pharsalia, B.C. 48. Pompey's army was soon thrown into disorder; the veteran commander, losing all presence of mind, withdrew to his tent, till the approach of the victors compelled him to make a hasty flight. He passed Larissa, and, proceeding to the sea-coast, embarked for Lesbos. In that island he had a most affecting interview with his faithful wife, Cornelia, with whom, and a few friends, he sailed away to the coast of Asia. On their touching at Cyprus, a consultation was held respecting further proceedings. Pompey himself proposed retiring to Parthia, as the safest place of refuge; but it was reported that the seaport Antioch had declared for his rival. Then Theophanes suggested his withdrawing to Egypt, where a friendly reception might be expected from the young King Ptolemy, whose father had been favored by Pompey. This advice was adopted, and the fugitives soon after arrived on the Egyptian coast.

When Pompey's approach was made known to Ptolemy, a council was held, and it was at length resolved, as the safest course, that he should be enticed into their power and then murdered. A barge was sent from the shore with the Egyptian general, Achillas, and some refugee Roman officers, and Pompey was desired to come on board in order to be landed. From some appearances he suspected treachery; but it was too late to hesitate. Taking leave of his wife and son, he stepped into the barge, repeating, it has been said, a couplet from Sophocles: "He who puts himself in a tyrant's power has lost his freedom." As soon as the boat touched the land a crowd ran to meet it; and as Pompey was rising to go on shore, one of the Romans stabbed him in the back, and other assassins helped to dispatch him. Wrapping up his head in his toga, he received their strokes without a groan or struggle. His head was cut off, and his naked body exposed on the shore. His faithful freedman stayed by it, till, being left alone, he got together some planks from a wreck and made a funeral-pile. An old Roman soldier, who had served under Pompey in his youth, assisted him in performing the funeral rites. When Cæsar arrived in Egypt the head of his rival was presented to him, but he turned away from the sight

and burst into tears. He avenged his death by that of the perpetrators, and, burying the head with great solemnity, erected over it a temple to Nemesis.

Cneius Pompeius fell, and with him the republic of Rome, for want of the art of government: the brilliance of his early victories carried him to power, but the remembrance of his greatness in the field was a poor compensation for the anarchy that prevailed at Rome. Pompey was distinguished for a fine expression of countenance and a dignified grace of manner. His private virtues were many: he was moderate in his pleasures, temperate and free from dissolute or ostentatious luxury in the highest fortune; kind-hearted, mild and humane when not under the influence of party spirit. His ambition aimed only to make him the chief of a free aristocracy, not the subverter of that freedom. But the vast empire which Pompey had helped to form now required a permanent Imperator, and when he, with the innate conservatism of an aristocrat, shrank from the responsibility, a less scrupulous and more towering genius was ready to grasp it.

POMPEY IN THE EAST.

The Manilian law realized the secretly-cherished hopes of Pompeius more rapidly than he probably himself anticipated; Glabrio and Rex were recalled, and the governorships of Pontus, Bithynia and Cilicia, with the troops stationed there, as well as the management of the Pontic-Armenian war, along with authority to make war, peace and alliance with the dynasts of the East at his own discretion, were transferred to Pompeius. Before he left Asia (in the year of Rome 691) he caused the necessary ships to be fitted out there against the corsairs; on his proposal in the following year a similar measure was resolved on for Italy, and the sum needed for the purpose was granted by the Senate. They continued to protect the coasts with guards of cavalry and small squadrons; and though, as the expeditions against Cyprus in 696 and Egypt in 699 show, piracy was not thoroughly mastered, it yet, after the expedition of Pompeius, amidst all the vicissitudes and political crises of Rome, could never again so raise

its head and so totally dislodge the Romans from the sea as it had done under the government of the mouldering oligarchy.

The few months which still remained before the commencement of the campaign in Asia Minor were employed by the new commander-in-chief with strenuous activity in diplomatic and military preparations. Envoys were sent to Mithradates rather to reconnoitre than to attempt a serious mediation. There was a hope at the Pontic court that Phraates, king of the Parthians, would be induced by the recent considerable successes which the allies had achieved over Rome to enter into the Pontic-Armenian alliance. To counteract this, Roman envoys proceeded to the court of Ctesiphon ; and the internal troubles which distracted the Armenian ruling house came to their aid. A son of the great King Tigranes, bearing the same name, had rebelled against his father, either because he was unwilling to wait for the death of the old man, or because his father's suspicion, which had already cost several of his brothers their lives, led him to discern his only chance of safety in open insurrection. Vanquished by his father, he had taken refuge with a number of Armenians of rank at the court of the Arsacid, and intrigued against his father there. It was partly due to his exertions that Phraates preferred to take the reward which was offered to him by both sides for his accession—the secured possession of Mesopotamia—from the hand of the Romans, renewed with Pompeius the agreement concluded with Lucullus respecting the boundary of the Euphrates, and even consented to operate in concert with the Romans against Armenia. But the younger Tigranes occasioned still greater damage than that which arose out of his promoting the alliance between the Romans and the Parthians, for his insurrection produced a variance between the Kings Tigranes and Mithradates themselves. The great king cherished in secret the suspicion that Mithradates might have had a hand in the insurrection of his grandson—Cleopatra, the mother of the younger Tigranes, was the daughter of Mithradates—and, though no open rupture took place, the good understanding between the two monarchs was disturbed at the very moment when it was most urgently needed.

At the same time Pompeius prosecuted his warlike preparations with energy. The Asiatic allied and client communities were warned to furnish the stipulated contingents. Public notices summoned the discharged veterans of the legions of Fimbria to return to the standards as volunteers, and by great promises and the name of Pompeius a considerable portion of them were induced in reality to obey the call. The whole force united under the orders of Pompeius may have amounted, exclusive of the auxiliaries, to between 40,000 and 50,000 men.

In the Spring of 688, Pompeius proceeded to Galatia, to take the chief command of the troops of Lucullus and to advance with them into the Pontic territory, whither the Cilician legions were directed to follow. At Danala, a place belonging to the Trocini, the two generals met; but the reconciliation, which mutual friends had hoped to effect, was not accomplished. The preliminary courtesies soon passed into bitter discussions, and these into violent altercation: they parted in worse mood than they had met. As Lucullus continued to make presents and to distribute lands just as if he were still in office, Pompeius declared all the acts performed by his predecessor, subsequent to his own arrival, null and void. Formally he was in the right; befitting tact in the treatment of a meritorious and more than sufficiently mortified opponent was not to be looked for from him.

So soon as the season allowed, the Roman troops crossed the frontier of Pontus. There they were opposed by Mithradates with 30,000 infantry and 3,000 cavalry. Left in the lurch by his ally and attacked by Roine with reinforced power and energy, he made an attempt to procure peace; but he would not listen to the unconditional submission which Pompeius demanded. What worse issue could the most unsuccessful campaign bring? That he might not expose his army, mostly archers and horsemen, to the formidable shock of the Roman infantry of the line, he slowly retired before the enemy, and compelled the Romans to follow him in his various cross-marches; making a stand, wherever there was opportunity, with his superior cavalry against that of the enemy, and occasioning no small hardship to the Romans by impeding

their supplies. At last Pompeius, in his impatience, desisted from following the Pontic army, and, letting the king alone, proceeded to subdue the land; he marched to the upper Euphrates, crossed it, and entered the eastern province of the Pontic empire. But Mithradates followed along the left bank of the Euphrates, and when he had arrived in the Anaitic province, he intercepted the route of the Romans at the castle of Dasteira, which was strong and well provided with water, and from which with his light troops he commanded the plain. Pompeius, still wanting the Cilician legions, and not strong enough without them to maintain himself in this position, had to retire over the Euphrates and to seek protection from the cavalry and archers of the king in the wooded ground of Pontic Armenia, extensively intersected by rocky ravines and deep valleys.

When the troops from Cilicia arrived, Pompeius again advanced, invested the camp of the king with a chain of posts almost eighteen miles in length, and kept him formally blockaded there, while the Roman detachments scoured the country far and wide. The distress in the Pontic camp was great; the draught animals even had to be killed. At length, after remaining for forty-five days, the king caused his sick and wounded, whom he could not save and was unwilling to leave in the hands of the enemy, to be put to death by his own troops, and departed during the night with the utmost secrecy towards the east. Cautiously Pompeius followed through the unknown land: the march was now approaching the boundary which separated the dominions of Mithradates and Tigranes. When the Roman general perceived that Mithradates intended not to bring the contest to a decision within his own territory, but to draw the enemy away after him into the far distant regions of the East, he determined not to permit this. The two armies lay close to each other. During the rest at noon the Roman army set out without the enemy observing the movement, made a circuit, and occupied the heights which lay in front and commanded a defile to be passed by the enemy on the southern bank of the river Lycus, not far from the modern Enderes, at the point where Nicopolis was afterwards built.

The following morning the Pontic troops broke up and marched, supposing that the enemy was, as hitherto, behind them ; after accomplishing the day's march, they pitched their camp in the very valley whose encircling heights the Romans had occupied. Suddenly, in the silence of the night, was heard all around them the dreaded battle-cry of the legions, and missiles from all sides poured on the Asiatic host, in which soldiers and camp-followers, chariots, horses and camels jostled each other ; and, amidst the dense throng, notwithstanding the darkness, not a missile failed to take effect. When the Romans had expended their darts, they charged from the heights down on the masses, which had now become visible by the light of the newly-risen moon, and which were abandoned to them almost defenceless ; those who did not fall by the steel of the enemy were trodden down in the fearful pressure under the hoofs and wheels. It was the last battle-field on which the gray-haired king fought with the Romans. With three attendants—two of his horsemen, and a concubine who was accustomed to follow him in male attire and to fight bravely by his side—he made his escape to the fortress of Sinoria, whither a portion of his trusty followers found their way to him. He divided among them his treasures preserved there, 6,000 talents of gold (£1,400,000); furnished them and himself with poison ; and hastened with the band that was left to him up the Euphrates to unite with his ally, the great King of Armenia.

This hope likewise was vain ; the alliance, on the faith of which Mithradates took the route for Armenia, already by that time existed no longer. During the conflicts between Mithradates and Pompeius just narrated, the King of the Parthians, yielding to the urgency of the Romans, and, above all, of the exiled Armenian prince, had invaded the kingdom of Tigranes by force of arms, and had compelled him to withdraw into the inaccessible mountains. The invading army even began the siege of the capital, Artaxata ; but, on its becoming protracted, King Phraates took his departure with the greater portion of his troops ; whereupon Tigranes overpowered the Parthian corps left behind and the Armenian emigrants led by his son, and re-established his dominion throughout the kingdom.

Naturally, however, the king was, under such circumstances, little inclined to fight with the freshly-victorious Romans, and least of all to sacrifice himself for Mithradates, whom he trusted less than ever since information had reached him that his rebellious son intended to betake himself to his grandfather. So he entered into negotiations with the Romans for a separate peace ; but he did not wait for the conclusion of the treaty to break off the alliance which linked him to Mithradates.

The latter, on arriving at the frontier of Armenia, was doomed to learn that the great King Tigranes had set a price of one hundred talents (£24,000) on his head ; had arrested his envoys, and had delivered them to the Romans. King Mithradates saw his kingdom in the hands of the enemy, and his allies on the point of coming to an agreement with them ; it was not possible to continue the war ; he might deem himself fortunate if he succeeded in effecting his escape along the eastern and northern shores of the Black Sea ; in perhaps dislodging his son Machares—who had revolted and entered into connection with the Romans—once more from the Bosporan kingdom, and in finding on the Maeotis a fresh soil for fresh projects. So he turned northward. When the king, in his flight, had crossed the Phasis, the ancient boundary of Asia Minor, Pompeius for the time discontinued his pursuit ; but, instead of returning to the region of the sources of the Euphrates, he turned aside into the region of the Araxes to settle matters with Tigranes.

Almost without meeting resistance, he arrived in the region of Artaxata (not far from Erivan), and pitched his camp thirteen miles from the city. There he was met by the son of the great king, who hoped after the fall of his father to receive the Armenian diadem from the hand of the Romans, and therefore had endeavored in every way to prevent the conclusion of the treaty between his father and the Romans. The great king was only the more resolved to purchase peace at any price. On horseback and without his purple robe, but adorned with the royal diadem and the royal turban, he appeared at the gate of the Roman camp, and desired to be conducted to the presence of the Roman general. After having given up, at the bidding of the lictors, as the regulations of the Roman camp

required, his horse and his sword, he threw himself in barbarian fashion at the feet of the proconsul, and in token of unconditional surrender placed the diadem and tiara in his hands. Pompeius, highly delighted at a victory which cost nothing, raised up the humbled king of kings, invested him again with the insignia of his dignity, and dictated the peace. Besides a payment of £1,400,000 (6,000 talents) to the war-chest and a present to the soldiers, out of which each of them received fifty *denarii* (£1 16s.), the king ceded all the conquests which he had made, not merely his Phœnician, Syrian, Cilician, and Cappadocian possessions, but also Sophene and Corduene, on the right bank of the Euphrates; he was again restricted to Armenia proper, and his position of great king was, of course, at an end.

In a single campaign, Pompeius had totally subdued the two mighty kings of Pontus and Armenia. At the beginning of 688 there was not a Roman soldier beyond the bounds of the old Roman possessions; at its close King Mithradates was wandering as an exile, and without an army, in the ravines of the Caucasus, and King Tigranes sat on the Armenian throne, no longer as king of kings, but as a vassal of Rome. The whole domain of Asia Minor to the west of the Euphrates unconditionally obeyed the Romans. The victorious army took up its winter quarters to the east of that stream on Armenian soil, in the country from the upper Euphrates to the river Kur, from which the Italians then for the first time watered their horses.—T. MOMMSEN.

FLIGHT AND DEATH OF POMPEY.

Cæsar, quickly as ever resolving and quickly acting, laid everything aside to pursue Pompeius—the only one of his opponents whom he respected as an officer, and the one whose personal capture would have probably paralyzed a half, and that perhaps the more dangerous half, of his opponents. With a few men he crossed the Hellespont—his single bark encountering in it a fleet of the enemy destined for the Black Sea and took the whole crews, struck as with stupefaction by the news of the battle of Pharsalus, prisoners—and as soon as the most necessary preparations were made, hastened in

pursuit of Pompeius to the East. The latter had gone from the Pharsalian battle-field to Lesbos, whence he brought away his wife and his second son Sextus, and had sailed onward round Asia Minor to Cilicia and thence to Cyprus. He might have joined his partisans at Corcyra or in Africa ; but repugnance toward his aristocratic allies and the thought of the reception which awaited him there after the day of Pharsalus, and above all after his disgraceful flight, appear to have induced him to take his own course and rather to resort to the protection of the Parthian king than to that of Cato. While he was employed in collecting money and slaves from the Roman revenue-farmers and merchants in Cyprus, and in arming a band of 2,000 slaves, he received news that Antioch had declared for Cæsar and that the route to the Parthians was no longer open. So he altered his plan and sailed to Egypt, where a number of his old soldiers served in the army, and the situation and rich resources of the country might allow him time and opportunity to reorganize the war.

In Egypt, after the death of Ptolemy Auletes (May 50, b.c.), his children, Cleopatra about sixteen years of age and Ptolemaeus Dionysius about ten, had ascended the throne according to their father's will jointly, and as consorts ; but soon the brother, or rather his guardian Pothinus, had driven the sister from the kingdom and compelled her to seek a refuge in Syria, whence she made preparations to get back to her paternal kingdom. Ptolemaeus and Pothinus lay with the whole Egyptian army at Pelusium, for the sake of protecting the eastern frontier against her, just when Pompeius cast anchor at the Casian promontory and sent a request to the king to allow him to land. The Egyptian court, long informed of the disaster at Pharsalus, was on the point of rejecting Pompeius ; but the king's tutor, Theodotus, pointed out that in that case Pompeius would probably employ his connections in the Egyptian army to instigate rebellion ; and that it would be safer, and also preferable with regard to Cæsar, if they embraced the opportunity of making away with Pompeius. Political reasonings of this sort did not readily fail of their effect among the statesmen of the Hellenic world.

Achillas, the general of the royal troops, and some of Pompeius' former soldiers, went off in a boat to Pompeius' vessel; and invited him to come to the king and, as the water was shallow, to enter their barge. As he was stepping on shore, the military tribune, Lucius Septimius, stabbed him from behind, under the eyes of his wife and son, who were compelled to be spectators of the murder from the deck of their vessel, without being able to rescue or revenge (28 Sept., in the year of Rome 706).

On the same day, on which thirteen years before he had entered the capital in triumph over Mithradates, Pompeius, who for a generation had been called the Great and for years had ruled Rome, died on the desert sands of the inhospitable Casian shore by the hand of one of his soldiers. A good officer, but otherwise of mediocre gifts of intellect and of heart, fate had with superlumian constancy for thirty years allowed him to solve all brilliant and toilless tasks; had permitted him to pluck all laurels planted and fostered by others; had presented to him all the conditions requisite for obtaining the supreme power—only in order to exhibit in his person an example of spurious greatness, to which history knows no parallel. Of all pitiful parts there is none more pitiful than that of passing for more than one really is; and it is the fate of monarchy that this misfortune inevitably clings to it, for barely once in a thousand years does there arise among the people a man who is a king not merely in name, but in reality. If this disproportion between semblance and reality has never perhaps been so prominently marked as in Pompeius, the fact may well excite grave reflection that it was precisely he who in a certain sense opened the series of Roman monarchs.

When Cæsar, following the track of Pompeius arrived in the roadstead of Alexandria, all was already over. With deep agitation he turned away, when the murderer brought to his ship the head of the man who had been his son-in-law and for long years his colleague in rule, and to get whom alive into his power he had come to Egypt. The dagger of the rash assassin precluded an answer to the question, how Cæsar would have dealt with the captive Pompeius; but

while the human sympathy, which still found a place in the great soul of Cæsar side by side with ambition, enjoined that he should spare his former friend, his interest also required that he should annihilate Pompeius otherwise than by the executioner. Pompeius had been for twenty years the acknowledged ruler of Rome; a dominion so deeply rooted does not perish with the ruler's death. The death of Pompeius did not break up the Pompeians, but gave to them, instead of an aged, incapable and worn-out chief, in his sons Gnæus and Sextus, two leaders, both of whom were young and active, and the second was a man of decided capacity.

—T. MOMMSEN.

THE DREAM OF PETICIUS.

Still lay the vessel like a sleeping thing;
 The calm waves with a quiet ripple died;
 The lazy breeze seemed all too faint to bring
 The cry of sea-birds dipping in the tide;
 The flagging streamer droopingly did cling
 Unto the mast. The unruffled ocean wide
 Lay like a mirror, in whose depths were seen
 Each sunlit peak and woody headland green.

More than a league they had not sailed that day;
 Yet on the coast was seen each sleeping hill;
 And islands, that at noon before them lay,
 In the calm evening lay before them still.
 The wearied seamen sped the time away
 With snatches of blithe song or whistle shrill;
 And in a group apart, the people told
 Wild tales, and dreams, and dark traditions old.

The captain was a thoughtful man, whose prime
 Had been in foreign lands and voyages spent;
 Who brought back marvellous history from each clime,
 And found adventure wheresoe'er he went.
 And, as such men are wont in idle time,
 He from his life drew pleasant incident;
 Then, as if woken to thought, began to say
 What a strange dream he had ere break of day.

“ ‘Twas while our vessel scudding to the breeze,
 Fled, like a strong bird, from your pleasant shore,
 My dream was of these bright and stirless seas,
 The flagging canvas, and the useless oar ;
 I saw, as now I see, in slumbrous ease
 Green Pelion’s head, and those dim mountains hoar
 Resting afar ; I saw yon glancing bird ;
 And the low rippling of these waves I heard.

“ While then I stood, as even now I stand,
 My eye upon the stilly ocean bent,
 I saw a boat push quickly from the land,
 And eager rowers with a firm intent
 Make towards the ship. Within, a little band
 Sate in mute sadness, as by travel spent ;
 And mid them one, superior to the rest,
 Pale, as his soul by heavier thought was prest.

“ They neared,—and marvelling yet more and more,
 I saw ‘twas Pompey ; not as I beheld
 Him in the Senate, when he stood before
 Fierce Sylla, and with taunts his wrath repelled,
 Till the Dictator quaked ; or when he bore
 In triumph trophies from ten nations quelled,
 Ardent and bold, whom myriads as he went
 Hailed as immortal and magnificent.

“ Not now as then—pale, thoughtful, ill at rest,
 His fate seemed warring with his mighty will ;
 His hand on his contracted brow was prest,
 As it the force of throbbing thought could still ;
 Anon he wrapped his mantle o’er his breast
 With a calm hand, as nerved for coming ill,
 Then with a calm, majestic air arose,
 And claimed protection from his following foes.”

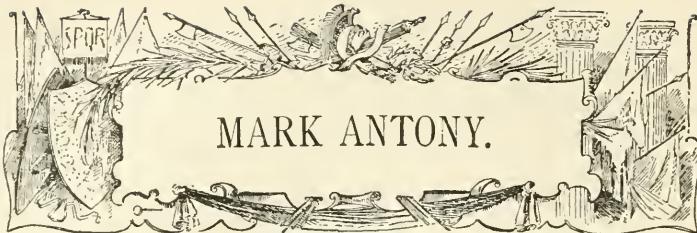
Even while some pondering sate with thoughtful air,
 And some made merry with so strange a tale,
 All eyes were turned in sudden wonder where
 White o’er the waters gleamed a little sail ;—

On through the calm the striving pinnace bare ;—
 Then sorrow woke, and firmest brows grew pale,
 For worn and wearied, Pompey they behold,
 Even as that prophetic dream foretold.

From the disastrous field of Pharsaly
 He fled—his star of fate was in the wane ;
 He had lived a life of victory to see
 In one brief hour his veteran legions slain ;—
 But yesterday—the world's proud lord was he,
 To-day—a fugitive upon the main ;—
 Like a fair tree by sudden blight defaced,
 Blasted and withering in the desert waste.

The sea for him by that dead calm was bound,
 For now a strong wind filled the swelling sail,
 And shook the cordage with a rattling sound ;
 Forward the pennon floated on the gale,
 And the dark living waters heaved around ;
 No more the islands to the right they hail,
 Green Pelion's woody crown no more was seen ;
 But the ship voyaged free to Mitylene.—M. HOWITT.





“ALL for Love ; or, The World well Lost,” is the striking title of the play which Dryden, the daring renovator of his predecessors’ works, issued as an improved version of Shakespeare’s “Antony and Cleopatra.” Its two brief phrases with the change of the word “well” to “madly,” express the world’s verdict on Mark Antony, the Roman of great natural abilities who seemed called to succeed Julius Cæsar, and who yet wantonly flung away opportunity, power, ambition, character, self-respect, for the love of a wanton.

Marcus Antonius was born in 83, B.C., and was a son of M. Antonius Creticus and Julia, a daughter of Lucius Julius Cæsar. His father dying while he was yet a child, he was brought up in the house of his step-father, Cornelius Lentulus Sura, who had been a Consul, but was eventually put to death as one of the accomplices of Catiline in his conspiracy. Even in youth Mark Antony became notorious for licentiousness, extravagance and audacity. Before he assumed the *toga virilis* or manly gown, he had wasted his patrimony and was deeply involved in debt. After the death of his step-father, which was the first occasion of his hostility to Cicero, Antony went to Greece, where he employed himself in military exercises and the study of eloquence. According to Plutarch, Antony had a noble dignity of countenance, an aquiline nose, a large forehead and the manly aspect that is presented in the pictures and statues of Hercules.

Antony began his public career in 57, B.C., as commander of cavalry under Gabinius, and signalized his courage and ability in Syria and Egypt. He gained the favor of the sol-



ANTONY ENTERS CLEOPATRA'S BARGE.

L. ALMA-TADEMA, PINX.

diers by his liberality and familiarity. He talked with the private soldiers in their own swaggering and ribald strain, and ate and drank with them in public. On his return from Egypt (54, B.C.), he went immediately to his uncle, Julius Cæsar, in Transalpine Gaul. Having gained the special favor of that commander, he returned to Rome, and was elected quæstor in 53, B.C. As quæstor he returned to Gaul in the following year, and served under Cæsar for the next two years. His energy and boldness commended him to Cæsar as the most useful agent to support his political interest at Rome.

In 50, B.C., Antony quitting Gaul, returned to Rome, and supported by the influence and money of Cæsar, was elected augur and tribune of the people. All his official power was used to promote the cause and ambitious designs of his great relative. In January, 49, B.C., the Senate passed a decree to deprive Cæsar of his command of the army, but Antony and his colleague interposed their veto, which, however, was wantonly disregarded. Antony also opposed the Consul Marcellus, whose design was to give Pompey the command of the old legions, and he obtained a decree that those legions should be sent to Syria to fight against the Parthians. The Senate again disregarded the veto of the tribunes and declared Antony an enemy of the State. On the 7th of January, 49, B.C., he fled in disguise from Rome, and went to the camp of Cæsar, who readily made this flight of the tribunes his pretext for beginning the Civil War.

In this war Antony was one of Cæsar's legates, and when Cæsar went to Spain (49, B.C.), to fight against the Pompeian party, Antony received the supreme command in Italy. He commanded the left wing at the battle of Pharsalus in 48, B.C. Plutarch declares that "Antony distinguished himself in every battle that was fought, so that in point of military reputation he was inferior only to Cæsar." When Cæsar became Dictator in 47, B.C., he appointed Antony Master of the Horse, which office rendered him next in power to the Dictator, in whose absence he had the chief command. Cicero, in his second Philippic, has given a startling account of the flagrant debaucheries, dissipation and lewdness in which he indulged

at this time in Rome and other towns of Italy. He divorced his wife Antonia (who was his first cousin), and lived with an actress and courtesan named Cytheris, who accompanied him in his travels. Antony had purchased Pompey's house and property when it was confiscated, with an expectation that he would not be compelled to pay for it, and he was angry when Cæsar insisted that he should pay. In 46, B.C., he married Fulvia (the widow of P. Clodius), "whose ambition was to govern those that govern, and to command the leaders of armies." When Cæsar was returning from Spain (45, B.C.), Antony went to Narbo in Gaul to meet him, and had the honor to ride in the same chariot with the Dictator. At the festival of the Lupercalia he offered a diadem or garland of laurel to Cæsar, who was sitting on the rostrum; but the significant emblem was refused.

Cæsar, being made Consul in 44, B.C., chose Antony for his colleague. Many of the conspirators who killed Cæsar on the Ides of March wished to kill Antony; but Brutus, not foreseeing the course of events, dissuaded them from that action, as not necessary to their purpose. In this momentous crisis Antony temporized and dissembled and made amicable overtures to the Senate and the republican liberators. He obtained from Calpurnia the papers and treasure of Cæsar. According to Plutarch she intrusted to him four thousand talents. After Cæsar's death a day was spent in mutual assurances of amity between the conspirators and Antony, who being then Consul, convened the Senate on March 17. He proposed a decree to abolish the office of Dictator, which was approved by the Senate, and he induced the Senate to accept and ratify the acts of Cæsar, and the laws which he asserted were found in Cæsar's papers. He is accused of committing forgery by making additions and alterations in these papers. By his famous, artful and eloquent funeral oration over the dead body of Cæsar and by the reading of his will, he roused the passions of the people against the conspirators, who were obliged to retire hastily from the city.

Antony, now the most influential man in the nation, aspired to be Cæsar's successor in the possession of absolute power. He intimidated the loyal senators by surrounding

the Senate-house with his armed satellites. Such was the state of affairs when Octavius, the adopted son and heir of Julius Cæsar, arrived at Rome to claim his inheritance, and managed to gain the favor of the Senate and of Cæsar's veteran troops. Antony refused to give up the papers and private property of Julius Cæsar to Octavius, and acted with such insolence that a strife for mastery soon ensued between them. Antony went to Brundusium to take command of the legions which came from Macedonia. In November, 44 B.C., he went to Cisalpine Gaul and besieged Mutina, which was defended by D. Brutus. Cicero now incensed the people against Antony by his famous orations called Philippi, from their resemblance to Demosthenes' speeches against Philip of Macedon. The Senate declared Antony a public enemy, and committed the conduct of the war against him, to Octavius and the Consuls C. Vibius Pansa and Aulus Hirtius.

In April, 43 B.C., Antony was defeated by the army of the Senate at Mutina, where both of the consuls were killed. He fled across the Alps, and in his flight was reduced to great privations. Obtaining in Gaul a large army, which had been under the command of Lepidus, he returned to Italy with seventeen legions of infantry. Octavius, yielding to circumstances, deserted the cause of the Senate and became reconciled to Antony. In the autumn of 43 B.C., Antony, Octavius and Lepidus formed the second Triumvirate for five years, and agreed that Antony should receive Gaul as his province. To ratify this treaty, they ordered a bloody proscription of their mutual friends and enemies, which Plutarch stigmatizes as "an atrocious commerce of murder." To satisfy Antony, Octavius consented to the murder of Cicero; while Antony sacrificed his uncle, Lucius Cæsar, to Octavius. He ordered Cicero's head and hand to be cut off, and when they were presented to him, he laughed and exulted at the sight. The triumvirs seized and sold the estates of those whom they proscribed.

Antony and young Cæsar led an army into Macedonia, and encountered the republican army commanded by Brutus and Cassius at Philippi (42 B.C.). In the first battle Cæsar was defeated by Brutus, and Cassius was defeated by Antony.

A few days later, an absolutely decisive victory gave the control of the Roman world to Octavius Cæsar and Antony. After the battle of Philippi Cæsar returned to Italy, and Antony went to Asia to collect money, and indulged there in his customary dissipation and luxury. In Cilicia occurred his famous meeting with Cleopatra, to whose charms he yielded himself a captive. The love of Cleopatra soon brought about his ruin, for his infatuation led him to neglect public affairs. The Roman people were offended and disgusted by his *liaison* with an Egyptian. Shakespeare, closely following Plutarch, has described the Roman general's infatuation and dalliance with the Oriental beauty while the empire of the world was passing into the possession of his rival.

In 41 B.C., the Consul, Lucius Antonius, a brother of the triumvir, quarrelled with Cæsar, and, instigated by the ambitious Fulvia, began to wage war against him and summoned Antony to his aid. The latter sailed to Italy with two hundred ships; but before he arrived Cæsar had defeated and captured L. Antonius, and Fulvia died. Her death having removed the cause of war, Antony and Cæsar were reconciled in 40 B.C., and made a new division of the empire, by which Antony received all the provinces east of the Adriatic. He now married Octavia, who was a sister of Cæsar and the widow of C. Marcellus. It was the general hope that a woman of her beauty and virtue, an ideal Roman matron, would acquire a salutary influence over him. Having passed from Italy to his Eastern provinces, he sent against the Parthians an army commanded by Ventidius, who gained a victory in 39 B.C., and another in the next year.

Upon hearing some disagreeable reports about the designs or the conduct of Octavius Cæsar, Antony sailed for Italy (37 B.C.) with three hundred ships. A rupture between the two leaders was prevented by the mediation of Octavia. The Triumvirate, which ended December 31, 38 B.C., was renewed for five years. Antony left Octavia and her children in Italy and sailed for Asia, where his passion for Cleopatra revived. He gave her the provinces of Cyprus and Phœnicia and a great part of Cilicia. Having formed an alliance with several Oriental princes, he collected a large army to invade Parthia

(36 B.C.), and commanded the army in person. This expedition was a failure. Many thousands of his men were killed by the Parthians, and his army suffered with hunger and sickness. The total loss in this campaign was not less than 24,000 men.

Octavia, who was at Rome, expressed a desire to visit her husband, Antony, and Cæsar gave her permission; but when she arrived at Athens she received a letter from Antony, commanding her to remain there. He soon openly affronted Cæsar by divorcing his sister. Laying aside the character of a Roman citizen, he assumed the pomp and ceremony of an Oriental despot. In 34 B.C. he invaded Armenia, captured the king of that country and took him to Alexandria. The Roman Senate declared war against Cleopatra, and the rival triumvirs spent two years in preparation for the conflict.

When the war began, Antony had 500 armed vessels and 100,000 infantry; while Cæsar had 250 ships of war and 80,000 foot. To gratify Cleopatra, Antony put his confidence in his navy, though he was superior on the land, and his ships were not well manned. In September, 31 B.C., the fleets met off the promontory of Actium, on the west coast of Greece. Cleopatra, who commanded fifty galleys, retreated prematurely, in the middle of the battle, and was followed by Antony, who retired to Egypt. Cæsar thus gained a decisive naval victory, and Antony's land forces, deserted by their leader, promptly surrendered to the conqueror. The prosecution of the war was suspended for the ensuing winter. When Cæsar came with an army and fleet to Alexandria, Antony's reckless folly caused his own fleet and cavalry to desert to his rival. Antony, careless of everything but his passion for Cleopatra, was induced to believe that she had committed suicide, and then killed himself, in 30 B.C. His daughter, Antonia Major, was the grandmother of the Emperor Nero; his other daughter, Antonia Minor, was the mother of the Emperor Claudius.

THE NAVAL BATTLE OF ACTIUM.

To fix the theatre of the war in Greece, Octavius embarked with his army, and sailed for the opposite coast of Epirus.

He landed under the promontory of Acroceraunus, the same place at which Julius debarked in pursuit of the war with Pompey; and from this place, ordering the fleet to coast round the headlands, and the island of Coreyra, he marched with the army along shore towards the gulf of Ambracia. The gulf opens into the channel that separates the islands of Coreyra, Leucadia and Cephalonia. It is narrow at its entrance, but is wider within, and stretches eastward about twenty or thirty miles. At its opening, on the southern shore, stood Actium, and opposite to this place stood Toryne, afterwards called Nicopolis. Antony had taken possession of Actium, and having a proper harbor commanded the whole navigation.

Octavius, advancing with his fleet and army from the northward, and having no opposition made to him by the enemy, took possession of Toryne, intrenched himself in a strong post on shore, and stationed his fleet behind him in a creek, which furnished a harbor sufficiently safe. Antony, already posted on the opposite side of the gulf, either did not think himself in condition to prevent the enemy from making this lodgment in his presence, or determined by some other motive, chose to act on the defensive; and thus the armies were stationed, Octavius in Epirus and Antony in Acarnania, on the opposite sides of the entrance to the gulf of Ambracia.

The state of the forces on each side is variously reported. Plutarch says that in entering on the war, Antony had five hundred galleys, of which there were many mounting eight and ten tiers of oars; that the land army, which had been transported by his fleet, consisted of a hundred thousand infantry, and twelve thousand horse; that Octavius had two hundred and fifty galleys, eighty thousand foot, and twelve thousand horse. Others place the superiority of numbers on the side of Octavius, but state them as more nearly equal.

As the Egyptian fleet still commanded the passage of the gulf, Antony, after it was too late to disturb the enemy in making their lodgment, seized a post, with a considerable part of his army, on the side of Toryne, to restrain their excursions, and to cut off their forage. Octavius, on his part, detached Agrippa, with a powerful squadron, to make descents

on the coasts, to ravage the towns that were in the possession of Antony, and to cut off the supplies that were brought him by sea.

In these operations passed the greater part of summer; but as nothing was decided, Domitius, who, in the preceding year, notwithstanding he was consul, had left his station in the city to join Antony, now disgusted with his conduct, went over to Octavius. A general distrust ensued in the party, and Antony, being distressed for want of provisions, saw the necessity of making his retreat, or of risking a general action. His fleet having suffered greatly in winter from scarcity and from disease, he deliberated whether he should not abandon his ships, and rest his cause on the event of a battle on shore; but Cleopatra, who governed all his councils, and who dreaded being deprived of a retreat by sea, urged him without delay to set sail for Alexandria. She proposed, that, to check the progress of the enemy, proper detachments should be left to keep possession of all the strongholds in Asia and Greece; that these detachments should be supported from Egypt; and that Antony, in the meantime, should prepare the whole forces of that kingdom to contend for the empire of the world.

The partisans of Cleopatra, in the council of Antony, contending for this plan of retreat which she proposed, among other arguments against risking a battle, urged many fatal presages and signs of impending calamity, sufficient to strike a panic in the troops, and to render the flight they advised in some measure necessary. It was determined, however, as a kind of middle course, that the fleet should put to sea; if permitted, withdraw from the enemy; but if attacked, give battle. As it was observed, that many of the ships were ill manned, and in disrepair, and some altogether unserviceable, these being selected and burnt, the remainder prepared for the sea.

When this resolution was taken, Antony called his officers together, put them in mind of the diligence with which he had made his preparations for the present war, and referred for proof to the armament itself, which was then in their view. In a war, which was to turn on the event of naval operations, they had an undoubted superiority, he said, either

in the number, or loftiness and strength of their ships. He contrasted his own reputation, the maturity of his age, his experience and his success, with the opposite circumstances in the description of his enemy. He put his officers in mind, and wished them to remind the army, that they were about to contend for the empire of the world; that great as this object was, the loss of it, if they failed, was to be the least of their sufferings; that every indignity and insult were to be expected from the enemy, who on former occasions had shown himself sufficiently averse to mercy. Having addressed himself in this manner to the officers who were to be left on shore, he ordered on board all those who attended him in the character of Roman citizens, or of whose inclination to the enemy he had any suspicion, and reinforced his fleet from the land army with as many archers and slingers as could ply in the ships.

Octavius, in the meantime, having intelligence of these deliberations and counsels, and seeing the bustle which the embarkation of so many men from the land, and the movements of ships to get into their stations, occasioned, likewise prepared for action. In his address to the officers of his fleet, he still affected to consider Cleopatra as the principal party in the war. "Antony had condescended," he said, "to become her dependent and follower, and was now preparing, not to fight, but to accompany the Queen of Egypt in her flight." In respect to the conduct of the action, he was inclined to let the enemy get under sail, and even to wait until they should have turned the promontory of Actium, thinking this would be the proper time for him to attack their rear, to pursue them in their retreat, and by these means to gain the advantage and reputation of a victory, without the hazard of a battle; but being dissuaded from this design by Agrippa, he took his resolution to meet them at the mouth of the straits, and if he prevailed, was in hopes he might put them out of condition to renew the war. For this purpose he reinforced his fleet with as many men from the land as could conveniently act on board.

After both fleets were in readiness, they were detained in their harbors four days by a storm and a high sea which set into the gulf. But on the fifth day the wind having abated,

and the sea becoming smooth, Antony's fleet began to form in the straits. He himself, with Poplicola, embarked with the first division on the right, Cælius on the left, and an officer, whom Plutarch names Marcus Octavius, with M. Justeius in the centre. His ships being heavier and loftier, but less active than those of Octavius, he hesitated for some time whether he should not remain in close order, and endeavor to bring on the action in the narrow entrance of the gulf, where his antagonists, for want of room, could not derive any great advantage from the superior agility of their vessels, or quickness of their motions.

While Antony deliberated on this matter Octavius got under sail, turned the headland of Toryne, and formed in a line before the entry of the straits, about a mile from the enemy. The right division was commanded by M. Larius, the left by Aruntius, the whole by Agrippa. Both armies, at the same time, were drawn out on the shore to behold the event; but the fleets, for some time, did not make any movement, and it continued uncertain whether Antony, being still in the road, might not return to his anchorage; but about noon his ships began to clear the straits, and came forward where the sea-room was sufficient for their line. As in this movement the fleets came closer together, Agrippa began to extend his front, in order to turn the enemy's flank; but Poplicola, on the other side, to keep pace with him, stretching to the same side, the centre of both fleets was equally opened, and they engaged soon after, without any apparent advantage on either side.

The contest, for some time, remained undecided. In the beginning of the action, the Queen of Egypt's yacht had been near to the line, and she herself continued to look on the battle, till, overcome with anxiety, affright, and horror, she gave orders to remove her galley to a greater distance, and being once in motion fled with all the sail she could make; her vessel being distinguished by a gilded poop and purple sails, made her flight conspicuous to the whole fleet, and drew away from the line about sixty ships of the Egyptian squadron, who, under pretence of attending their mistress, withdrew from the action.

Antony, apprehending the consequence of this defection, whether in despair of his fortunes, or in some hopes to rally those who fled, went on board of a quick sailing vessel, and endeavored to overtake them. Being observed from Cleopatra's galley, he was taken on board; but no longer capable of any vigorous or rational purpose, he became the companion of her flight, without any attempt to rally her fleet. Although he quitted the chance of a victory to follow the object of his passions, he could not endure to behold her, turned his eyes aside, threw himself upon the deck, and continued in the deepest anguish of shame and despair.

The flight of Antony, joined to that of Cleopatra, an event so little expected, was not for some time observed, and the fleet, notwithstanding the desertion of their leader, continued the action till four in the afternoon, when they were over-powered; and many of them being greatly damaged in their oars and rigging, were not in condition either to resist or to escape, and fell an easy prey to the enemy. Three hundred ships were taken or sunk, and about five thousand men were killed. The strand was covered with wrecks and dead bodies. Octavius detached a squadron in pursuit of such of the enemy's ships as had got to sea from the engagement, and himself continued in the channel during the remainder of the day and the following night, to gather the fruits of his victory.

The land army of Antony, having from the heights on shore beheld the ruin of their fleet, retired to their camp as with an intention to maintain it to the last extremity. They flattered themselves that their general, though forced to yield to his enemy at sea, would make for the nearest port, and again show himself at the head of his legions. These, they said, he never should have left to commit his fortunes to an uncertain element and a treacherous ally. In these hopes they remained for seven days unshaken in their duty, and rejected all the offers which Octavius made to induce them to change their party. Being satisfied, however, at last, that their hopes were vain, they consulted their safety in different ways. Some laid down their arms; Canidius himself, who commanded them, withdrew in the night; others, remaining together in small parties, took the route to Macedonia; but,

being pursued by the enemy, were separately overtaken, and forced or persuaded to surrender. All the Roman citizens who had taken refuge in the eastern provinces, all the foreign allies and princes who made a part of the vanquished army, successively made their peace; and the empire itself now seemed to be reduced under a single head.

Antony having continued his flight by the coast of the Peloponnesus to the head of Tænarus, without appearing to recover his courage, made a halt at this place, rather from indecision and irresolution than from any settled purpose respecting the conduct of his affairs. Here he was joined by some ships that remained in the action to the end of it; and being informed by them that the fleet was entirely demolished, but that the army continued firm in their camp, he seemed to be revived by this last part of the account, and despatched an order to Canidius to make the best way into Macedonia, and from thence to continue his march into Asia. Such of his friends as came up with him at Tænarus he treated with his usual liberality, divided his plate and jewels among them, and gave them orders, for the supplies they might want, on the keeper of his treasure at Corinth. In performing these acts of munificence he seemed to recover his mind, and resumed some part of his usual manner; but returning at the same time to his former habits with Cleopatra, he suffered himself again to be governed by her counsels; and, in compliance with her desire, steered directly for Egypt, without making any attempt to rally his forces in Greece, or to join his army, which, in reality, by this time, had been separated, or obliged to make their peace.—A. FERGUSON.

ALL FOR LOVE.

Antony. Well, madam, we are met.

Cleopatra. Is this a meeting?

Then, we must part?

Ant. We must.

Cleo. Who says we must?

Ant. Our own hard fates.

Cleo. We make those fates ourselves.

Ant. Yes, we have made 'em; we have lov'd each other
Unto our mutual ruin.

Cleo. The gods have seen my joys with envious eyes;
I have no friends in heav'n; and all the world,
(As 'twere the bus'ness of mankind to part us)
Is arm'd against my love: ev'n you yourself
Join with the rest; you, you are arm'd against me.

Ant. I will be justified in all I do
To late posterity, and therefore hear me.
If I mix a lie
With any truth, reproach me freely with it;
Else, favor me with silence.

Cleo. You command me,
And I am dumb.

Ventidius. I like this well: he shows authority.

Ant. That I derive my ruin
From you alone——

Cleo. O Heav'ns! I ruin you!

Ant. You promis'd me your silence, and you break it
Ere I have scarce begun.

Cleo. Well, I obey you.

Ant. When I beheld you first, it was in Egypt,
Ere *Cæsar* saw your eyes; you gave me love,
And were too young to know it; that I settled
Your father in his throne, was for your sake,
I left th' acknowledgment for time to ripen.

Cæsar stept in, and with a greedy hand
Pluck'd the green fruit, ere the first blush of red,
Yet cleaving to the bough. He was my lord,
And was, beside, too great for me to rival.
But, I deserv'd you first, tho' he enjoy'd you.
When, after, I beheld you in Cilicia,
An enemy to *Rome*, I pardon'd you.

Cleo. I clear'd myself——

Ant. Again you break your promise.
I lov'd you still, and took your weak excuses,
Took you into my bosom, stain'd by *Cæsar*,
And not half mine; I went to Egypt with you,
And hid me from the bus'ness of the world,
Shut out inquiring nations from my sight,
To give whole years to you.

Vent. Yes, to your shame be't spoken.

[*Aside.*]

Ant. How I lov'd

Witness ye days and nights, and all ye hours,
That danc'd away with down upon your feet,
As all your bus'ness were to count my passion.
One day passed by, and nothing saw but love;
Another came, and still 'twas only love:
The suns were weary'd out with looking on,
And I untir'd with loving.

I saw you ev'ry day, and all the day;
And ev'ry day was still but as the first:
So eager was I still to see you more.

Vent. 'Tis all too true.

Ant. *Fulvia*, my wife, grew jealous,
As she indeed had reason, rais'd a war
In Italy, to call me back.

Vent. But yet

You went not.

Ant. While within your arms I lay,
The world fell mould'ring from my hands each hour,
And left me scarce a grasp (I thank your love for't).

Vent. Well push'd: That last was home.

Cleo. Yet may I speak?

Ant. If I have urg'd a falsehood, yes; else, not.
Your silence says I have not. *Fulvia* died;
(Pardon, you gods, with my unkindness died.)
To set the world at peace, I took *Octavia*,
This *Cæsar*'s sister; in her pride of youth
And flow'r of beauty did I wed that lady,
Whom blushing I must praise, because I left her.
You call'd; my love obey'd the fatal summons:
This rais'd the Roman arms; the cause was yours.
I would have fought by land, where I was stronger;
You hinder'd it: yet, when I fought at sea,
Forsook me fighting; and (oh, stain to honor!
Oh, lasting shame!) I knew not that I fled;
But fled to follow you.

Vent. What haste she made to hoist her purple sails!
And, to appear magnificent in flight,
Drew half our strength away.

Ant. All this you caus'd.

And, would you multiply more ruins on me?
This honest man, my best, my only friend,

Has gather'd up the shipwreck of my fortunes;
Twelve legions I have left, my last recruits,
And you have watch'd the news, and bring your eyes
To seize them too. If you have aught to answer,
Now speak, you have free leave.

Alexas. [Aside.] She stands confounded:
Despair is in her eyes.

Vent. Now lay a sigh i'th' way, to stop his passage:
Prepare a tear, and bid it for his legions;
'Tis like they shall be sold.

Cleo. How shall I plead my cause, when you my judge
Already have condemn'd me? Shall I bring
The love you bore me for my advocate?
That now is turn'd against me, that destroys me;
For, love once past, is, at the best, forgotten;
But oft'ner sours to hate: 'twill please my lord
To ruin me, and therefore I'll be guilty.
But, could I once have thought it would have pleas'd you,
That you would pry, with narrow searching eyes
Into my faults, severe to my destruction,
And watching all advantages with care,
That serve to make me wretched? Speak, my lord,
For I end here. Though I deserve this usage,
Was it like you to give it?

Ant. O, you wrong me,
To think I sought this parting, or desir'd
T' accuse you more than what will clear myself,
And justify this breach.

Cleo. Thus low I thank you.
And, since my innocence will not offend,
I shall not blush to own it.

Vent. After this
I think she'll blush at nothing.

Cleo. You seem griev'd,
(And therein you are kind) that *Cæsar* first
Enjoy'd my love, though you deserv'd it better:
I grieve for that, my lord, much more than you;
For, had I first been yours, it would have sav'd
My second choice: I never had been his,
And ne'er had been but yours. But *Cæsar* first,
You say, possess'd my love. Not so, my lord:
He first possess'd my person: you my love:

Cæsar lov'd me; but I lov'd *Antony*.
 If I endur'd him after, 'twas because
 I judg'd it due to the first name of men;
 And, half constrain'd, I gave, as to a tyrant,
 What he would take by force.

Vent. O Syren! Syren!
 Yet grant that all the love she boasts were true,
 Has she not ruin'd you? I still urge that,
 The fatal consequence.

Cleo. The consequence indeed,
 For I dare challenge him, my greatest foe,
 To say it was design'd: 'tis true, I lov'd you,
 And kept you far from an uneasy wife.
 (Such *Fulvia* was.)

Yes, but he'll say, you left *Octavia* for me;—
 And, can you blame me to receive that love,
 Which quitted such desert, for worthless me?
 How often have I wish'd some other *Cæsar*,
 Great as the first, and as the second young,
 Would court my love, to be refus'd for you!

Vent. Words, words; but *Actium*, sir, remember *Actium*.

Cleo. Ev'n there, I dare his malice. True, I counsell'd
 To fight at sea; but, I betray'd you not.
 I fled, but not to th' enemy. 'Twas fear;
 Would I had been a man, not to have fear'd,
 For none would then have envy'd me your friendship,
 Who envy me your love.

Ant. We're both unhappy:
 If nothing else, yet our ill fortune parts us.
 Speak; would you have me perish, by my stay?

Cleo. If as a friend you ask my judgment, go;
 If as a lover, stay. If you must perish:
 'Tis a hard word; but stay.

Vent. See now th' effects of her so boasted love!
 She strives to drag you down to ruin with her;
 But, could she 'scape without you, oh how soon
 Would she let go her hold, and haste to shore,
 And never look behind!

Cleo. Then judge my love by this. [*Giving Antony a writing*.
 Could I have borne
 A life or death, a happiness or woe
 From yours divided, this had giv'n me means.

Ant. By *Hercules*, the writing of *Octavius*!
 I know it well: 'tis that proscribing hand,
 Young as it was, that led the way to mine,
 And left me but the second place in murder—
 See, see, *Ventidius*! here he offers Egypt,
 And joins all Syria to it, as a present,
 So, in requital, she forsake my fortunes,
 And join her arms with his.

Cleo. And yet you leave me!
 You leave me, *Antony*; and, yet I love you.
 Indeed I do: I have refus'd a kingdom,
 That's a trifle;
 For I could part with life; with anything,
 But only you. O let me die but with you!
 Is that a hard request?

Ant. Next living with you,
 'Tis all that heav'n can give.

Alex. He melts, we conquer. [Aside.]

Cleo. No: you shall go: your int'rest calls you hence;
 Yes; your dear int'rest pulls too strong, for these
 Weak arms to hold you here— [Takes his hand.]
 Go; leave me, soldier;
 (For you're no more a lover:) leave me dying:
 Push me all pale and panting from your bosom,
 And, when your march begins, let one run after
 Breathless almost for joy; and cry, She's dead:
 The soldiers shout; you then perhaps may sigh,
 And muster all your Roman gravity;
Ventidius chides; and straight your brow clears up,
 As I had never been.

Ant. Gods, 'tis too much; too much for man to bear.

Cleo. What is't for me then,
 A weak forsaken woman: and a lover? —
 Here let me breathe my last? Envy me not
 This minute in your arms: I'll die apace:
 As fast as e'er I can; and end your trouble.

Ant. Die! Rather let me perish: loosen'd nature
 Leap from its hinges, sink the props of heav'n,
 And fall the skies to crush the nether world.
 My eyes, my soul; my all! — [Embraces her.]

Vent. And what's this toy,
 In balance with your fortune, honor, fame?

Ant. What is't, *Ventidius*? it outweighs 'em all;
 Why, we have more than conquer'd *Cæsar* now:
 My Queen's not only innocent, but loves me.
 This, this is she who drags me down to ruin!
 But, could she 'scape without me, with what haste
 Would she let slip her hold, and make to shore,
 And never look behind!
 Down on thy knees, blasphemer as thou art,
 And ask forgiveness of wrong'd innocence.

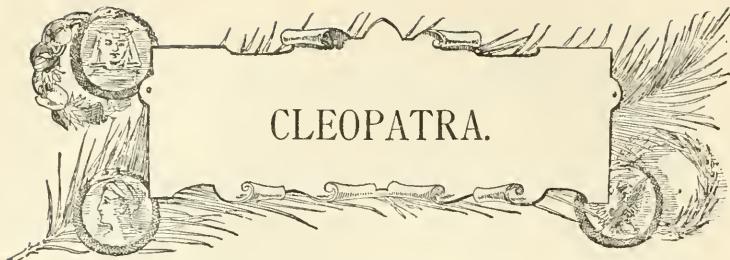
Vent. I'll rather die, than take it. Will you go?

Ant. Go! Whither? Go from all that's excellent!
 Faith, honor, virtue, all good things forbid,
 That I should go from her, who sets my love
 Above the price of kingdoms. Give, you gods,
 Give to your boy, your *Cæsar*,
 This rattle of a globe to play withal,
 This gewgaw world, and put him cheaply off:
 I'll not be pleased with less than *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. She's wholly yours. My heart's so full of joy,
 That I shall do some wild extravagance
 Of love, in public; and the foolish world,
 Which knows not tenderness, will think me mad.

Vent. O women! women! women! all the gods
 Have not such pow'r of doing good to man,
 As you of doing harm.—JOHN DRYDEN.





FOR nearly twenty centuries has Cleopatra dazzled the world with her beauty and fascinated mankind with her witchery. The foremost man of the ancient world, Julius Cæsar, submitted to the potency of her charms and openly acknowledged his thraldom.

The more wildly passionate Mark Anthony, in his mad love of the Egyptian queen, forgot his Roman wife and Roman character, relinquished the lordship of the nations, cast away his honor as a soldier, and finally yielded his life a willing sacrifice. The mysterious power which enabled this woman to conquer the conquerors of the ancient world lay not merely in physical beauty, but in subtle intellectual ability by which she divined the diverse characters of men, and in the versatility with which she adapted herself to their varying moods and gratified their intensest desires. Above all women of historic fame, Cleopatra is the embodied ideal of triumphant coquetry.

Cleopatra was the name of several Egyptian princesses of the dynasty of the Ptolemies, founded by one of the generals of Alexander the Great. The most celebrated bearer of this name, which means "of illustrious father," was born in the year 69 b.c., and was the daughter of Ptolemy Auletes, or "The Flute-player." At the age of seventeen she was left joint heir to the kingdom with her younger brother, Ptolemy, whose wife she was also to become, according to the monstrous Egyptian custom. But when her rising ambition refused such control, her guardians conspired to deprive her of all royal authority. With some faithful followers she had with-

drawn into Syria shortly before Julius Cæsar arrived in Egypt in pursuit of Pompey, 49 B.C. When the great Roman had established himself in the royal palace at Alexandria, he summoned the contestants for the throne to submit their claims to his arbitration. Ptolemy refused, but Cleopatra at once disbanded her army. She then sought an interview with Cæsar, and with a single trusted attendant, named Apollodorus, entered the harbor of Alexandria in a small boat. Wrapped in a bale of carpet, she was carried by Apollodorus into the palace. When the bundle was untied, the brilliant young queen arose before the astonished Cæsar. This bold stratagem and her personal fascination captivated the mighty Roman. He gave decision in her favor, and, when Ptolemy resisted, enforced her claims with arms. After a battle, Ptolemy was drowned in the Nile, and Cleopatra was proclaimed Queen of Egypt. After Cæsar had returned to Rome, she bore to him a son, Cæsarion. In the year 46 B.C., she sailed to Rome with great splendor, ostensibly to ask alliance with the Roman Senate, but publicly recognized as the mistress of the great Julius. She held her court in a palace on the banks of the Tiber, and was visited and flattered by the leading men of Rome. Cæsar gave serious offence to the people by placing a golden statue of Cleopatra beside that of Venus. The dictator had even seemed about to make his mistress his companion in political power, when her hopes and ambition were destroyed by his assassination (44 B.C.). Fully aware of her unpopularity with the mass of the Romans, she withdrew to Egypt.

Brutus and Cassius, the conspirators against Cæsar, were also driven from Rome, and Mark Antony became his avenger. In pursuit of the scattered bands of his opponents, Antony passed through Greece into Asia Minor, and while holding court in Cilicia, summoned Cleopatra to answer accusations which had been brought against her of favoring the conspirators. The wily queen, confident in the power of her charms, furnished herself with the wealth of Egypt and set out. But in spite of urgent letters from Antony and others, she refused to move expeditiously. The description of her voyage up the Cydnus in her magnificent gilded barge, with purple sails and silver oars, has been recorded by Plutarch, and repeated by

historians, poets and dramatists. Antony had already been welcomed in Asia as Bacchus, the conqueror of India, and Cleopatra approached him in the character of Venus. The people deserted his tribunal to flock to the wharves to behold the Queen. Setting aside his invitation to supper, she invited him to attend upon her, and provided a feast of such magnificence that he was unable to make a fitting return.

Henceforth Antony was her infatuated slave. When he had ended his summer campaign in Parthia, he accompanied Cleopatra to Egypt. Overpowered by her seductions, the Roman general gave himself up to wanton luxury. Plutarch, in describing Cleopatra's marvellous fascination, asserts that her beauty was neither astonishing nor inimitable, and the medals which bear her portrait support this statement. But the same author adds that her personal grace was enhanced by wit and charming manners. Her voice was delightfully melodious and had a wonderful variety of modulation. She was conversant with many languages, and was able to speak with most of the foreign ambassadors without the aid of an interpreter. Such was the variety of her powers of conversation that she could adapt herself to the disposition of each person. When she found that Antony's humor savored more of the camp than of the court, she fell into the same coarse vein. Yet she was able to inspire him with a love of the pomp and magnificence of Oriental courts. Intoxicated with the homage readily granted by the submissive courtiers, the royal pair went on to claim divine honors and assumed the names "Osiris" and "Isis," belonging to the principal Egyptian deities.

But while the infatuated Antony was thus forgetful of his native Rome and its claims, the citizens were becoming hostile to him by the alarming reports of his strange conduct, and his rivals and opponents were gaining control of its affairs. His lawful wife, Fulvia, had steadfastly maintained his interests; but after her death it was necessary for Antony to return to Rome. Thus removed from the influence of the enchantress, he seemed for a time to resume his former character. To establish this reformation and to reconcile him with Octavius Cæsar, the nephew of Julius Cæsar, a marriage with

Octavia, the sister of Octavius, was brought about. She was a noble Roman matron, and was apparently well fitted for the difficult task assigned her. Antony devoted himself with renewed zeal to public affairs. For two winters he lived in comparative quiet with Octavia at Athens, and though obliged in summer to visit Asia Minor, kept aloof from the enchantment of Cleopatra. But while he was in Syria, preparing for a new expedition against the Parthians, being brought more directly in contact with Eastern influences, his infatuation returned with redoubled force. He sent for Cleopatra, and, in atonement for his late neglect, at once offered to bestow upon her the provinces of Phœnicia, Cyprus, and parts of Syria and Arabia. When he returned from Parthia she met him with aid and provisions, and in company with her he entered Alexandria. Their former relations were publicly resumed, and wherever they traveled, in Greece or Asia, the highest honors were required to be paid to them. Cleopatra bore to Antony twins (a son and a daughter), whom, in thoroughly Oriental style, he named the "Sun" and the "Moon," and ordered to be worshiped. As Cleopatra, like her ancestor, Ptolemy Philadelphus, had marked literary tastes, Antony sought to gratify these by bestowing upon her the famous library at Pergamus, containing 200,000 books. These were conveyed to Alexandria and added to the treasures of that ancient storehouse of learning.

But the favors bestowed on the Egyptian queen only tended to turn the lingering Roman regard for Antony into hatred and aversion. Octavius Cæsar had strong reason for hostility in the neglect and open shame put upon his sister. Taking advantage of the public feeling, he declared war against Cleopatra. Antony sought to array the East against the West, and was able to gather a large army in Greece. But the time that should have been spent in disciplining his troops was wasted in feasts and revelry. Cleopatra persuaded him against his own experience and better judgment to trust the conflict to the sea. She accompanied him with an Egyptian fleet to the west coast of Greece; but, in the midst of the famous battle of Actium, turned and fled with all speed to Alexandria. Antony, fearing for her more than for himself,

abandoned the contest and followed her. War in Egypt followed, and Antony repulsed Octavius in his attack on Alexandria. But soon he had the mortification to see his soldiers, who had lost all faith in his ability to command, go over to the enemy.

Cleopatra is said to have formed the project of transporting her court and treasures by the Red Sea to India. But the Arabians frustrated her scheme by burning her ships. When she saw that the cause of Antony was irretrievably ruined, and that her Eastern allies would render no aid, she made overtures of submission to Octavius. But the stern Roman suggested that peace could not be secure without the death of Antony. That unfortunate general, partly aware of the negotiations, believed that his mistress had betrayed him, and broke out in violent denunciations of treachery. Cleopatra sought refuge in a mausoleum, and caused a report of her death to be spread. Antony, driven from one extreme of passion to the other, reproached himself for her death, and threw himself on his sword. Cleopatra, on hearing of this act, caused him to be conveyed to the tomb where she had sought refuge. She strove to bind up his wound and covered him with caresses, while Antony spent his last breath in words of endearment for her who had been the cause of his ruin.

Octavius, wishing to gratify the Roman people as well as himself by leading the famous Egyptian in his triumph through the streets of the Eternal City, sent his friend Proculeius to assure her of personal safety. When refused admission, he forced an entrance to the tomb and prevented her from stabbing herself with a dagger. Cleopatra was then kept under guard, but was allowed to give a magnificent funeral to Antony's remains. When she threatened to starve herself, she was met by the counter-threat of an ignominious death. Finding that the cold Octavius could not be overcome by her charms, Cleopatra determined to disappoint his triumph. After a visit to the tomb of Antony, she had, according to the current report, a basket of figs brought to her in which an asp was concealed. Cleopatra retired with her maids, pretending that she desired to bathe. But when the doors were opened,

the queen was found dead, arrayed in her royal robes and lying on a bed of gold. At her feet lay one of her maidens dead, and near by another dying. Cleopatra died in her thirty-ninth year.

The life and death of Egypt's matchless queen, her beauty and magnificence, her conquest of the world's conquerors, have furnished themes to the historian, the poet, the dramatist and the painter. No one has presented the whole history of the brave Antony's tumultuous passion for the fascinating Egyptian more fully or clearly than Shakespeare. Coleridge, in some respects the greatest of his critics, has pronounced the "Antony and Cleopatra" the most wonderful of all Shakespeare's historical plays, because there is not one in which he has followed history so minutely; yet there are few in which he impresses the notion of tragic power so much. Of Cleopatra herself, as depicted by the great English dramatist, he says: "The sense of criminality in her passion is lessened by our insight into its depth and energy, at the very moment that we cannot but perceive that the passion itself springs out of the habitual craving of a licentious nature."

ANTONY'S DILEMMA.

Antony. Thou hast what's left of me.
For I am now so sunk from what I was,
Thou find'st me at my lowest water-mark.
The rivers that ran in, and rais'd my fortunes,
Are all dry'd up, or take another course:
What I have left is from my native spring;
I've still a heart that swells, in scorn of fate,
And lifts me to my banks.

Dolabella. Still you are lord of all the world to me.

Ant. Why, then I yet am so; for thou art all.
If I had any joy when thou wert absent,
I grudg'd it to myself; methought I robb'd
Thee of thy part. But, O my *Dolabella*!
Thou hast beheld me other than I am.
Hast thou not seen my morning chambers fill'd
With scepter'd slaves, who waited to salute me?
With Eastern monarchs, who forgot the sun,

To worship my uprising? Menial kings
Ran coursing up and down my palace-yard,
Stood silent in my presence, watch'd my eyes,
And, at my least command, all started out
Like racers to the goal.

Dola. Slaves to your fortune.

Ant. Fortune is *Cæsar's* now; and what am I?

Ventidius. What you have made yourself; I will not flatter

Ant. Is this friendly done?

Dola. Yes, when his end is so, I must join with him;
Indeed I must, and yet you must not chide:
Why am I else your friend?

Ant. Take heed, young man,
How thou upbraid'st my love. The Queen has eyes,
And thou too hast a soul. Canst thou remember
When, swell'd with hatred, thou beheld'st her first
As accessory to thy brother's death?

Dola. Spare my remembrance; 'twas a guilty day,
And still the blush hangs here.

Ant. To clear herself,
For sending him no aid, she came from Egypt,
Her galley down the silver Cydnus row'd,
The tackling silk, the streamers wav'd with gold,
The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails:
Her nymphs, like *Nereids*, round her couch were plac'd;
Where she, another sea-born *Venus*, lay.

Dola. No more: I would not hear it.

Ant. O, you must!

She lay, and leaned her cheek upon her hand,
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
As if, secure of all beholders' hearts,
Neglecting she could take 'em: boys, like *Cupids*,
Stood fanning, with their painted wings, the winds
That played about her face: but if she smil'd,
A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad:
That men's desiring eyes were never weary'd;
But hung upon the object: to soft flutes
The silver oars kept time; and while they played,
The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight;
And both to thought. 'Twas Heav'n, or somewhat more;
For she so charm'd all hearts that gazing crowds
Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath

To give their welcome voice.

Then, *Dolabella*, where was then thy soul?
Was not thy fury quite disarm'd with wonder?
Didst thou not shrink behind me from those eyes,
And whisper in my ear, Oh tell her not
That I accus'd her of my brother's death?

Dola. And should my weakness be a plea for yours?
Mine was an age when love might be excus'd,
When kindly warmth, and when my springing youth
Made it a debt to nature. Yours —

Vent. Speak boldly.
Yours, he would say, in your declining age,
When no more heat was left but what you forc'd,
When all the sap was needful for the trunk,
When it went down, then they constrain'd the course,
And robb'd from nature, to supply desire;
In you (I would not use so harsh a word)
'Tis but plain dotage.

Ant. Ha!

Dola. 'Twas urg'd too home.
But yet the loss was private that I made;
'Twas but myself I lost: I lost no legions;
I had no world to lose, no people's love.

Ant. This from a friend?

Dola. Yes, *Antony*, a true one;
A friend so tender, that each word I speak
Stabs my own heart, before it reach your ear.
Oh, judge me not less kind because I chide:
To *Cæsar* I excuse you.

Ant. O ye gods!

Have I then liv'd to be excus'd to *Cæsar*?

Dola. As to your equal.

Ant. Well, he's but my equal:
While I wear this, he never shall be more.

Dola. I bring conditions from him.

Ant. Are they noble?

Methinks thou shouldst not bring 'em else; yet he
Is full of deep dissembling; knows no honor
Divided from his int'rest. Fate mistook him;
For Nature meant him for an usurer,
He's fit indeed to buy, not conquer kingdoms.

Vent. Then, granting this,

What pow'r was theirs who wrought so hard a temper
To honorable terms!

Ant. It was my *Dolabella*, or some god.

Dola. Not I; nor yet *Mæcenas*, nor *Agrippa*:
They were your enemies; and I a friend
Too weak alone; yet 'twas a *Roman* deed.

Ant. 'Twas like a *Roman* done: show me that man
Who has preserv'd my life, my love, my honor;
Let me but see his face.

Vent. That task is mine,
And, Heav'n, thou know'st how pleasing. [Exit *Ventidius*.

Dola. You'll remember
To whom you stand oblig'd?

Ant. When I forget it,
Be thou unkind, and that's my greatest curse.
My Queen shall thank him too.

Dola. I fear she will not.

Ant. But she shall do't: the Queen, my *Dolabella*!
Hast thou not still some grudgings of thy fever?

Dola. I would not see her lost.
Ant. When I forsake her,
Leave me, my better stars; for she has truth
Beyond her beauty. *Cæsar* tempted her,
At no less price than kingdoms, to betray me;
But she resisted all: and yet thou chid'st me
For loving her too well. Could I do so?

Dola. Yes, there's my reason.

Re-enter *Ventidius*, with *Octavia*, leading *Antony's two little Daughters*.

Ant. Where—*Octavia* there! [Starting back.
Vent. What, is she poison to you? a disease?
Look on her, view her well; and those she brings:
Are they all strangers to your eyes? has nature
No secret call, no whisper they are yours?

Dola. For shame, my lord, if not for love, receive 'em
With kinder eyes. If you confess a man,
Meet 'em, embrace 'em, bid 'em welcome to you.
Your arms should open, ev'n without your knowledge,
To clasp 'em in; your feet should turn to wings,
To bear you to 'em; and your eyes dart out,
And aim a kiss ere you could reach their lips.

Ant. I stood amaz'd to think how they came hither.

Vent. I sent for 'em ; I brought 'em in, unknown
To Cleopatra's guards.

Dola. Yet, are you cold?

Octavia. Thus long I have attended for my welcome ;
Which, as a stranger, sure I might expect.
Who am I ?

Ant. Cæsar's sister.

Octav. That's unkind !

Had I been nothing more than Cæsar's sister,
Know, I had still remain'd in Cæsar's camp ;
But your Octavia, your much injur'd wife,
Though banish'd from your bed, driv'n from your house,
In spite of Cæsar's sister, still is yours.

'Tis true, I have a heart disdains your coldness,
And prompts me not to seek what you should offer ;
But a wife's virtue still surmounts that pride :
I come to claim you as my own ; to show
My duty first, to ask, nay beg, your kindness :
Your hand, my lord ; 'tis mine, and I will have it.

[*Taking his hand.*]

Vent. Do take it, thou deserv'st it.

Dola. On my soul,

And so she does ; she's neither too submissive,
Nor yet too haughty ; but so just a mean
Shows, as it ought, a wife and Roman too.

Ant. I fear, Octavia, you have begg'd my life.

Octav. Begg'd it, my lord ?

Ant. Yes, begg'd it, my ambassadress,
Poorly and basely begged it of your brother.

Octav. Poorly and basely I could never beg :
Nor could my brother grant.

Ant. Shall I, who, to my kneeling slave, could say,
Rise up, and be a king ; shall I fall down
And cry, Forgive me, Cæsar ? shall I set
A man, my equal, in the place of Jove,
As he could give me being ? No ; that word,
Forgive, would choke me up,
And die upon my tongue.

Dola. You shall not need it.

Ant. I will not need it. Come, you've all betray'd me ;
My friend too ! To receive some vile conditions.

My wife has bought me, with her prayers and tears;
 And now I must become her branded slave.
 In every peevish mood she will upbraid
 The life she gave: if I but look awry,
 She cries, I'll tell my brother.

Octav. My hard fortune

Subjects me still to your unkind mistakes.
 But the conditions I have brought are such
 You need not blush to take: I love your honor,
 Because 'tis mine; it never shall be said
Octavia's husband was her brother's slave.
 Sir, you are free; free, ev'n from her you loathe;
 For, tho' my brother bargains for your love,
 Makes me the price and cement of your peace,
 I have a soul like yours; I cannot take
 Your love as alms, nor beg what I deserve.
 I'll tell my brother we are reconcil'd;
 He shall draw back his troops, and you shall march
 To rule the east: I may be dropped at Athens;
 No matter where, I never will complain,
 But only keep the barren name of wife,
 And rid you of the trouble.

Vent. Was ever such a strife of sullen honor!
 Both scorn to be oblig'd.

Dola. O, she has touch'd him in the tender'st parts.
 See how he redden's with despite and shame
 To be out-done in generosity! .

Vent. See how he winks! how he dries up a tear,
 That fain would fall!

Ant. *Octavia*, I have heard you, and must praise
 The greatness of your soul;
 But cannot yield to what you have propos'd:
 For I can ne'er be conquer'd but by love;
 And you do all for duty. You would free me,
 And would be dropped at Athens; was't not so?

Octav. It was, my lord.

Ant. Then I must be oblig'd
 To one who loves me not, who, to herself,
 May call me thankless and ungrateful man:
 I'll not endure it, no.

Vent. I'm glad it pinches there.

Octav. Would you triumph o'er poor *Octavia's* virtue?

That pride was all I had to bear me up ;
That you might think you ow'd me for your life,
And ow'd it to my duty, not my love.
I have been injur'd, and my haughty soul
Could brook but ill the man who slighted my bed.

Ant. Therefore you love me not.

Octav. Therefore, my lord,
I should not love you.

Ant. Therefore you would leave me ?

Octav. And therefore I should leave you—if I could.

Dola. Her soul's too great, after such injuries,
To say she loves ; and yet she lets you see it.
Her modesty and silence plead her cause.

Ant. O, *Dolabella*, which way shall I turn ?
I find a secret yielding in my soul ;
But *Cleopatra*, who would die with me,
Must she be left ? Pity pleads for *Octavia* ;
But does it not plead more for *Cleopatra* ?

Vent. Justice and pity both plead for *Octavia* ;
For *Cleopatra*, neither.
One would be ruin'd with you ; but she first
Had ruin'd you : the other, you have ruin'd,
And yet she would preserve you.
In everything their merits are unequal.

Ant. O, my distracted soul !

Octav. Sweet Heav'n compose it.
Come, come, my lord, if I can pardou you,
Methinks you should accept it. Look on these ;
Are they not yours ? Or stand they thus neglected
As they are mine ? Go to him, children, go ;
Kneel to him, take him by the hand, speak to him ;
For you may speak, and he may own you too,
Without a blush ; and so he cannot all
His children : go, I say, and pull him to me,
And pull him to yourselves, from that bad woman.
You, *Agrippina*, hang upon his arms ;
And you, *Antonia*, clasp about his waist :
If he will shake you off, if he will dash you
Against the pavement, you must bear it, children ;
For you are mine, and I was born to suffer.

[*Here the Children go to him, etc.*

Vent. Was ever sight so moving ! Emperor !

Dola. Friend!

Octav. Husband!

Both Children. Father!

Ant. I am vanquish'd: take me,

Octavia; take me, children; share me all. [Embracing them.

I've been a thriftless debtor to your loves,

And run out much in riot from your stock;

But all shall be amended.

Octav. O blessed hour!

Dola. O happy change!

Vent. My joy stops at my tongue;

But it has found two channels here for one,

And bubbles out above.

[wilt;

Ant. to Octav. This is thy triumph; lead me where thou
Ev'n to thy brother's camp.

Octav. All there are yours.

Enter Alexas hastily.

Alex. The Queen, my mistress, sir, and yours —

Ant. 'Tis past. *Octavia*, you shall stay this night;
To-morrow, *Cæsar* and we are one.

[*Ex. leading Octavia, Dolabella and the children follow.*

Vent. There's news for you; run, my officious Eunuch,
Be sure to be the first; haste forward:

Haste, my dear Eunuch, haste.

[*Exit.*

Alex. This downright fighting, fool this thick-skull'd hero,
This blunt unthinking instrument of death,
With plain dull virtue, has out-gone my wit:

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, and Train.

Oh, Madam, I have seen what blasts my eyes!

Octavia's here!

Cleo. Peace with that raven's note.

I know it too; and now am in

The pangs of death.

Alex. You are no more a Queen;
Egypt is lost.

Cleo. What tell'st thou me of Egypt?
My life, my soul is lost! *Octavia* has him!
O fatal name to *Cleopatra's* love!

Char. She comes! she's here!

Iras. Fly, Madam, *Cæsar's* sister!

Cleo. Were she the sister of the 'Thund'rer *Jove*,
And bore her brother's lightning in her eyes,
Thus would I face my rival. [Meets Octavia with Ventidius.

Octav. I need not ask if you are *Cleopatra*,
Your haughty carriage —

Cleo. Shows I am a Queen :
Nor need I ask you who you are.

Octav. A *Roman* :
A name that makes and can unmake a Queen.

Cleo. Your lord, the man who serves me, is a *Roman*.
Octav. He was a *Roman*, till he lost that name

To be a slave in Egypt; but I come
To free him thence.

Cleo. Peace, peace, my lover's *Juno*.
When he grew weary of that household-clog,
He chose my easier bonds.

Octav. I wonder not
Your bands are easy; you have long been practic'd
In that lascivious art: he's not the first
For whom you spread your snares: let *Cæsar* witness.

Cleo. I lov'd not *Cæsar*; 'twas but gratitude
I paid his love: the worst your malice can,
Is but to say the greatest of mankind
Has been my slave. The next, but far above him
In my esteem, is he whom law calls yours,
But whom his love made mine.

Octav. Thou lov'st him not so well.
Cleo. I love him better, and deserve him more.

Octav. You do not; cannot: you have been his ruin
Who made him cheap at *Rome*, but *Cleopatra*?
Who made him scorn'd abroad, but *Cleopatra*?
At Actium, who betray'd him? *Cleopatra*.
Who made his children orphans? and poor me
A wretched widow? only *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. Yet she who loves him best is *Cleopatra*.
If you have suffer'd, I have suffer'd more.
You bear the specious title of a wife,
To gild your cause, and draw the pitying world
To favor it: the world contemns poor me;
For I have lost my honor, lost my fame,
And stain'd the glory of my royal house,
And all to bear the branded name of mistress.

There wants but life, and that too I would lose
For him I love.

Octav. Be't so then ; take thy wish. [Exit with children.

Cleo. And 'tis my wish,
Now he is lost for whom alone I liv'd.

My sight grows dim, and every object dances,

And swims before me, in the maze of death.

Lead me, my *Charmion*; nay, your hand too, *Iras*.

My grief has weight enough to sink you both.

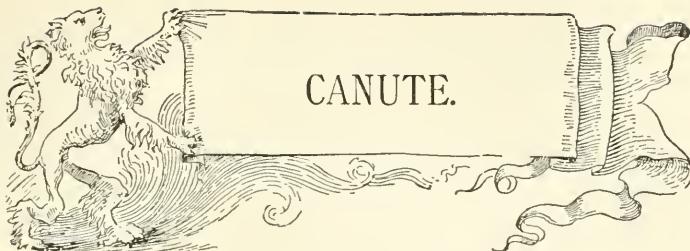
Conduct me to some solitary chamber,

There I till death will his unkindness weep :

As harmless infants moan themselves asleep. [Exit.

—JOHN DRYDEN.





THE early history of England is filled with accounts of the invasions of the daring Northmen and their kindred, the Danes. For over seventy years after the death of Alfred the Great, the Danes ceased to trouble the Saxons of that island; but in 978 A.D., Ethelred, surnamed the "Unready," ascended the throne. The ravages of the Danes were then renewed, and this weak and foolish king in attempting to buy off the invaders, only brought the pirates in larger swarms on the English shores. Rushing to an opposite extreme, he devised the mad scheme of a general massacre of Danes. The awful day was the festival of St. Brice, November 14, 1002. Tidings of the bloodshed were speedily carried across the sea. Burning with rage, Sweyn, King of Denmark, whose sister, Gunhilda, was among the slain, burst upon the coasts. Oxford and Winchester fell before the invaders. Sweyn was proclaimed King of Britain at Bath, and soon after at London. He, however, died in three weeks after, leaving his conquests to his son Cnut, or as he is more commonly called, Canute.

The new Danish King was soon forced to leave the island, as the Saxons recalled Ethelred from Normandy, whether he had fled and supported him most vigorously. Ethelred dying, his son Edmund Ironside agreed to a division of the kingdom; the Saxons to hold the counties south of the River Thames, and the Danes those counties to the north. In a month after this agreement Edmund died, leaving Canute sole monarch. Canute received the crown of all England 1017 A.D. His first care was to be rid of rivals. The surviving sons of Ethelred were Edwy, Edward and Alfred. Edwy he caused to be mur-

dered, and the other two took refuge in Normandy ; while their mother, Emma, meekly submitting to fate, married the King. The infant sons of Edmund were conveyed to Sweden, and thence to Hungary. Canute was now but twenty-two years of age; England lay crushed and helpless under the rule of its foreign master.

But the result of the Danish conquest was in fact the very reverse of what it seemed destined to be. Conquering Scandinavia did not draw England to it ; but England was enabled to wield a new influence over Scandinavia. Canute's Northern realms sank into under-kingdoms, ruled by under-kings. If he visited his Northern kingdoms it was but to make such arrangements as left Denmark practically a sub-kingdom, whose interests were subordinated to those of England. The pledge he gave at the outset of his reign that he would rule after Edgar's law, that he would be true to the traditional constitution and usages of the realm, was religiously observed. Canute was anxious to reconcile the Saxons to his usurpation, and dismissed the Danish soldiers to their own country, after first rewarding them with large sums.

Canute's greatest gift to the English people was that of peace. The Dane was no longer an enemy, Danish fleets no longer hung off the coasts. On the contrary, it was English ships and English soldiers who now followed Canute in his Northern wars. He retained in England, however, a body-guard of three thousand Dànes, whom he ruled with the strictest discipline. These were called "Huscarls" or "House-guards." They were too few to hold the land against a national revolt ; but they were strong enough to repress local rebellion. Canute on one occasion killed a soldier in a fit of anger. In the presence of his band he laid aside his crown and sceptre, and demanded that they should pronounce sentence on him. All were silent ; but the King imposed upon himself a fine nine times greater than the lawful sum. Again, according to a familiar story, he rebuked the flattery of his courtiers at Southampton, by setting his chair upon the shore, and commanding the waves to retire. While the tide was flowing round his feet, he sternly reproved the rash presumption of those who compared a weak earthly king to the Ruler

of the Universe. By such acts as these he endeared himself to the people, while by the vigor of his rule and the extent of his dominions he became entitled "the Great." Besides England his sway extended over Norway, Sweden and Denmark; and he is said to have exacted homage from Malcolm, King of Scotland.

In accordance with the religious spirit of the times Canute endowed monasteries, built churches, and gave money for masses to be sung for the souls of those whom he had slain. English priests were sent to fill the Danish bishoprics; even Roeskilde by Lethra, the royal seat of the first Danish kings, received its bishop from England, consecrated by an English primate. Canute, himself, went staff in hand, clad in pilgrim's gown to Rome, where he obtained from the Pope that English pilgrims should be freed from the heavy dues then levied upon travelers. From Rome he wrote the first letter ever addressed to Englishmen by an English king. In it he says: "I have vowed to God to live a right life in all things, to rule justly and piously my realms and subjects, and to administer just judgment to all. If, heretofore, I have done aught beyond what was just, through headiness or negligence of youth, I am ready, with God's help, to amend it utterly."

Canute died at Shaftesbury, 1035 A.D., being forty years of age, and was buried at Winchester, thus finding his last resting-place amidst the old Saxon kings. Canute, when he ceased to be an enemy to England, became her real friend. He was an unmitigated despot in his own half-Christian lands; but he adapted his English rule to the higher civilization of his most important kingdom.

The reigns of the two sons of Canute, who were altogether unworthy of their great father, were short and disturbed. In 1041 the posterity of the Saxon Egbert, in the person of Edward, son of King Ethelred, regained the throne of England. He is known as Edward the Confessor, on account of his monastic virtues, and was really unfit for the throne in those troublous times.

CANUTE'S LETTER TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

In 1026 Canute made a pilgrimage to Rome. On his road he visited the most celebrated churches, leaving everywhere proofs of his devotion and liberality. On his return he proceeded immediately to Denmark; but despatched the abbot of Tavistock to England with a letter, describing the object and the issue of his journey. This letter I shall transcribe, not only because it furnishes an interesting specimen of the manners and opinions of the age; but also because it exhibits the surprising change which religion had produced in the mind of a ferocious and sanguinary warrior:

“Canute, King of all Denmark, England and Norway, and of part of Sweden, to Egelnoth the Metropolitan, to Archbishop Alfric, to all the bishops and chiefs, and to all the nation of the English, both nobles and commoners greeting. I write to inform you that I have lately been at Rome, to pray for the remission of my sins and for the safety of my kingdoms, and of the nations that are subject to my sceptre. It is long since I bound myself by vow to make this pilgrimage; but I had been hitherto prevented by affairs of state, and other impediments. Now, however, I return humble thanks to the Almighty God, that he has allowed me to visit the tombs of the blessed apostles Peter and Paul, and every holy place within and without the city of Rome, and to honor and venerate them in person. And this I have done, because I had learned from my teachers, that the apostle St. Peter received from the Lord the great power of binding and loosing, with the keys of the kingdom of heaven. On this account I thought it highly useful to solicit his patronage with God.

“Be it, moreover, known to you that there was at the festival of Easter a great assemblage of noble personages with the lord, and the Pope John, and the Emperor Conrad, namely, all the chiefs of the nations from Mount Gargano to the nearest sea, who all received me honorably and made me valuable presents; but particularly the Emperor, who gave me many gold and silver vases, with rich mantles and garments. I therefore took the opportunity to treat with the Pope, the

Emperor and the princes, on the grievances of my people, both English and Danes; that they might enjoy more equal law and more secure safeguard in their way to Rome, nor be detained at so many barriers, nor harassed by unjust exactions. My demands were granted both by the Emperor and by King Rodulf, to whom the greater part of the barriers belong; and it was enacted by all the princes that my *men*, whether pilgrims or merchants, should for the future go to Rome and return in full security, without detention at the barriers or the payment of unlawful tolls.

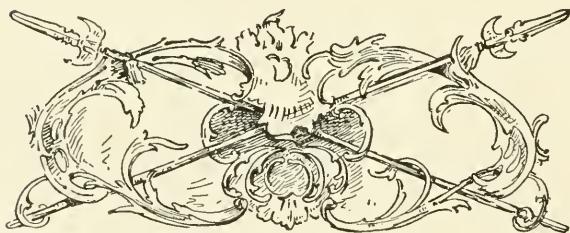
“I next complained to the Pope, and expressed my displeasure that such immense sums were extorted from my archbishops when, according to custom, they visited the apostolic see to obtain the pallium. A decree was made that this grievance should cease. Whatever I demanded for the benefit of my people, either of the Pope or the Emperor or the princes, through whose dominions lies the road to Rome, was granted willingly, and confirmed by their oaths in the presence of four archbishops, twenty bishops and a multitude of dukes and nobles. Wherefore I return sincere thanks to God that I have successfully performed whatever I had intended, and have fully satisfied all my wishes.

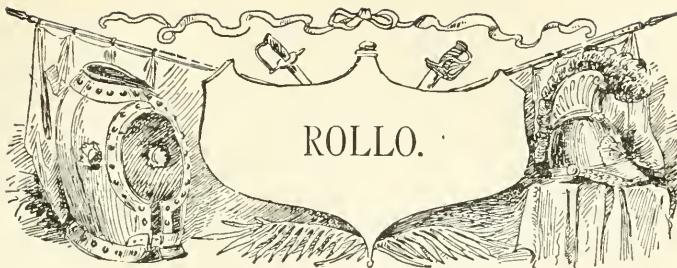
“Now, therefore, be it known to you all, that I have dedicated my life to the service of God, to govern my kingdoms with equity and to observe justice in all things. If by the violence or negligence of youth I have violated justice heretofore, it is my intention, by the help of God, to make full compensation. Therefore I beg and command those to whom I have confided the government, as they wish to preserve my friendship or save their own souls, to do no injustice either to rich or poor. Let all persons, whether noble or ignoble, obtain their rights according to law, from which no deviation shall be allowed, either from fear of me or through favor to the powerful, or for the purpose of supplying my treasury. I have no need of money raised by injustice.

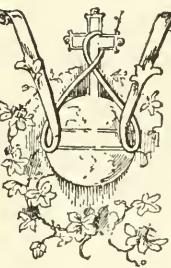
“I am now on my road to Denmark, for the purpose of concluding peace with those nations, who, had it been in their power, would have deprived us both of our crown and our life. But God has destroyed their means, and will, I trust, of his

goodness, preserve us, and humble all our enemies. When I shall have concluded peace with the neighboring nations, and settled the concerns of my eastern dominions, it is my intention to return to England as soon as the fine weather will permit me to sail. But I have sent you this letter beforehand, that all the people of my kingdom may rejoice at my prosperity. For you all know that I never spared nor will spare myself or my labor, when my object is the advantage of my subjects.

“Lastly, I entreat all my bishops, and all the sheriffs, by the fidelity which they owe to me and to God, that the church-dues according to the ancient laws may be paid before my return; namely, the plough-alms, the tithes of cattle of the present year, the Peter pence, the tithes of fruit in the middle of August, and the kirk-shot at the feast of St. Martin, to the parish church. Should this be omitted, at my return I will punish the offender by exacting the whole fine appointed by law. Fare ye well.”—J. LINGARD.





HEN the fierce Norsemen began to ravage the coasts of Europe, towards the end of the eighth century, France, like England, near to their home, naturally soon attracted them and felt their power. But the invaders gradually became inhabitants; the same people which entered the country as pillagers, advancing as far as Nantes, Bordeaux, Orléans, Paris, even Toulouse, began to settle there as early as 846; the same leader, Hrolf (Rollo), who beleaguered Paris in 885, in 911 obtained the land subsequently called Normandy, where he and his countrymen found a home and formed a well-ordered State.

Rollo, who played so prominent a part in this Norman invasion of France, was the son of one Rognvald, born about 860 A.D., and noted for his tall stature, his strength and his audacity. Exiled by King Harold Haarfager (or Fairhair), of Norway, who had set his face against piracy, he directed his steps towards England. Various exploits, both in Gaul and in Britain, some of them more or less mythical, no doubt, are attributed to him; but his history, before his final settlement in France, as known to us, can hardly be called authentic. However, as far as his doings in Gaul are concerned, we are told that in September, 876, he entered the Seine and fell on the Franks; made Rouen his capital, besieged Paris, pillaged the northern provinces, sacked Bayeux, and espoused Popa, the daughter of that city's governor, Count Berenger. But he proved a powerful protector to the inhabitants of the country on the banks of the Seine, who lived in peace under his government.

Moreover, these heathen, having shown the Christians how to carry on a well-organized government in peace and prosperity, ended by adopting their religion. Quite early in the ninth century efforts had begun to be made to convert the Northmen to Christianity, and when Rollo was given the lordship of the district lying between the Epte and Brittany, in 911, he agreed in his turn to swear fealty to King Charles the Simple (whose daughter Gisela he subsequently married), and to become a Christian. The title of count was bestowed on him, and he was baptized by the name of Robert, his men following his lead in renouncing paganism. We are told that, at the ceremony of submission to Charles, when bidden to kneel and kiss the king's foot, he told one of his men to do it, who performed his task so roughly that the sovereign tumbled over amidst roars of laughter. The acquired land, subsequently known as Normandy, was divided among the followers of Rollo, who also advanced across the Seine towards the east, and encroached upon Brittany, the liberty to do which he had especially stipulated for in his treaty with the King of France.

There seems to be some doubt as to Rollo's end; but several historians believe that he abdicated in favor of his son, William Longsword, in 927, and died about five years later. The State of Normandy had in the meantime made rapid advance: towns sprang into being; noble edifices arose; it was now in the interest of the new inhabitants to guard against invasion from without; the manners and language of the French were adopted, and the newly-acquired tongue handled so well that Norman-French was for a time the favorite idiom.

Thus did the Norman influence Gaul for her good by their enterprising energy, their strength and boldness, and their love of freedom. Such was the development of the character of these pirates, these "sea-kings," open to refining influences, of whom Rollo was a distinct type.

THE NORMEN IN FRANCE.

The whole second half of the ninth century is taken up with almost uninterrupted incursions of the Scandinavian pirates on the whole coast of both the Eastern and the Western France. Germany, indeed, owing to the inland position of the greater part of her territory, remained comparatively unscathed. She suffered far more from the Magyars than she suffered from the Northmen. Still the whole Saxon and Frisian coast was as cruelly ravaged as any other part of Europe, and the great rivers afforded the heathens the means of making their way far into the interior of the country. West France, with her far greater extent of seaboard, suffered far more severely than the Eastern Kingdom. Even the Mediterranean coasts of Burgundy and Italy were not wholly spared, though in those seas the Northman was far less to be dreaded than the Saracen. Everywhere we find the same kind of devastations which we find in England.

In the course of the history, we come across many noble examples of local resistance to the invaders, and several examples of considerable victories gained over them. But we nowhere find any such steady check put to their progress as marks the first half of the tenth century in England. That is to say, no Carolingian Prince was in the position, even if he had the ability, to carry out the vigorous policy of Eadward the Elder. Yet it would be unjust to withhold their due share of honor from several kings and princes who at least did what they could. The Emperor Arnulf in the East, the young King Lewis in the West, gained glorious and, for the moment, important victories over the invaders, and the triumph of Lewis is commemorated in one of the earliest surviving efforts of Teutonic poetry. The great siege of Paris and its defence by Odo were among the determining causes which led in the end to the change of dynasty. But such victories were, after all, mere momentary checks ; they delivered one part of the country at the expense of another ; and the evil went on till it was gradually cured by various indirect means.

As in England, the Northmen gradually changed from mere plunderers into conquerors and settlers. Instead of ravaging the whole country, they occupied portions of it. They thus gradually changed, not only into members of the general Commonwealth of Christendom, but into Frenchmen, distinguished from other Frenchmen only by the large share of their inborn Scandinavian vigor, which they still retained. As the North became more settled and Christianized, as it began to form a political system of its own, the mere piratical incursions ceased, and no deliberate attempt was ever made, as was made in England, on the part of a King of all Denmark or all Norway, to displace a King of the West Franks, and to reign in his stead. The insular position of Britain, the original kindred between Danes and English, the actual Danish occupation of so large a portion of the country, all helped to make such a design possible in England, while even the powers of a Sweyn or a Cnut could hardly have succeeded in carrying out such a scheme in France.

The Northmen settled largely in France, but they nowhere occupied any such large continuous sweep of territory as that which became the *Denalagu* [or *Danelagh*] in England. No such large extent of coast lay so invitingly open to them, and it does not appear that there was any one Danish invasion of Gaul on so great a scale as the great Danish invasion of England under Ingwar and Hubba. The Danish settlements in Gaul were therefore scattered, while in England they were continuous. The Danes in England, therefore, though they gradually became Englishmen, still retained a distinct local existence and local feelings, and they continued to form a distinct and important element in the country. But the Danish settlers in France, holding a county here and a county there, sank much more completely into the general mass of the inhabitants. Some of these settlements were a good way inland, like Hasting's settlement at Chartres. Ragnald, too, occupied, at least for awhile, the country at the mouth of the Loire. But these settlements led to no permanent results. One settlement alone was destined to play a real part in history, the settlement of Rolf or Rollo at Rouen.

This settlement, the kernel of the great Norman Duchy,

had results and an importance of its own of quite another sort from any which belong to any of the other Danish colonies in France. But it is well to bear in mind that it was only one among several, and that, when the cession was made, it was probably not expected to be more lasting or more important than the others. But, while the others soon lost any distinctive character, the Rouen settlement lasted, grew, became a power in Europe, and in France became even a determining power. It is perhaps the unexpected development of the Rouen settlement, together with the peculiar turn which Norman policy soon took, which accounts for the bitterness of hatred with which the Northmen of Rouen are spoken of by the French writers at least down to the end of the tenth century. By that time they had long been Christian in faith and French in speech, and yet the most truly French writer of the age can never bring himself to speak of them by any other name than that of the Pirates. To this feeling we see nothing at all analogous in English history. We see traces of strong local diversities, sometimes rising into local animosities, between the Danes in England and their Anglican and Saxon neighbors; but there is nothing to compare with the full bitterness of hatred which breathes alike in the hostile rhetoric of Richer and in the ominous silence of the discreet Flodoard.

The lasting character of his work at once proves that the founder of the Rouen colony was a great man; but he is a great man who must be content to be judged in the main by the results of his actions. The authentic history of Hrolf, Rolf, Rollo or Rou, may be summed up in a very short space. We have no really contemporary narrative of his actions, unless a few meagre and uncertain entries in some of the Frankish annals may be thought to deserve that name. I cannot look on the narrative of our one Norman writer, put together from tradition and under courtly influence, a hundred years after the settlement, as at all entitled to implicit belief. Even less faith is due to Northern Sagas, put together at a still later time. The French authors, again, are themselves not contemporary, and their notices are exceedingly brief. I therefore do not feel myself at all called upon to nar-

rate in detail the exploits which are attributed to Rolf in the time before his final settlement. Rolf is described as having been engaged in the calling of a Wiking, both in Gaul and in Britain, for nearly forty years before his final occupation of Rouen, and he is said to have entered into friendly relations with a King *Æthelstan* in England. The exploits attributed to Rolf are spread over so many years that we cannot help concluding that the deeds of other chieftains have been attributed to him, perhaps that two leaders of the same name have been confounded. Among countless expeditions in Gaul, England and Germany, we find attributed to Rolf an earlier visit to Rouen, a share in the great siege of Paris, and an occupation or destruction of Bayeux.

But it is not till we have got some way into the reign of Charles the Simple, not till we have passed several years of the tenth century, that Rolf begins clearly to stand out as a personal historic reality. He now appears in possession of Rouen, or of whatever vestiges of the city had survived his former ravages, and from that starting-point he assaulted Chartres. Beneath the walls of that city he underwent a defeat at the hands of the Dukes Rudolf of Burgundy and Robert of Paris, which was attributed to the miraculous powers of the great local relic, the under-garment of the Virgin. But this victory, like most victories over the Northmen, had no lasting effect. Rolf was not dislodged from Rouen, nor was his career of devastation and conquest at all seriously checked. But, precisely as in the case of Guthrum in England, advantage was taken of his evident disposition to settle in the country to make an attempt to change him from a devastating enemy into a peaceable neighbor. The Peace of Clair-on-Epte was the duplicate of the Peace of Wedmore, and King Charles and Duke Robert of Paris most likely had the Peace of Wedmore before their eyes. A definite district was ceded to Rolf, for which he became the King's vassal ; he was admitted to baptism, and received the King's natural daughter in marriage. And, just as in the English case, the territory ceded was not part of the King's immediate dominions. No part of Wessex was ceded to Guthrum ; he was merely confirmed in the possession of the lands which he had

already conquered at the expense of the other English kingdom3. Ælfred, though he lost as a suzerain lord, gained as an immediate sovereign by the closer incorporation of a large part of Mercia with his own kingdom.

Charles also gained by the settlement of Rolf, though certainly not in the same direct way. His immediate territories were not increased, but they were at least not diminished; the grant to Rolf was made at the cost, not of the King of the Franks at Laôn, but of the Duke of the French at Paris. The great Neustrian Mark was not so utterly broken up as were the kingdoms of Northumberland, East Anglia, and Mercia; therefore the King had no opportunity of annexing any part of it, as Ælfred had of annexing southwestern Mercia. Still Charles was strengthened indirectly. Duke Robert had to submit to manifest destiny. He had lost Rouen, and his only way to keep Paris was to enter into friendly relations with the new Lord of Rouen. The Duke of the French was therefore the chief mover in the whole business; he was Rolf's god-father at his baptism, and gave him his own Christian name of Robert. The Duke thus made the most of his loss; but to the King the transaction was a distinct gain. He got two vassals instead of one, two vassals whose relations to one another were likely often to be dangerous, and between whom it might often be easy to play off one against the other. Events soon proved that the King had gained a far more faithful vassal in the new proselyte to Christianity and French culture than he already possessed in the turbulent and dangerous Lord of Paris. At a later time the relations between Laôn, Rouen, and Paris were altogether changed; but, as yet, the Northmen of the Seine were the firmest support of the Carolingian throne. During all the later warfare of the reign of Charles the Simple, Rolf clave steadily to the cause of the Lord whose man he had become. The Duke of Rouen had no object in opposing the King of Laôn, while, by supporting him, he might easily gain an increase of territory at the expense of his nearest neighbors.

The legendary details of Rolf's hounage to Charles are familiar to every one. It is a well-known tale how Rolf was called on to kiss the feet of his benefactor, how he refused

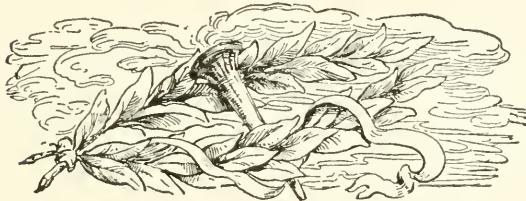
with an oath, how he bade one of his followers to perform the degrading ceremony in his stead, how the rude Northman did indeed kiss the King's foot, but only by lifting it to his own mouth to the imminent danger of the monarch's position on his throne. The tale may rest on a true tradition, or it may be a mere invention of Norman vanity ; in either case alike it sets forth the original spirit of the men who were to become the noblest representatives of the system within whose pale they were now entering. And one form of the tale possesses for us an interest of another kind. The famous refusal of Rolf thus to abase himself was made in a language which by Frankish hearers was looked upon as English.

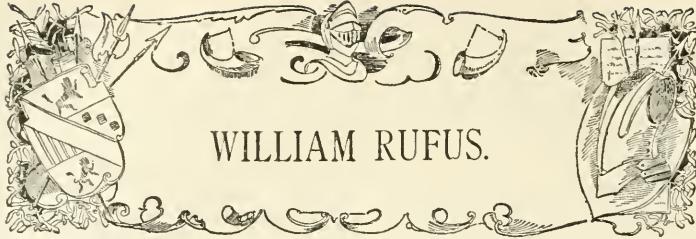
There can be no reasonable doubt that Rolf became, in the full sense of the word, the vassal of King Charles. The interested and extravagant Norman writers constantly assert an entire independence on the part of the Northmen of the Seine. The land was granted, but it was granted as a pure allodial possession ; the Duke of the Normans, though he did not bear the kingly title, nevertheless held, as a King, the monarchy of the Norman land. If anything, it was King Charles who swore fealty to Rolf rather than Rolf who swore fealty to King Charles. All this we may safely put aside, partly as the deliberate creation of Norman vanity, partly as the inflated rhetoric of an author who was writing as the mere laureate of the Norman Court. The historian's own tale of the homage, with its real or mythical incidents, is of itself enough to upset his constitutional theories. That Rolf did homage is plain enough, and, on Rolf's death, his successor in the Duchy repeated the homage.

Rolf became man to King Charles and King Charles became lord to Rolf : but the obligation, after all, amounted to little more than an obligation of mutual defence ; all internal sovereignty over the Norman land passed without reserve to the Prince of the Normans. In the hands of Charles the Great or of *Æthelstan* such a relation as this was a reality ; in the hands of *Æthelred* or of Charles the Simple it was a mere name. Yet Rolf did prove a really faithful vassal to King Charles. No doubt his interest happily coincided with his duty. Still we can well believe that in a new Christian and

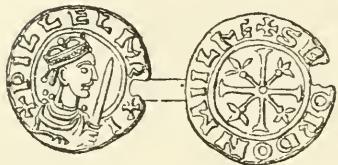
a new vassal, and a man evidently disposed honestly to do his duty in his new state of life, the sense of right and wrong, in this as in other respects, may well have been far stronger than in the Dukes of Paris or Burgundy, who had long been used to form and to break such engagements with equal ease.

Norman tradition sets Rolf before us as the mirror of princes, as the type of that class of ruler which that age most valued, the stern, speedy, impartial minister of justice. But we may judge of the reign of Rolf from its results. What Normandy became shows plainly enough that its first prince must have been a worthy forerunner of our own Cnut. Once settled in the land, he seems to have become as eager for its welfare as he had before been for its devastation. He must have promoted the general adoption, not only of the religion, but of the speech and manners of his neighbors. Otherwise Normandy could never have played the part which it did play even in the next reign, nor could his capital have become so thoroughly French as it was within a short time after his death.—E. A. FREEMAN.





WILLIAM RUFUS.



WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR bequeathed the Dukedom of Normandy to his eldest son, Robert, in accordance with the feudal law of France. England he left to his second son,

William, whilst to his son Henry, he bequeathed £5,000 in money.

William II., surnamed Rufus or Red, from his florid complexion, was born 1057 A.D. On the death of his father, he at once hurried to England to secure his succession; and, winning the support of Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, who had been his tutor, was in three weeks crowned by that prelate. On the 26th of September, 1087, a deep-laid plot to set Robert on the throne shook the newly-founded dominion of William II. In this movement, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, was the leading spirit. The English, conciliated by some temporary concessions, supported Rufus. Odo had seized Rochester Castle; but William, storming that stronghold, drove this rebellious prelate into exile. Robert and William soon came to terms, making an agreement that the survivor should hold the united dominions of Normandy and England. Prince Henry, finding himself completely ignored by this arrangement, took possession of the rock of St. Michael, where he was besieged by his brothers, now for the first time acting in concert. Henry was reduced to the last extremity by the scarcity of water. Robert, hearing of this, showed his goodness of heart by granting him permission to supply himself, and also sent to him some pipes of wine for his own table. William, who was made of sterner stuff, remonstrated, and he

took care that the besieged should obtain no further supply of water. Henry found himself compelled to surrender; and the future powerful King of England wandered about for some time accompanied only by a few faithful attendants.

No sooner did Rufus feel his throne to be secure from danger, than he commenced to make the English victims of his tyranny. He invaded the privileges of the church, and seized the temporalities of the vacant bishoprics and abbeys. At the death of Lanfranc he did not even fill up the Primacy of England, but took for himself the revenues of this well-endowed see. Turning northward he led his army against Malcolm, King of Scotland. A peace was concluded between them; but next year the Scottish monarch invaded Northumberland, Rufus having settled an English colony at Carlisle, which Malcolm considered to be a town within his jurisdiction. Scarcely, however, had Malcolm advanced as far as Alnwick when, in an ambuscade laid for him by Roger de Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland, who feigned to hand to him the keys of the castle on the point of a lance, he was slain. Some historians say he was pierced in the eye, from which fact came the present name of the Northumberland family, *Pierce-eye*, or *Percy*. With Malcolm also perished his eldest son, Edward. The Scottish King's consort, good Queen Margaret, died shortly after of grief.

Wales, too, was invaded by "the Red King," but with little success. He found that it would be productive of but little glory to contend with a large force against these bold mountaineers. After the loss of many men, the King made a speedy retreat. The Welsh, emboldened by this success, assaulted the Castle of Montgomery and put the garrison to the sword. William now left the attempt to reduce the country to the guerrilla warfare of the border barons. Hugh de Lacy was one of the strongest of these nobles. He managed, after several years of exertion, to recover Anglesey, and showed the utmost cruelty in dealing with his prisoners. After the amputation of their feet and hands, they were emasculated and blinded. Rufus at last had to content himself with the old plan of erecting a chain of forts round the mountain-land.

Robert of Mowbray, the strongest of the Norman barons, rebelled against William, and within Bamborough Castle defied the King's attack. Being decoyed from this stronghold, he was taken prisoner and led before the castle walls, where Matilda, his wife, still held out. She refused to yield until she saw the executioner preparing to tear out the eyes of her husband. To save him, she delivered up the keys, and for thirty years Robert Mowbray lingered in the dungeons of Windsor Castle.

The wicked and unscrupulous Rufus was at last seized with a malady which inspired him with thoughts of death and indescribable mental anguish. He was then induced to allow a shepherd to be appointed to the bereft church. But the choice was much against his will; Anselm, a pious, learned and modest monk, being appointed Archbishop of Canterbury. On recovering his health, William commenced again his system of church robbery. The chief instrument of his extortion was Ralph Flambard, a dissolute priest. The persecutions which Anselm endured from William and Ralph finally compelled the Archbishop to leave England. Just then came an offer from Robert to transfer the government of Normandy and Maine to the English King for five years, on receipt of 10,000 marks (about \$33,300), Robert having determined to go on a Crusade. To raise this money Rufus impoverished his people, compelling even the priests to bring to him their golden shrines and silver chalices. These marks, wrung from the helpless English, carried Duke Robert and his vassals to Palestine. In September, 1095, William crossed to Normandy, and for five years trampled that province under foot. He renewed an old quarrel with the King of France about the Vexin territory, ravaged Maine, laying waste the enemy's country in every way, rooting up vines, felling the fruit trees and levelling walls and buildings.

On August 2, 1100, Rufus being in England, rode into the New Forest to hunt, his attendants were dispersed, and at sunset he was found lying dead on the earth and pierced in the breast with an arrow. The common story fastens the guilt on Sir Walter Tyrrell, a French knight; but that nobleman declared to Suger, the celebrated Abbot of St. Denis,

and offered to confirm it on oath, that he had not even entered the forest on that day. The King's body was conveyed in a cart to Winchester, and buried in the Cathedral; but no religious service was held over the remains. Rufus had built a wall around the Tower of London, a bridge over the Thames, and erected Westminster Hall, a vast room, whose roof was supported by columns, upon the site of the present noble structure.

William Rufus died, hated by all, regretted by none. Shameless rapacity, incontinency and debauchery marked his whole career. He is described by chroniclers of his day as the most disgusting mixture of folly and licentiousness. Effeminacy, drunkenness, dissoluteness and unnatural crimes were the distinguishing characteristics of his court.

DEATH OF THE RED KING.

In July, A.D. 1100, all England teemed with anticipations of evil menacing the Red King. Omens doomed him. Whenever people assembled, whether they gathered in the church-porch or lingered in the church-yard, or met in the market-place, the tyrant's speedy death was the matter about which every one talked. The rumors increased the contagious excitement. The feeling worked upon men's minds incessantly; they could not drive away the haunting presentiments of impending judgment. To a monk at Gloucester there appeared a dread and solemn phantasm, pictured from the prevailing symbolism, such as might be seen figured in a deep and gloomy crypt, the stern mosaics gleaming in the concave apse, and rising above the heaps of skulls and bones filling the charnel caverns; the vision indicated that the King would meet with immediate death—a shaft directed by unerring vengeance, such as had befallen Julian the Apostate, the punishment of his iniquities. The impression was so marked and singular that old Serlo, the Abbot, immediately determined to communicate all the circumstances to Rufus, whether believing the portent, or deeming that he was bound to seize a good and favorable opportunity of addressing a word of advice to the King, remonstrating against his intolerable and disgusting licentiousness and debauchery.

Whatever dread Rufus inspired, it now became impossible to silence the voices of grief, remonstrance and supplication. On the 1st day of August, St. Peter ad Vincula, the Gule of August, Fulchard, Abbot of Shrewsbury, being at Gloucester, was invited to preach on the festival of the convent's patron saint. Bitterly did the preacher deplore the miseries, temporal and spiritual, of England, and yet with hope that in some way there would be a deliverance from the pressing calamities.

While such were the popular sentiments, Rufus—to whom they were thoroughly known—acted as if he were intoxicated with joy and prosperity, most busily making ready for war against his brother: overflowing with life and vigor, he pursued his pleasures with equal pertinacity, and whilst the vessels were fitting out on the coast, he enjoyed himself in the cool shades of the Jetten-Wald or New Forest; and when Fulchard, Abbot of Shrewsbury, was preaching at Gloucester, and England pervaded with expectant terror, Rufus assembled a large and jovial party in the leafy lodge of the Lindwood, the Dragon's Wood, the most pleasant of his bowers. His brother Henry, William de Breteuil, Gilbert de Aquila, Gilbert Fitz-Richard, Robert Fitz-Hamo, Ralph de Aix, and Walter Tyrrell, together with a vast meisney of the court-followers, prickers, verdurers, ribalds. Rufus never moved unless encircled by the vilest ruffianage.

Rufus was exuberant in his conversation—boisterous; he addressed his conversation to Tyrrell in particular, roughly and merrily, insult mingled with whim and familiarity. The Chastellain of Poix was excited up to the same tone, and flouted Rufus in return. He joked to tease the King, mocked him, telling him that whilst all was open and the way clear, Breton and Angevine at his command, he did nothing, in spite of all his great words and talk. Rufus became more coarse and rude, and, unmindful of any national pride which Tyrrell might feel, boasted how he would lead his army beyond the Alps, and hold his court at Poictiers next Christmas. Tyrrell laughed at such a vaunt. "To the Alps and back again within so short a time? But if ever they submit to the English," continued Tyrrell, "an evil death may

Frenchmen and Burgundian die!" The dialogue began in jest, but ended in anger. The ranting words thus passing were marked, repeated, perhaps exaggerated. It should seem that few, if any of the party, could be said to have been in a state of sobriety.

Night closed in, the darkness brought a sudden sadness upon the King's heart: when alone, how troubled, how unhappy was Rufus! In the still of the night, the last night season in which he laid himself down to sleep, but not in peace, the attendants were startled by the King's voice—a bitter cry—a cry for help—a cry for deliverance. He had been suddenly awakened by a dreadful dream, as of exquisite anguish befalling him in the ruined church at the foot of the Malwood rampart. No more would he be left alone; the extinguished lamps were lighted in the chamber, where Rufus impatiently awaited the early morn.

Dawn broke on Thursday, the 2d of August, the morrow of St. Peter ad Vincula; Robert Fitz-Hamo entered, hastily, anxious, bearing tidings of another warning given through the dream of a holy monk beyond the sea, speaking clearly of great and threatening danger; he therefore earnestly supplicated the King not to hunt for that one day. Rufus burst out into a horse-laugh, "He is a monk; monks dream for money: money let him have, an hundred shillings, his fitting guerdon." Rufus showed no signs of fear; yet a secret misgiving, unconfessed even to himself, weighed upon his soul. Many of the party agreed with Fitz-Hamo, and thought caution might be advisable. Rufus lingered and paused. It was their custom to hunt in the morning-tide, but Rufus postponed the sport till the afternoon, and the mid-day banquet was served before him. He indulged even more than usual in food and wine; the debauch was prolonged till the decline of day, when Rufus rose, reeking from the table, and surrounded by his joyous companions, prepared to start. An armorer presented the King with six newly-headed shafts for the deadly arbalest (or cross-bow). Rufus took them, tried them, and selecting the two keenest, gave them (as the confused report afterwards prevailed) to Tyrrell, telling the Chastellain of Poix that it was he who deserved the arrow—

let that Bowman bear the prize who can best deal the mortal wound: and others also recounted that he afterwards cried out to Tyrrell, “*Shoot, Devil;*” or, “*Shoot in the Devil’s name.*”

Still more delay. Rufus continued in vehement and idle talk; the evening was coming on, when Serlo’s messenger appeared. More cause of laughter for Rufus, mixed with a nettled feeling of impatient anger. “It is strange,” said he, “that my Lord Serlo, the wise and discreet, should tease me, tired and harassed as I am with business, by transmitting to me such stories and silly dreams. Does he think I am an Englishman, who will put off a journey for an old wife’s fancy, a token, or a sign?” He rose hastily; the saddled steed was brought.

Rufus, placing his foot in the great stirrup, vaulted on his courser; the hunters now dispersed, Henry in one direction, William de Breteuil in another, Rufus in a third, dashing on towards the depths of the forest, through the chequered gleams of transparent green, the lengthened lines of cheerful shade, the huge stems shining in the golden light of the setting sun.

No man ever owned that he had spoken afterwards to Rufus. No man owned to having again heard the voice of Rufus, except in the inarticulate agonies of death. Separated unaccountably from his suite and companions, Robert Fitz-Hamo and Gilbert de Aquila found him expiring, stretched on the ground within the walls of the ruined church just below the Malwood Castle, transpierced by the shaft of a Norman arbalest, the blood gurgling in his throat.

It is said they tried to pray with him, but in vain. Forthwith ensued a general dispersion. Hunters and huntsmen, earl and churl, scattering in every direction. It seemed as if the intelligence sounded out of the ground throughout the forest. At the same time a spontaneous outcry arose—no one can tell how it began—that Walter Tyrrell had slain the King. All the ruffian soldiery, the ribalds, the villainous and polluted court-retainers who surrounded Rufus, vowing vengeance against the traitor, began a hot pursuit; but while they were chafing and scurrying after Tyrrell, many would

have protected him, either believing in his innocence or rejoicing in the deed. Tyrrell fled as for his life, and crossing the river, at the ford which bears his name, he baffled his pursuers. A yearly rent, payable into the Exchequer by the lord of the manor through which the water flows, is traditionally supposed to have been the fine imposed for the negligence in permitting the escape of the accused murderer. Be this as it may, Tyrrell received no further impediment, and passing over into France he settled in his Seigneurie of Poix, where he lived long, honored and respected; but though holding lands in Essex, and connected by marriage with the Giffords, he never returned again to England. Suger, the Abbot of St. Denis, the historian of France, the prime minister of Louis le Gros, was intimately acquainted with him. Often and often did Tyrrell declare in Suger's presence, when there was no more room either for hope or fear, and as he looked for salvation, that on the day of the King's death he never approached the part of the forest in which Rufus hunted, or had seen him after he entered therein.

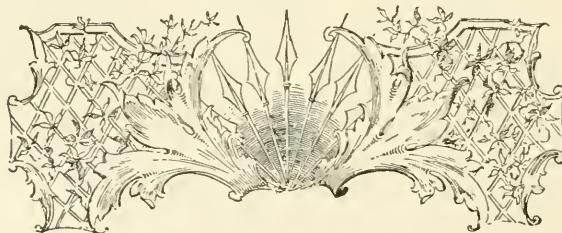
In the course of that same day, Friday, the 3d of August, the feast of the Invention of Saint Stephen, towards evening, a country cart, followed by a few churls, and dragged by one sorry horse, drove into the close of Saint Swithin's Minster at Winchester; the vehicle contained the defiled corpse of ghastly Rufus, bloody, covered with filth and mire, hideous as the carcass of a wild boar. Gilbert de Aquila, Robert Fitz-Hamo, all had abandoned the dead man, and there the corpse was left lying, exposed like worthless carrion, saved from crow and dog and vermin only by the piety of a neighboring charcoal-burner, Purkis, who took compassion on the body, and conveyed the remains from the solitude where the mortal wound was received.

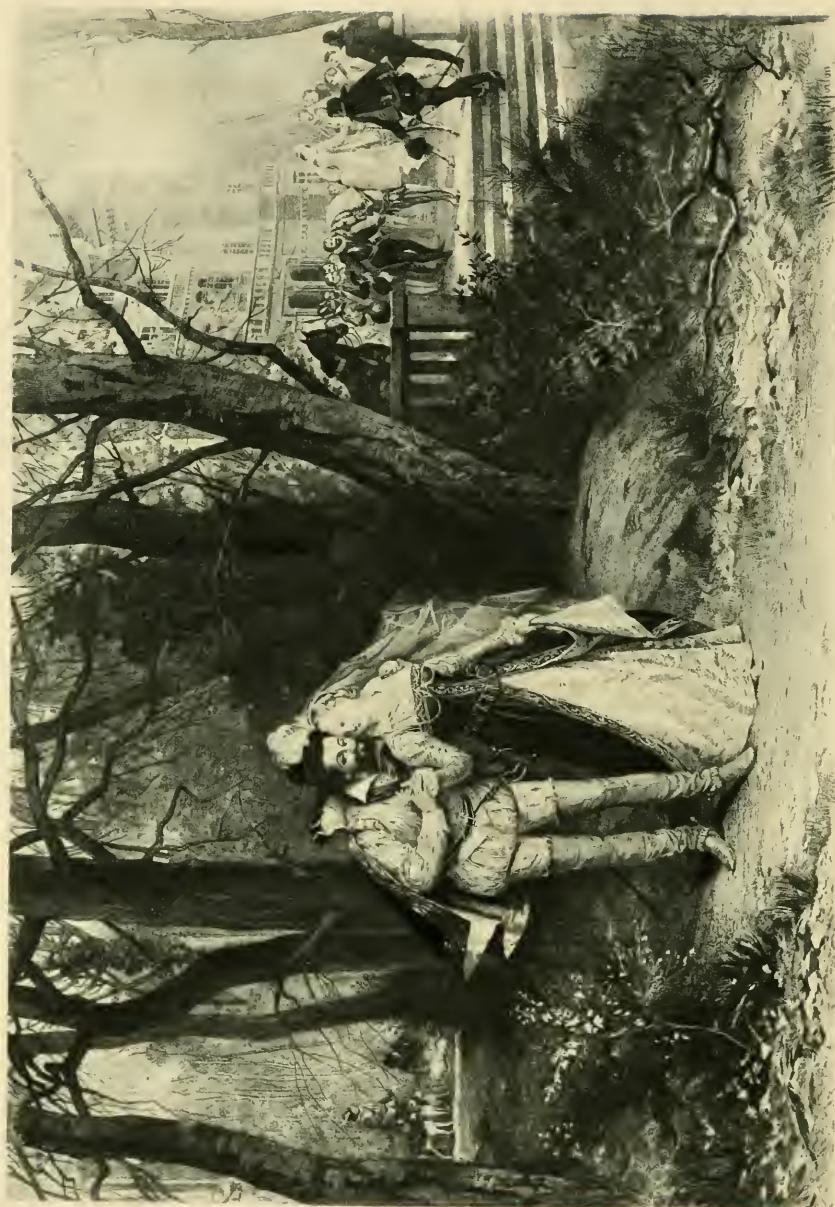
Great was the doubt whether Rufus could be buried in consecrated ground. No formal sentence of excommunication had been pronounced against him; but his wickedness was so notorious, his vices so detestable, that by universal consent, Rufus was felt and acknowledged to be unworthy of Christian sepulture. Respect for royal authority so far prevailed, that a grave was dug for him in the Cathedral Choir,

and his bones are deposited in the same sacred structure with those of Ina and the other West-Saxon kings; but no obsequies were celebrated, no bells tolled, no alms given, no prayers offered for the repose of his soul; all men thought that prayers were hopeless. No emblem of faith, no symbol of holiness, no cross, no monogram, no Scripture text, no verse, no versicle, no ejaculation, not even a name or the initial of a name is engraved upon that silent tomb beneath which he lies. We are not told that Purkis received any reward or thanks for his care. His family still subsists in the neighborhood, nor have they risen above their original station, poor craftsmen or cottagers. They followed the calling of coal-burners until a recent period, and they tell us that the wheel of the cart which conveyed the neglected corpse was shown by them until the last century.

Not long after the interment of Rufus, a terrible crash spread dismay throughout Winchester. The great, ponderous, cathedral tower, lately raised by Walkeline, fell down, and the common people immediately and universally accepted this event as a sign that the holy ground was indignant at becoming the depository of the late King's defiled corpse. Very many reports continued to be spread concerning the cause of his death, all bespeaking the general sentiment, disgust, loathing, horror. No one affected pity, or feigned a hope that Rufus had been moved to contrition, or had obtained mercy.

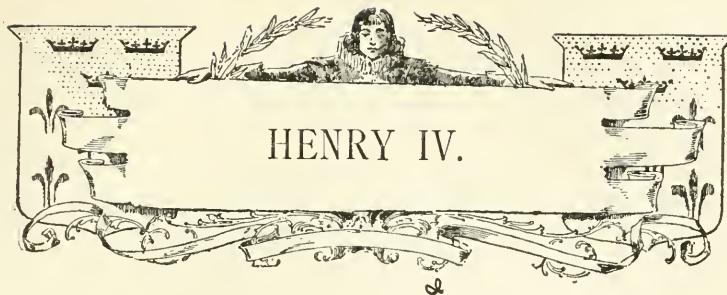
—SIR F. PALGRAVE.





A. MORLON, P.R.W.

HENRY IV AND LA BELLE FOISSEUSE.



HENRY IV., also called Henry of Navarre, was the most popular of all the kings of France. He was the founder of the royal house of Bourbon, and is still regarded by the French people as the beau-ideal of a monarch, a heroic warrior and a gallant Frenchman. He was born at Pau, December 14, 1553,

and was a son of Antoine de Bourbon, Duke of Vendôme, who was a lineal descendant of Louis IX. His mother was Jeanne d'Albret, only child and heiress of Henri d'Albret, King of Navarre. This lady, who was a niece of King Francis I., was a person of superior merit, and was sincerely devoted to the Reformed faith in which she educated her son. In his youth he was styled Prince of Béarn and Henri de Bourbon. When he was about nine years of age he began to attend lectures in the College of Navarre in Paris; but he never gave much time to the study of books. Much of his youth was spent in Béarn, where he learned to live a frugal and active life, to endure fatigue and privation, to be expert in riding and fencing, and to climb the rocky hills barefoot in pursuit of the chamois and the bear. From his wonderful physical activity and power of endurance he has been fitly described as "movement incarnate."

The long civil war between the Catholics and adherents of the Reformed faith or Huguenots began in France in 1562. At the age of sixteen Prince Henry joined the Protestant army, which was commanded by Admiral Coligni, and he was

present at the battle of Moncontour. The war was suspended by a treaty of peace in August, 1570, and in order to inspire the Huguenots with confidence, a marriage was negotiated in 1571 between Henry and Margaret of Valois, who was a sister of the King and a daughter of Catherine de' Medici—a person of little merit and loose morality. Before the marriage ceremony was performed Henry's mother died in 1572, and he became King of Navarre. He was married in Paris August 18, 1572, and nearly all the great nobles of France were gathered in the city to witness the ceremony. On the 24th of August, St. Bartholomew's Day, the violent partisans of the Duke of Guise, with the consent of the weak boy-king Charles IX. and his crafty mother, began a general massacre of the Huguenots, which continued three days. Six hundred of the most prominent Huguenot nobles perished in this massacre.

The life of Henry of Navarre was spared on condition that he would renounce the Reformed religion. He now found himself in a difficult and dangerous position, confined at the French Court, corrupt, profligate, bigoted and blood-thirsty. Nearly all his Huguenot servants had been removed except Agrippa d'Aubigné, the historian. King Henry III. having issued, in 1576, an edict of pacification favorable to the Huguenots, the extreme partisans of the Romish Church formed a *Holy League*, in opposition to the Reformation of Luther and Calvin. Henry of Navarre escaped from Paris in February, 1576, was re-admitted to the Calvinist communion, and entered Rochelle, the Huguenot stronghold. His general views of religion are shown in a letter written about this time, in which he says: "Those who honestly follow their conscience are of my religion, and mine is that of all brave and good men." From Rochelle he traveled to his hereditary dominions in the south of France.

In September, 1577, a treaty of peace was concluded between Henry III. and the Huguenots. But the restless, unscrupulous Catherine de' Medici soon visited the Court of Navarre and remained eighteen months with her daughter and son-in-law, busy with intrigues and insidious designs. She promised to the Huguenots of France a redress of their

grievances without caring to fulfill her word. The failure gave Henry a pretext to resume hostilities on a small scale in 1580. This was called the "Lovers' War." Henry displayed great bravery in a successful attack on Cahors, which was defended by a garrison of fifteen hundred men. The conflict, after he had entered the walls, continued for five days and nights, amidst an indescribable scene of uproar and confusion.

Henry's life was considerably influenced by the Countess of Grammont, whom he loved more than his wife and wished to marry. She stimulated his ambition and shared his counsels. While the reputation of Henry III. was sinking, the King of Navarre, the first prince of the blood, was rising in public estimation. He was well suited to shine in guerrilla warfare. Henry III., when his brother was dying, in 1584, invited the King of Navarre, for whom he always showed esteem and affection, to come to court to take his place as heir-apparent—after first hearing a Mass. Henry of Navarre did not accept the invitation. Yet the fact that the legitimate heir to the throne was regarded as a heretic made the renewal of the civil war inevitable.

Henry III. adhered to the strict rule of descent, and after the death of his brother publicly recognized Henry of Navarre as his successor. This fact caused a revival of the Catholic League, under the direction of the Duke of Guise and the Duke of Mayenne, who, in 1585, defied the King and recognized Cardinal Bourbou as heir to the throne. When the civil war was thus renewed the activity of Henry was prodigious. In October, 1587, he gained a decisive victory at Coutras, where the Catholic army lost four hundred gentlemen and two thousand soldiers killed, while Henry lost about forty men. The assassination of the Duke of Guise, in 1588, at the instigation of King Henry III., removed the most active promoter of the war. Soon after this event a truce was concluded for a year, during which the King of Navarre engaged to employ his forces "only by consent or command of His Majesty." Henry III. and Henry of Navarre, being reconciled, united their arms against the Duke of Mayenne, the new chief of the League, who was aided with money by Philip II. of Spain.

When Henry III. was killed by the assassin Clement, August 2, 1589, the claim of Henry IV. to the throne was disputed by the Duke of Mayenne and the League, who had a large army and had possession of Paris. Fortunately for Henry his enemies could not unite on any strong or popular competitor; but they proclaimed Cardinal Bourbon, uncle of Henry IV., who was old and imbecile, as king. The civil war and violence of faction reduced France to a state of extreme poverty and misery, and the body politic seemed on the verge of dissolution.

Baffled in his attempt to obtain possession of Paris, Henry marched with about 10,000 men into Normandy, in August, 1589. The citizens of Dieppe, a fortified seaport, received him with enthusiastic loyalty. In September, Mayenne, with an army of 33,000 men, approached that town, but his attack on Henry's entrenched camp at Arques was repulsed on September 21st, and on the 29th Henry was reinforced by 5,000 men sent by his ally, Queen Elizabeth of England. Mayenne then broke up his camp and retreated, and Henry advanced upon Paris with an army of 20,000 men. Mayenne declined to fight a pitched battle, and retired within Paris in November, 1589. Later, Mayenne, who had about 16,000 men, resolved to offer battle, and on March 14, 1590, the armies met at Ivry. Henry, who had only 10,000 men, addressed them briefly: "Fellow-soldiers, you are Frenchmen; there is the enemy. If your standards fall or disappear, rally round my white plume; you will always find it on the high road of honor!" He plunged into the enemy's ranks several yards ahead of his followers, and gained a complete victory. Many of the rebels were drowned in the River Eure, and the army of Mayenne was nearly annihilated.

Henry next besieged Paris for several weeks, but was forced to raise the siege by Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma, who, in August, 1590, approached Paris with a large army of Spanish veterans. Henry offered battle; but Farnese, who held a strong and fortified position, declined to fight, and soon returned to the Low Countries. In the first part of 1591 the Duke of Parma again entered France with a Spanish army. Between April 28th and May 9th several encounters

took place near Ivetot, in which Henry had the advantage. Farneſe was finally driven out of France.

At last, to restore peace and preserve the integrity of France, Henry, in July, 1593, consented to profess the Catholic religion, as being that which the majority of his subjects preferred. At the same time he assured the Protestants of his favor and protection. Some bishops wished him to sign a detailed confession of faith; but he refused. Many of the rebellious Catholics refused to submit to the King after his conversion, and Mayenne retained power in Paris until March, 1594, when he retreated from his untenable position, leaving in the city a large Spanish garrison. Henry entered Paris in March, 1594, with the aid of the Governor, whom he had bribed. He at once granted a general pardon, and both city and country resumed prosperity. Yet religious rancor was not entirely dislodged. In November, 1594, Chastel, a Jesuit, attempted to assassinate the King, but failed. The Jesuits were in consequence banished from the kingdom.

Henry declared war against Philip II. of Spain, in January, 1595, and in May, 1596, Queen Elizabeth formed an offensive and defensive alliance with France against Spain. The Duke of Mayenne submitted to the King in 1596. After several sieges and indecisive battles, the war was ended by the treaty of Vervins, May 2, 1598.

In fulfillment of his pledge to the Huguenots Henry, in April, 1598, issued the celebrated Edict of Nantes, which secured toleration to the adherents of the Reformed religion, and placed them on a footing of civil equality with the Catholics. This Edict affirmed that Protestants should enjoy the benefits of all colleges, schools and hospitals, and should be capable of holding all offices in all places. Yet it placed many restrictions on the exercise of their religion and the building of their churches.

Henry, who had many of the qualities of a wise statesman, afterward directed his attention to finances, agriculture and manufactures. In his reforms his chief assistant was the Duke of Sully, a statesman of great ability, who became Minister of Finance in 1597. Sully had an exceptional talent for administration and organization, and an instinctive aversion to dis-

order and extravagance. By order and economy he greatly ameliorated the financial condition of France. The prosperity of the country was increased by making roads and canals and improving the navigation of rivers.

Henry was notorious for his gallantry and had numerous amours. He wished to marry his mistress, Gabrielle d'Estrées; but she died suddenly in 1599. César, her son, was the founder of the house of Vendôme. At an earlier period Francoise, daughter of Pierre de Montmorency, Baron of Fosseux, swayed the king's affections. From her charms she was known as "La belle Fosseuse." Her family's influence separated her from the amorous king, and being married to François de Broc, seigneur of St. Marc, she withdrew from the court. Having obtained a divorce from his wife, Henry married, in 1600, Marie de Medici, a Florentine princess, little better suited to his disposition than her predecessor. She was ambitious, jealous, alternately passionate and sullenly obstinate. Her violent temper and obstinacy caused frequent dissensions between her and the King.

The last half of Henry's reign was peaceful and prosperous. He had collected in May, 1610, an army of thirty-five thousand men, intending to march into Germany to the aid of his German allies. While riding in a carriage May 14, 1610, he was assassinated by Ravaillac, a fanatical Catholic. He was succeeded by his son, Louis XIII., and left several other children. Of all the kings who have reigned in France, Henry IV. still retains the first place in the memory and affections of the French people. His great popularity was merited by his genial temper, heroic courage, unfeigned humanity, and the frank simplicity of his manners. Even his acknowledged faults have tended to endear him to the common people. His letters are marked with charming style and attest his ready wit and general benevolence.

THE WAR OF THE LEAGUE.

In 1585 that terrible confederation known as the League began to assume a dangerous form. It arose out of an association of princes, prelates and gentlemen of Picardy, who met at Peronne, to avoid obeying the edict given in the year 1576 in favor of the Protestants. The manifesto then drawn up

served as a model to all the other provinces, as well as to the States of Blois, which were summoned about the end of that year. The professed object of the League was at first simply the maintenance of the Catholic as the sole religion of the realm ; but at length it embraced the settlement of the succession to the Crown, to which Guise aspired, and to secure which for him at length became the confirmed purpose of this faction. Jealousy and fear fluctuated the King between the two parties : now he was on the side of Navarre ; now, intimidated by the threats of the Leaguers, he deserted his ally, and ordered the very troops he had sent to his assistance to act against him.

And so, year after year, this fratricidal war went on. Fire and sword ravaged every town and village ; every plain was a battle-field, every wood an ambuscade ; the high roads were choked up with thorns and brambles for want of traffic, and the whole land became one huge Golgotha. Never did man display more skill, more genius in the art of war, more unwearied patience, more iron resolution, more dauntless courage, and yet more merciful moderation, than did the brave King of Navarre. His army was inconsiderable, and composed of the most incongruous materials—Germans, English, Huguenots, Catholics ; it required the most extraordinary address to reconcile the feuds and jealousies of these discordant elements and make them act together. The name of his enemies was legion ; noble, *bourgeois* and peasant—the hand of every man was against him. But there was a boundless elasticity in his nature that no difficulties or reverses could crush or even depress ; he was a true soldier of fortune. In the battle his white plume was ever waving in the thickest of the fight ; seldom ever a *denier* in his pocket or a change of linen to his back ; black bread and water his frequent diet, the earth his bed, the sky his canopy. But when fortune guided his steps to some friendly *château*, none drank and feasted, jested, and made love more freely than he.

Such a life does not tend to beautify the person ; and nature had not been bountiful in charms to the gallant Henry. At thirty-three his complexion was tanned almost black ; his hair and beard were grizzled ; while a nose of inordinate

length almost covered his mouth ; nevertheless, no king had been more famous for his amours, even in those days, when his poverty and the hopelessness of his cause were sufficient guarantees of the ladies' disinterestedness. One of his earliest and most devoted loves was the Comtesse de Guiche, better known as "*la belle Corisande*," who raised for him a force of twenty-four thousand Gascons at her own expense, mortgaging *châteaux*, lands, and all she possessed, to supply his needs.

But most famous of all his inamoratas was Gabrielle d'Estrées, afterwards Duchesse de Beaufort, whom her lover has immortalized in the song commencing "Charmante Gabrielle." One evening, after a skirmish in the neighborhood, he took up his lodgings for the night at Cœuvres, her father's *château* in Picardy. Struck by her charming manners and exquisite beauty, he became deeply enamored ; and, as she listened to the stories of daring courage and wild adventure he related at the family board, something of a reciprocal feeling entered her heart. Many and romantic were the dangers he encountered to gain even a sight of the lady. Once, while in pursuit of the Prince of Parma, he stole away from Attichy to see her ; "contenting himself," says Matthieu, "with eating some bread and butter at the gate, that he might not raise any suspicion in her father. Afterwards, mounting his horse, he said he was going towards the enemy, and that the fair one should soon hear what he had performed through his passion for her." At another time he disguised himself as a wood-carrier, and passed through the enemy's lines, at the great risk of being discovered and taken prisoner, to procure an interview with her. It was no passing infatuation, but a passion that, far from cooling through lapse of years, continued to strengthen until it was dissolved by death.

In 1587 he gained a considerable victory over the King's troops at Coutras. "There is no need of a long speech," he said, addressing his cousins Condé and De Soissons, before the battle. "Remember you are all Bourbons, and, God willing, I will show you I am your eldest brother." So daring was he on that day that some of his friends threw themselves before him. "Give me room!" he cried ; "you stifle me." When the Duc de Joyeuse fell, and the enemy began to waver, he

checked the fury of the soldiers. "Victory is certain!" he exclaimed; "but they are brave—they are all *Frenchmen*—show them all mercy." The corpses of Joyeuse and his brother were drawn from beneath a heap of slain, and laid upon a table in the hall of the castle of Coutras. Some of the young Huguenots passed scurrilous jests upon the bodies. Henry sternly reproved them. "This is a moment of tears even for the vanquished!" he cried. His letter to King Henry is highly characteristic. "Sire, my lord and brother," it ran: "thank God, I have beaten your enemies and your army." The royalists numbered ten thousand, and five thousand were left upon the field. The Protestants had but five thousand, and lost scarcely a hundred.

A few months later, the good citizens of Paris, disgusted at the inclination he manifested towards the Huguenots, and at the entrance of six thousand Swiss into the city to intimidate the Leaguers, rose against their king, and threw up barricades in the streets, even to within fifty paces of the Louvre. The revolt assumed so dangerous an appearance that he fled to Chartres, and thence to Blois. Upon hearing of this, Henry of Navarre sent a messenger to him, placing himself and his troops entirely at his disposal. But ere an answer to these offers could be received, came the news of the terrible deed which embittered the Catholics more than ever against the king. This was the assassination of the Duc and Cardinal de Guise, by the order and in the apartments of the king, at his palace at Blois, where he was then holding the States. The bodies were afterwards burned in a hall of the castle, and the ashes thrown into the air. Of course Henry III. was excommunicated by the Pope; while nearly every provincial town, following the example of the capital, closed her gates against him. He at once made common cause with Navarre, and the two kings laid siege to Paris. But the doom of one was already sealed. On the night of the 2d of August, 1589, Jacques Clément, a fanatical monk, obtained admission into the King of France's chamber, under pretence of delivering a letter, and stabbed him with a poisoned knife.

The death of the king had no effect upon the siege operations. Never did Henry of Navarre's clemency shine more con-

spiciously than at this time, while investing the city wherein had been performed the tragedy of Saint Bartholomew, and wherein every man execrated his name as a heretic, and would willingly have armed himself with a dagger against his life.

“The King,” writes Sully, “naturally compassionate, was moved by the distress of the Parisians; he could not endure the thought of seeing this city, the empire which was destined him by Providence, become one vast churchyard. He secretly permitted everything that could contribute to its relief, and affected not to observe the supplies of provisions which the officers and soldiers suffered to enter the city, either out of compassion to their relations and friends who were in it or with a design to make the citizens purchase them at a high price. Without doubt, he imagined this conduct would gain him the hearts of the Parisians; but he was deceived: they enjoyed his benefits without ceasing to look upon him as the author of their miseries, and, elated with the Prince of Parma’s arrival, they insulted him, who only raised the siege because he was too much affected with the miseries of the besieged.”

Although he might have taken the city by storm, he would not do so, as he knew the Protestant soldiers were bent upon retaliation for Saint Bartholomew.

“The Duc de Neimours,” says Péréfixe, “sent all useless mouths out of Paris. The King’s Council opposed his granting them a passage; but the King, being informed of the dreadful scarcity to which these miserable wretches were reduced, ordered that they should be allowed to pass. ‘I am not surprised,’ said he, ‘that the Spaniards and the chiefs of the League have no compassion upon these poor people: they are only tyrants; as for me, I am their father and their king, and cannot bear the recital of their calamities without being pierced to my inmost soul, and ardently desiring to bring them relief.’ ”

After the city had gone through unnamable horrors, thirty thousand people having died of famine, the siege was raised.

Three years of sieges, battles, victories and defeats, and then, in 1583, Henry abjured the Protestant faith. Sully, who, although a conscientious Calvinist, was a better patriot, claims the credit of bringing about this sacrifice to necessity,

and fully sets forth his reasons. France would not have a Huguenot king; and if Henry relinquished his rights, the Leaguers would become masters of the nation, and these, in their turn, would most probably be overridden by the Spaniards, their allies. What, then, would be the fate of the Protestants? Extermination. Added to such considerations as these was the terrible condition of the war-desolated land. No scruples could justify a Christian monarch in refusing to avert so many evils.

“I explained,” he tells us, “all my thoughts on this subject to the King, and added that the foundation of all religions which believe in Jesus Christ being essentially the same—that is, faith in the same mysteries, and the same notions of the divinity—it seemed to me that one who from a Catholic became a Protestant, or from a Protestant became a Catholic, did not change his religion, but followed, for the interest of religion itself, that which policy suggested as the most proper means to compose differences. . . . That the difference of religions had long produced the most tragical effects in France, and was a perpetual source of disorders and calamities, by the aversion with which it inspired people against those of a contrary faith to their own, which was equally the case with the Protestants as well as the Catholics. I told the King that he might cure this dangerous evil by uniting those who professed these different religions in the bands of Christian charity and love.”

All the most zealous and talented churchmen now surrounded the monarch, and by means of discourses and controversies with the Huguenot clergy sought to convince him of the errors of his faith.

“It is not surprising,” continues Sully, “that Henry, who never heard any arguments about religion but in these conferences and continual controversies, should suffer himself to be drawn on that side which they took care to make always victorious.”

And so Henry was received into the bosom of the mother Church, acknowledged the power and supremacy of the Pope, and all the tenets of the Romish faith. “After which,” adds Sully, “the satisfaction was general.”

CHARMING GABRIELLE.

My charming Gabrielle !
 My heart is pierced with woe,
 When glory sounds her knell.
 And forth to war I go.
 Parting, perchance our last !
 Day, marked unblest to prove !
 Oh, that my life were past,
 Or else my hapless love !

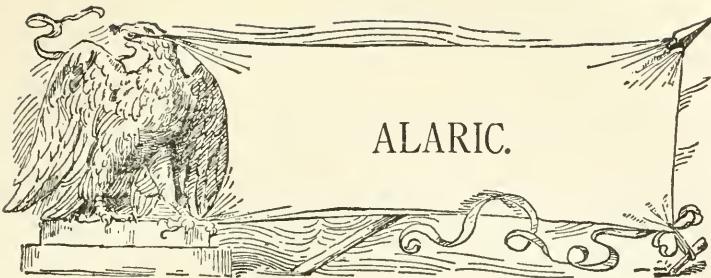
Bright star, whose light I lose,—
 O fatal memory !
 My grief each thought renews !—
 We meet again, or die ! Parting, etc.

Oh, share and bless the crown
 By valor given to me !
 War made the prize my own,
 My love awards it thee ! Parting, etc.

Let all my trumpets swell,
 And every echo round
 The words of my farewell
 Repeat with mournful sound ! Parting, etc.
 —HENRY IV.—*Translated by L. S. Costello.*



GABRIELLE D' ESTRÉES.



LARIC, King of the Visigoths, was the first barbarian chief that captured and sacked Imperial Rome. He was descended from the noble family of the Balti, and his name signifies All-rich or All-powerful. He first appears in history in 394 A.D., as a commander in the army of subjugated Goths whom the Emperor Theodosius employed in a war against Eugenius. In this service he acquired a knowledge of the art of war, as practiced by the Romans.

On the death of Theodosius in 395, the Goths revolted against his unwarlike sons and chose Alaric for their leader. He had solicited the command of the Roman armies, which the imperial court refused to give him. According to Gibbon, he had devoutly embraced the Christian faith. The same historian declares: "Alaric disdained to trample any longer on the prostrate and ruined countries of Thrace and Dacia, and he resolved to seek a plentiful harvest of fame and riches in a province which had hitherto escaped the ravages of war." In 396 A.D., he traversed without resistance the plains of Macedonia and Thessaly, and invaded Greece. The troops which had been posted to defend the narrow pass of Thermopylae, having no Leonidas in command, retreated without an effort to prevent the easy and rapid passage of the Goths. The fields of Boeotia were quickly devastated by

the barbarians, who massacred all the males of an age to bear arms.

Alaric marched against Athens, and prevented the delay of a siege by the offer of a capitulation. The peace-loving Athenians were persuaded to deliver the greatest part of their wealth as the ransom of their city. Alaric did not destroy the buildings and works of art; but the whole territory of Attica was blasted by his baleful presence. Onward rolled the wave of barbarian invasion into the Peloponnesus. Corinth, Argos and Sparta surrendered without resistance to the Goths, who treated the inhabitants without mercy. From Thermopylæ to Sparta the leader of the Goths pursued his victorious march without encountering any martial antagonists.

In 397 Stilicho brought a Roman army from Italy to the Gulf of Corinth. He took the field against the invaders, and after a long and doubtful struggle enclosed them on Mount Pholoe in Arcadia. The skill of Stilicho had so far prevailed; but his folly let them escape. Secure of his prey, he went to amuse himself with the public games still celebrated at Olympia. While he was away Alaric withdrew and escaped to Epirus. Here he negotiated a treaty with Arcadius, the Emperor of the East, who ordered the Roman Stilicho to retire from his dominions, but took Alaric into his service and appointed him master-general of Eastern Illyricum in 398. The Roman provincials and the allies were justly indignant that the ruin of Greece and Epirus should be so liberally rewarded.

In 398 A.D., Alaric was elected King of the Visigoths, and according to their custom was lifted upon a shield in the presence of the army. He now aspired to plant the Gothic standard on the walls of Rome, and "to enrich his army with the accumulated spoils of three hundred triumphs." Invading Italy about 402 A.D., he took Milan, in which Honorius held his court, and laid siege to Asta, in which that emperor took refuge. Stilicho, having raised an army, came and attacked the Goths at Pollentia, while they were celebrating the festival of Easter in March, 403 A.D. The Romans gained a great victory and captured the camp and wife of Alaric. After the total defeat of his infantry the barbarian

king retreated with his cavalry. The war was suspended by a treaty which the Goths made (against the will of Alaric) with the Empire of the West.

Alaric then resolved to occupy Verona and to invade Gaul; but he was again defeated by Stilicho near Verona. The loss of the Goths in this action was as heavy as that which they suffered at Pollentia. Alaric escaped by the swiftness of his horse, and was not pursued. The people arraigned the policy of Stilicho, "who so often vanquished, so often surrounded, and so often dismissed the implacable enemy of the republic." Again in 405 Alaric obtained from the invincible Stilicho, on behalf of Honorius, a treaty of peace and alliance by which he was appointed master-general of the Roman armies throughout the prefecture of Illyricum.

The death of Stilicho, in 408 A.D., having removed his only formidable adversary, Alaric crossed the Alps, invaded Italy, and marched without resistance to Rome, then the most magnificent city of the world. About October, 408 A.D., he formed the blockade of that city, being the first foreign enemy that appeared before its walls since the time of Hannibal. Within a few months famine compelled the Senate to negotiate with Alaric, who was induced to raise the siege and to retire by the payment of 5,000 pounds of gold, 30,000 pounds of silver, and 4,000 robes of silk.

Honorius, whose capital was now Ravenna, refused the terms of peace offered by Alaric, who demanded for himself the rank of master-general of the armies of the West. In 409 A.D., the Roman Senate consented to Alaric's proposal to place a new emperor on the throne, and Alaric bestowed the purple on Attalus, Prefect of Rome. Attalus soon offended Alaric, who deposed him 410 A.D., and again offered terms of peace which Honorius rejected. In August, 410, the Goths captured Rome by the aid of slaves who opened the gates in the night. The Goths pillaged Rome for six days and massacred multitudes of Romans, but spared the churches at the request of Alaric. The Gothic conqueror marched southward and ravaged Italy, and proposed to conquer Sicily. But his career was suddenly terminated at Cosenza in 410 A.D. The Goths diverted the course of a small river, buried him in

the vacant bed, and then restored the water to its former channel.

Alaric possessed the invincible temper which rises superior to every defeat. There are many proofs of his moderation and clemency in trying circumstances, while the charges of cruelty made by some authors are not supported by evidence. He left a son named Theodoric.

ALARIC IN ITALY.

The Emperor Honorius was distinguished, above his subjects, by the pre-eminence of fear as well as of rank. The pride and luxury in which he was educated had not allowed him to suspect that there existed on the earth any power presumptuous enough to invade the repose of the successor of Augustus. The arts of flattery concealed the impending danger till Alaric approached the palace of Milan. But when the sound of war had awakened the young Emperor, instead of flying to arms with the spirit, or even the rashness, of his age, he eagerly listened to those timid counsellors who proposed to convey his sacred person and his faithful attendants to some secure and distant station in the provinces of Gaul. Stilicho alone had courage and authority to resist this disgraceful measure, which would have abandoned Rome and Italy to the Barbarians; but as the troops of the palace had been lately detached to the Rhætian frontier, and as the resource of new levies was slow and precarious, the General of the West could only promise that, if the court of Milan would maintain their ground during his absence, he would soon return with an army equal to the encounter of the Gothic King.

Without losing a moment (while each moment was so important to the public safety), Stilicho hastily embarked on the Larian Lake, ascended the mountains of ice and snow, amidst the severity of an Alpine winter, and suddenly repressed, by his unexpected presence, the enemy who had disturbed the tranquillity of Rhætia. The Barbarians, perhaps some tribes of the Alemanni, respected the firmness of a chief who still assumed the language of command; and the

choice which he condescended to make of a select number of their bravest youth was considered as a mark of his esteem and favor. The cohorts, who were delivered from the neighboring foe, diligently repaired to the Imperial standard; and Stilicho issued his orders to the most remote troops of the West to advance, by rapid marches, to the defence of Honorius and of Italy. The fortresses of the Rhine were abandoned, and the safety of Gaul was protected only by the faith of the Germans and the ancient terror of the Roman name. Even the legion, which had been stationed to guard the wall of Britain against the Caledonians of the North, was hastily recalled, and a numerous body of the cavalry of the Alani was persuaded to engage in the service of the Emperor, who anxiously expected the return of his general. The prudence and vigor of Stilicho were conspicuous on this occasion, which revealed, at the same time, the weakness of the falling empire. The legions of Rome, which had long since languished in the gradual decay of discipline and courage, were exterminated by the Gothic and civil wars; and it was found impossible, without exhausting and exposing the provinces, to assemble an army for the defence of Italy.

When Stilicho seemed to abandon his sovereign in the unguarded palace of Milan, he had probably calculated the term of his absence, the distance of the enemy, and the obstacles that might retard their march. He principally depended on the rivers of Italy—the Adige, the Mincius, the Oglio and the Addua—which, in the winter or spring, by the fall of rains, or by the melting of the snows, are commonly swelled into broad and impetuous torrents. But the season happened to be remarkably dry, and the Goths could traverse, without impediment, the wide and stony beds, whose centre was faintly marked by the course of a shallow stream. The bridge and passage of the Addua were secured by a strong detachment of the Gothic army, and as Alaric approached the walls, or rather the suburbs, of Milan, he enjoyed the proud satisfaction of seeing the Emperor of the Romans fly before him. Honorius, accompanied by a feeble train of statesmen and eunuchs, hastily retreated towards the Alps, with a design of securing his person in the city of Arles,

which had often been the royal residence of his predecessors.

But Honorius had scarcely passed the Po before he was overtaken by the speed of the Gothic cavalry, since the urgency of the danger compelled him to seek a temporary shelter within the fortifications of Asta, a town of Liguria or Piedmont, situated on the banks of the Tanarus. The siege of an obscure place, which contained so rich a prize, and seemed incapable of a long resistance, was instantly formed and indefatigably pressed by the King of the Goths; and the bold declaration, which the Emperor might afterwards make, that his breast had never been susceptible of fear, did not probably obtain much credit, even in his own court. In the last and almost hopeless extremity, after the Barbarians had already proposed the indignity of a capitulation, the Imperial captive was suddenly relieved by the fame, the approach, and at length the presence of the hero whom he had so long expected. At the head of a chosen and intrepid vanguard, Stilicho swam the stream of the Addua, to gain the time which he must have lost in the attack of the bridge; the passage of the Po was an enterprise of much less hazard and difficulty; and the successful action in which he cut his way through the Gothic camp under the walls of Asta revived the hopes and vindicated the honor of Rome.

Instead of grasping the fruit of his victory, the Barbarian was gradually invested on every side by the troops of the West, who successively issued through all the passes of the Alps; his quarters were straitened; his convoys were intercepted; and the vigilance of the Romans prepared to form a chain of fortifications, and to besiege the lines of the besiegers. A military council was assembled of the long-haired chiefs of the Gothic nation; of aged warriors, whose bodies were wrapped in furs, and whose stern countenances were marked with honorable wounds. They weighed the glory of persisting in their attempt against the advantage of securing their plunder, and they recommended the prudent measure of a seasonable retreat. In this important debate, Alaric displayed the spirit of the conqueror of Rome; and after he had reminded his countrymen of their achievements and of their designs, he

concluded his animating speech by the solemn and positive assurance that he was resolved to find in Italy either a kingdom or a grave.

The loose discipline of the Barbarians always exposed them to the danger of a surprise ; but, instead of choosing the dissolute hours of riot and intemperance, Stilicho resolved to attack the *Christian* Goths whilst they were devoutly employed in celebrating the festival of Easter. The execution of the stratagem, or, as it was termed by the clergy, of the sacrilege, was intrusted to Saul, a Barbarian and a Pagan, who had served, however, with distinguished reputation among the veteran generals of Theodosius. The camp of the Goths, which Alaric had pitched in the neighborhood of Pollentia, was thrown into confusion by the sudden and impetuous charge of the Imperial cavalry ; but, in a few moments, the undaunted genius of their leader gave them an order and a field of battle ; and, as soon as they had recovered from their astonishment, the pious confidence that the God of the Christians would assert their cause added new strength to their native valor. In this engagement, which was long maintained with equal courage and success, the chief of the Alani, whose diminutive and savage form concealed a magnanimous soul, approved his suspected loyalty by the zeal with which he fought, and fell, in the service of the republic ; and the fame of this gallant Barbarian has been imperfectly preserved in the verses of Claudian, since the poet who celebrates his virtues has omitted the mention of his name. His death was followed by the flight and dismay of the squadrons which he commanded ; and the defeat of the wing of cavalry might have decided the victory of Alaric, if Stilicho had not immediately led the Roman and Barbarian infantry to the attack. The skill of the general and the bravery of the soldiers surmounted every obstacle. In the evening of the bloody day the Goths retreated from the field of battle, the intrenchments of their camp were forced, and the scene of rapine and slaughter made some atonement for the calamities which they had inflicted on the subjects of the empire.

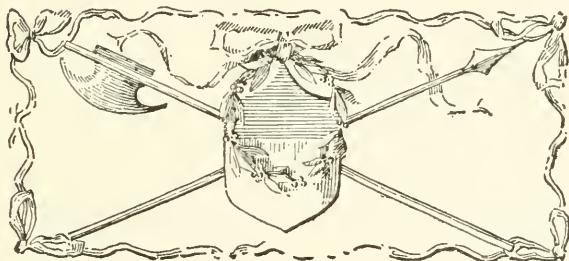
The magnificent spoils of Corinth and Argos enriched the veterans of the West ; the captive wife of Alaric, who had

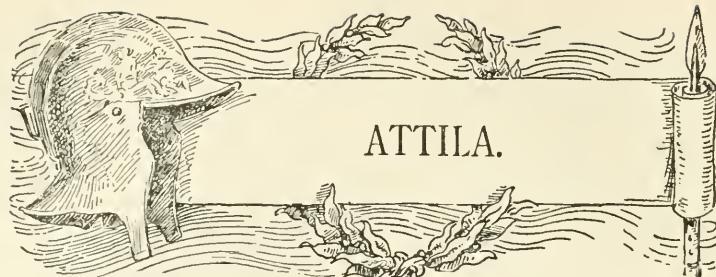
impatiently claimed his promise of Roman jewels and Patriarchian handmaids, was reduced to implore the mercy of the insulting foe; and many thousand prisoners, released from the Gothic chains, dispersed through the provinces of Italy the praises of their heroic deliverer. The triumph of Stilicho was compared by the poet, and perhaps by the public, to that of Marius, who, in the same part of Italy, had encountered and destroyed another army of Northern Barbarians. The huge bones and the empty helmets of the Cimbri and of the Goths would easily be confounded by succeeding generations, and posterity might erect a common trophy to the memory of the two most illustrious generals who had vanquished, on the same memorable ground, the two most formidable enemies of Rome.

The eloquence of Claudian has celebrated, with lavish applause, the victory of Pollentia, one of the most glorious days in the life of his patron; but his reluctant and partial muse bestows more genuine praise on the character of the Gothic King. His name is, indeed, branded with the reproachful epithets of pirate and robber, to which the conquerors of every age are so justly entitled; but the poet of Stilicho is compelled to acknowledge that Alaric possessed the invincible temper of mind which rises superior to every misfortune and derives new resources from adversity. After the total defeat of his infantry, he escaped, or rather withdrew, from the field of battle, with the greatest part of his cavalry entire and unbroken.

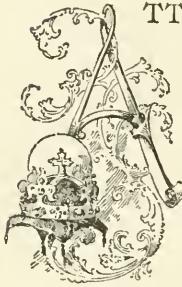
Without wasting a moment to lament the irreparable loss of so many brave companions, he left his victorious enemy to bind in chains the captive images of a Gothic King, and boldly resolved to break through the unguarded passes of the Apennines, to spread desolation over the fruitful face of Tuscany, and to conquer or die before the gates of Rome. The capital was saved by the active and incessant diligence of Stilicho; but he respected the despair of his enemy, and, instead of committing the fate of the republic to the chance of another battle, he proposed to purchase the absence of the Barbarians. The spirit of Alaric would have rejected such terms, the permission of a retreat, and the offer of a pension,

with contempt and indignation ; but he exercised a limited and precarious authority over the independent chieftains who had raised him, for *their* service, above the rank of his equals ; they were still less disposed to follow an unsuccessful general, and many of them were tempted to consult their interest by a private negotiation with the minister of Honorius. The King submitted to the voice of his people, ratified the treaty with the Empire of the West, and repassed the Po with the remains of the flourishing army which he had led into Italy.—E. GIBBON.





ATTILA, King of the Huns, obtained for himself the fearful surnames, "The Scourge of God" and "The Fear of the World." He alternately insulted and invaded the East and the West, and urged the downfall of the Roman Empire. "He alone among the conquerors of ancient and modern times," says Gibbon, "united the two mighty kingdoms of Germany and Scythia."

 It was his boast that "the grass never grew on the spot where his horse had trod." The person of this ferocious Pagan warrior is described in these terms: "A large head, a swarthy complexion, small, deep-seated eyes, a flat nose, broad shoulders and a short, square body, of nervous strength, though of a disproportioned form."

Attila (or Etzel) was the son of Mundzuk, and succeeded his uncle, Roas (or Rugilas), about 433 A.D., as king of the nomadic Huns, who were then hovering on the borders of the Roman Empire. Soon after his accession he made a treaty with Theodosius, Emperor of the East, and each of the conditions which he dictated was an insult to the majesty of the empire. One condition was that Theodosius should pay to Attila an annual tribute of seven hundred pounds of gold. His dominions extended from the Volga to the Danube and the Baltic. Among the nations or tribes subject to his sway, the Gepidæ and the Ostrogoths were distinguished by their bravery and their numbers. "The crowd of vulgar kings, the leaders of so many martial tribes, who served under the standard of Attila, were ranged in the submissive order of guards and domestics round the person of their master."

The power of Attila was acknowledged throughout Central Asia, and he sent ambassadors to negotiate an equal alliance with the Empire of China. He was able to bring into the field an army of 600,000 men.

In 441 A.D., the restless Huns crossed the Danube and invaded the Roman Empire of the East. They destroyed with fire and sword the populous cities of Sirmium, Sardica, Singidunum and Marcianopolis. The armies of Theodosius II. were defeated in three successive battles. After these victories Attila ravaged without resistance and without mercy the provinces of Macedonia and Thrace to the suburbs of Constantinople. Theodosius and his court, who were protected by the walls of that city, sued for peace, which was granted by the haughty barbarian in 446, on condition that his tribute should be increased from 700 pounds to 2,100 pounds of gold, and he should receive 6,000 pounds of gold to defray the expenses of the war.

Marcian, who became Emperor of the East in 450 A.D., refused to pay tribute, and boldly declared that the Huns must no longer insult the majesty of Rome by the mention of a tribute. Attila despised the Romans of the East, whom he had so often defeated, and he preferred to invade Gaul as more worthy of his attention and prowess. The Franks and the Vandals had solicited his aid, and gave him a specious pretence for the invasion of the Western Empire. This invasion was preceded by a formal demand that Honoria, a sister of Valentinian, should be given to Attila in marriage. This demand was refused, and Attila invaded Gaul in 451 A.D., and besieged Orleans (Aurelianum), which was strongly fortified. His army was estimated at 700,000 men, with a large proportion of cavalry. The Roman general Aëtius formed an alliance with Theodoric, King of the Visigoths. When the army of these allies approached Orleans, Attila raised the siege, repassed the Seine, and awaited the enemy in the wide plain near Châlons, whose smooth and level surface was adapted to the operations of his Scythian cavalry. Yet on this chosen spot Aëtius and Theodoric gained a most signal victory in June, 451 A.D. The approach of night alone saved the Huns from total destruction.

This crushing defeat did not prevent the renewal of the attack of the Huns upon the Western Empire. In the spring of 452 Attila repeated his demand of the Princess Honoria and her patrimonial treasures, but with as little effect as before. The barbarian immediately took the field, and invaded Italy with an innumerable host which met little resistance. He took the rich and populous city of Aquileia after a siege of three months and reduced it to ruins. The Huns destroyed other cities of Northern Italy, and the timid and feeble Valentinian made little effort to defend his country. When Attila proposed to march against Rome, he was admonished that Alaric had not long survived the conquest of the Eternal City. The Emperor and the Senate resolved to sue for peace, and sent to Attila an embassy consisting of Pope Leo I. and two others. Attila listened with respect to the eloquence of Leo, and the deliverance of Italy was purchased by the immense ransom or dowry of the Princess Honoria. The motive which led the haughty barbarian to retire in peace is obscure. There is evidence that his hosts were enfeebled by the climate and luxuries of Italy, and that apprehension of the fate of Alaric determined the conqueror's withdrawal from the peninsula. He retired to Hungary, and there, in 453 A.D., on the morning after having celebrated a nuptial feast for a new wife, was found dead. He is said to have ruptured a blood-vessel. His remains were enclosed in three coffins, of gold, of silver, and of iron. Rich treasures were thrown into the grave, and the captives who dug it were inhumanly massacred.

THE SCOURGE OF GOD.

Neither the spirit nor the forces nor the reputation of Attila were impaired by the failure of the Gallic expedition. In the ensuing spring he repeated his demand of the Princess Honoria and her patrimonial treasures. The demand was again rejected, or eluded; and the indignant lover immediately took the field, passed the Alps, invaded Italy and besieged Aquileia with an innumerable host of Barbarians. Those Barbarians were unskilled in the methods of conducting a regular siege, which, even among the ancients, required some knowledge,

or at least some practice, of the mechanic arts. But the labor of many thousand provincials and captives, whose lives were sacrificed without pity, might execute the most painful and dangerous work. The skill of the Roman artists might be corrupted to the destruction of their country. The walls of Aquileia were assaulted by a formidable train of battering rams, movable turrets and engines, that threw stones, darts and fire; and the monarch of the Huns employed the forcible impulse of hope, fear, emulation and interest to subvert the only barrier which delayed the conquest of Italy.

Aquileia was at that period one of the richest, the most populous, and the strongest of the maritime cities of the Adriatic coast. The Gothic auxiliaries, who appear to have served under their native princes, Alaric and Antala, communicated their intrepid spirit; and the citizens still remembered the glorious and successful resistance which their ancestors had opposed to a fierce, inexorable Barbarian, who disgraced the majesty of the Roman purple. Three months were consumed without effect in the siege of Aquileia, till the want of provisions and the clamors of his army compelled Attila to relinquish the enterprise, and reluctantly to issue his orders that the troops should strike their tents the next morning and begin their retreat. But as he rode round the walls, pensive, angry and disappointed, he observed a stork preparing to leave her nest, in one of the towers, and to fly with her infant family towards the country. He seized, with the ready penetration of a statesman, this trifling incident, which chance had offered to superstition, and exclaimed, in a loud and cheerful tone, that such a domestic bird, so constantly attached to human society, would never have abandoned her ancient seats unless those towers had been devoted to impending ruin and solitude. The favorable omen inspired an assurance of victory; the siege was renewed and prosecuted with fresh vigor; a large breach was made in the part of the wall from whence the stork had taken her flight; the Huns mounted to the assault with irresistible fury, and the succeeding generation could scarcely discover the ruins of Aquileia.

After this dreadful chastisement Attila pursued his march, and, as he passed, the cities of Altinum, Concordia and Padua

were reduced into heaps of stones and ashes. The inland towns—Vicenza, Verona and Bergamo—were exposed to the rapacious cruelty of the Huns. Milan and Pavia submitted, without resistance, to the loss of their wealth, and applauded the unusual clemency which preserved from the flames the public, as well as private, buildings, and spared the lives of the captive multitude. The popular traditions of Comum, Turin, or Modena, may justly be suspected; yet they concur with more authentic evidence to prove that Attila spread his ravages over the rich plains of modern Lombardy, which are divided by the Po and bounded by the Alps and Apennine. When he took possession of the royal palace of Milan, he was surprised and offended at the sign of a picture which represented the Cæsars seated on their throne, and the princes of Scythia prostrate at their feet. The revenge which Attila inflicted on this monument of Roman vanity was harmless and ingenious. He commanded a painter to reverse the figures and the attitudes, and the emperors were delineated on the same canvas, approaching in a suppliant posture to empty their bags of tributary gold before the throne of the Scythian monarch. The spectators must have confessed the truth and propriety of the alteration, and were perhaps tempted to apply, on this singular occasion, the well-known fable of the dispute between the lion and the man.

It is a saying worthy of the ferocious pride of Attila, that the grass never grew on the spot where his horse had trod. The Italians, who had long since renounced the exercise of arms, were surprised, after forty years' peace, by the approach of a formidable Barbarian, whom they abhorred as the enemy of their religion as well as of their republic. Amidst the general consternation, Aëtius alone was incapable of fear; but it was impossible that he should achieve, alone and unassisted, any military exploits worthy of his former renown. The Barbarians who had defended Gaul refused to march to the relief of Italy, and the succors promised by the Eastern Emperor were distant and doubtful. Since Aëtius, at the head of his domestic troops, still maintained the field, and harassed or retarded the march of Attila, he never showed himself more truly great than at the time when his conduct was blamed by

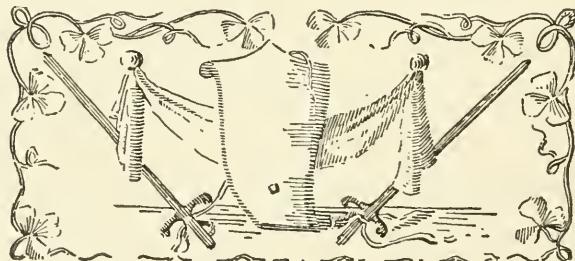
an ignorant and ungrateful people. If the mind of Valentinian had been susceptible of any generous sentiments, he would have chosen such a general for his example and his guide. But the timid grandson of Theodosius, instead of sharing the dangers, escaped from the sound of war; and his hasty retreat from Ravenna to Rome, from an impregnable fortress to an open capital, betrayed his secret intention of abandoning Italy as soon as the danger should approach his Imperial person. This shameful abdication was suspended, however, by the spirit of doubt and delay, which commonly adheres to pusillanimous counsels, and sometimes corrects their pernicious tendency.

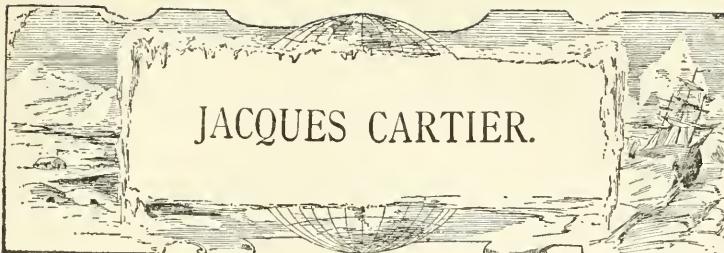
The Western Emperor, with the Senate and people of Rome, embraced the more salutary resolution of deprecating, by a solemn and suppliant embassy, the wrath of Attila. This important commission was accepted by Avienus, who, from his birth and riches, his consular dignity, the numerous train of his clients, and his personal abilities, held the first rank in the Roman Senate. The specious and artful character of Avienus was admirably qualified to conduct a negotiation either of public or private interest; his colleague, Trigetius, had exercised the Praetorian praefecture of Italy; and Leo, Bishop of Rome, consented to expose his life for the safety of his flock. The genius of Leo was exercised and displayed in the public misfortunes; and he has deserved the appellation of *Great* by the successful zeal with which he labored to establish his opinions and his authority, under the venerable names of orthodox faith and ecclesiastical discipline.

The Roman ambassadors were introduced to the tent of Attila, as he lay encamped at the place where the slow, winding Mincius is lost in the foaming waves of the Lake Benacus, and trampled with his Scythian cavalry the farms of Catullus and Virgil. The Barbarian monarch listened with favorable, and even respectful, attention; and the deliverance of Italy was purchased by the immense ransom, or dowry, of the Princess Honoria. The state of his army might facilitate the treaty and hasten his retreat. Their martial spirit was relaxed by the wealth and indolence of a warm climate. The shepherds of the North, whose ordinary food consisted of milk and

raw flesh, indulged themselves too freely in the use of bread, of wine, and of meat prepared and seasoned by the arts of cookery ; and the progress of disease revenged in some measure the injuries of the Italians.

When Attila declared his resolution of carrying his victorious arms to the gates of Rome, he was admonished by his friends, as well as by his enemies, that Alaric had not long survived the conquest of the Eternal City. His mind, superior to real danger, was assaulted by imaginary terrors ; nor could he escape the influence of superstition, which had so often been subservient to his designs. The pressing eloquence of Leo, his majestic aspect and sacerdotal robes, excited the veneration of Attila for the spiritual father of the Christians. The apparition of the two apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, who menaced the Barbarian with instant death, if he rejected the prayer of their successor, is one of the noblest legends of ecclesiastical tradition. The safety of Rome might deserve the interposition of celestial beings, and some indulgence is due to a fable, which has been represented by the pencil of Raphael and the chisel of Algardi.—E. GIBBON.





JACQUES CARTIER, the discoverer of Canada, was born of a good family at St. Malo, France, on the 31st of December, 1494. His early youth was spent upon the sea, and when, on May 2d, 1519, he married Marie Catherine des Granches, the daughter of a knight, he was a master pilot. In 1534, Philip Charbot, Admiral of France, persuaded King Francis I. to resume

the project of founding a French colony in the New World. Jacques Cartier, whose merits he knew, was recommended and accepted for the duty. Cartier, having received his instructions, set sail from St. Malo the 20th of April, 1534, with two ships of sixty tons burthen and 122 men. He steered west and by north, and aided by favorable winds, made Cape Buonavista, on the east coast of Newfoundland, on the 10th of May, and entered a port to which he gave the name of St. Catherine, now called Catalina. Then steering north, he discovered some islands, which he called Isles des Oyseaux, entered the straits of Belle Isle and took possession of the coast of Labrador. After making almost the circuit of Newfoundland, without being able to satisfy himself that it was an island, he took a southerly course, crossed the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and entered a very deep bay. Here, suffering extremely from the heat, he called it Chaleurs Bay.

Cartier was charmed with the beauty of the country, and with the Indians that he met, and exchanged with them some

goods for furs. From what the Indians said, he supposed the country to be called Canada. This word may be derived from the Iroquois Kannata, which means "a collection of cabins;" but the etymology and meaning are still disputed. He now explored the coast of the gulf, and took possession of the country in the name of his king. He planted a wooden cross to which was attached a shield bearing the arms of the king, and the words: "Vive le Roy de France." On the 15th of August he set sail for St. Malo, reaching that port on the 5th of September. Two young Indians had accompanied him.

Cartier's report encouraged the king's counsellors to attempt a settlement in that part of America, and the Vice-admiral Charles de Mouy obtained a new commission for him as king's captain and pilot. A fleet of three well-equipped ships sailed from St. Malo on the 19th of May, 1535, Cartier himself sailing on a vessel of 120 tons called the "Great Hermine." A storm arose, and the three ships were separated, but arrived in the gulf within a day of each other. The "Great Hermine" was the first to come to anchor in the straits of Belle Isle on the 10th of August. Cartier now named the gulf St. Lawrence, in memory of the martyr whose feast is celebrated by the Catholic Church on that day. This name was subsequently extended to the river which empties into the gulf. On the 15th he discovered, at the mouth of the river, a very long island, called by the Indians Natiscotec, and he gave it the name of Assumption Island. But the name of Anticosti has prevailed in ordinary usage.

Cartier then ascended the river which he had missed on his first voyage, and on the 1st of September found himself at the mouth of the Saguenay. He sailed farther up the St. Lawrence, passing the site of Quebec, where he left his two larger ships, and finally, on the 2d of October, arrived at Hochelaga. This was a great Indian town built on an island, at the foot of a mountain styled by him Mont Royal, whence the later name, Montreal. The eastern portion of the present city is still called Hochelaga, and is inhabited almost exclusively by French Canadians, whilst the English dwell in the western section. The language spoken here was Huron-

Iroquois. The natives received the French well, feasting them and exchanging presents. But great misfortune overtook the explorer, twenty-five of his men dying from scurvy. He himself was taken sick; but the Indians offered him a remedy, a decoction of the leaf and bark of the white pine pounded together. After taking this they all recovered in a short time. They wintered at Sainte Croix, where he again erected a cross with the arms of France, and in the following spring returned to France, carrying with him Donnacona, the Indian king of Canada, and some other chiefs.

In the memoir on his second voyage, presented to Francis I., Cartier stated that most of the land was fertile, the climate very healthy, the people sociable and easily kept in respect. He spoke especially of fur as an important object of trade. But the reports of the scurvy, then unknown in Europe, deterred the advisers of the king from further thoughts of colonization or sending out expeditions until 1540. In that year Francis de la Roche, Seigneur de Roberval, asked and obtained a commission to follow up the discoveries. These letters patent were dated January 15, 1540, and declare Roberval the king's viceroy, and lieutenant-general in Canada, Hochelaga, Newfoundland and Labrador, giving him in all these places royal power and authority. Cartier sailed in May of the next year with five vessels, being commissioned captain-general and master-pilot of the king. He arrived at Sainte Croix August 23d, and afterwards built a fort near the present site of Quebec, which he called Charlesbourg Royal. Two of his vessels now returned to France for provisions. The Indians who were offended because their chiefs had been carried off, showed a hostile spirit, and this fact, together with the intense cold and discomforts of the country, soon forced Cartier to re-embark with all his party for France.

Near Newfoundland they fell in with the viceroy, Roberval, coming with a large convoy, who, partly by his persuasive manner, and partly by threats of the royal indignation, induced most of them to return. Roberval says that Cartier stole away at night to France. The colony, made up of wretched material, would have perished but for the aid of friendly Indians. Cartier was sent out in the autumn of 1543,

and in the following spring took back to France the sad remnants of the expedition. After this voyage, he returned to Limoilou, near St. Malo, where an estate still bears his name. Here, ennobled by his king, he died about 1555, childless.

Accounts of Cartier's voyage first appeared in French in 1545, and in Italian in 1565. The first English account was in Hakluyt's "Principal Navigations," which appeared in 1600. The original journals were published in 1867, and the Quebec Historical Society has republished the whole series.

CARTIER AND ROBERVAL.

The description which Cartier gave of the country bordering on the St. Lawrence furnished arguments against attempting a colony. The intense severity of the climate terrified even the inhabitants of the north of France; and no mines of silver and gold, no veins abounding in diamonds and precious stones, had been promised by the faithful narrative of the voyage. Three or four years, therefore, elapsed before plans of colonization were renewed. Yet imagination did not fail to anticipate the establishment of a state upon the fertile banks of a river, which surpassed all the streams of Europe in grandeur, and flowed through a country situated between nearly the same parallels as France. Soon after a short peace had terminated the third desperate struggle between Francis I. and Charles V., attention to America was again awakened; there were not wanting men at court, who deemed it unworthy a gallant nation to abandon the enterprise; and a nobleman of Picardy, Francis de la Roque, Lord of Roberval, a man of considerable provincial distinction, sought and obtained a commission. It was easy to confer provinces and plant colonies upon parchment; Roberval could congratulate himself on being the acknowledged lord of the unknown Norumbega, and viceroy, with full regal authority, over the immense territories and islands which lie near the gulf or along the river of St. Lawrence.

But the ambitious nobleman could not dispense with the services of the former naval commander, who possessed the

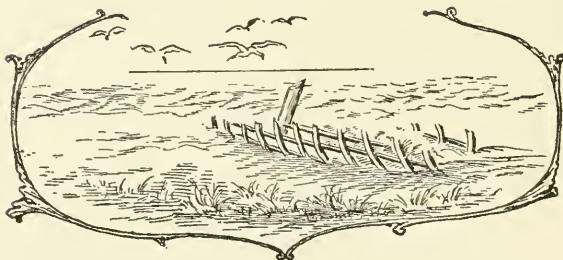
confidence of the king; and Cartier also received a commission. Its terms merit consideration. He was appointed captain-general and chief pilot of the expedition; he was directed to take with him persons of every trade and art; to repair to the newly-discovered territory; and to dwell there with the natives. But where were the honest tradesmen and industrious mechanics to be found, who would repair to this New World? The commission gave Cartier full authority to ransack the prisons, to rescue the unfortunate and the criminal, and to make up the complement of his men from their number. Thieves or homicides, the spendthrift or the fraudulent bankrupt, the debtors to justice or its victims, prisoners rightfully or wrongfully detained, except only those arrested for treason or counterfeiting money,—these were the people by whom the colony was, in part, to be established.

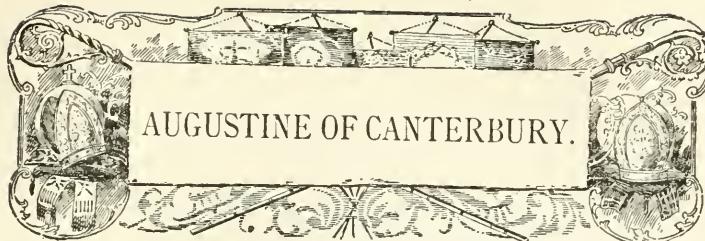
The division of authority between Cartier and Roberval of itself defeated the enterprise. Roberval was ambitious of power; and Cartier desired the exclusive honor of discovery. They neither embarked in company, nor acted in concert. Cartier sailed from St. Malo the next spring after the date of his commission; he arrived at the scene of his former adventures, ascended the St. Lawrence, and, near the site of Quebec, built a fort for the security of his party; but no considerable advances in geographical knowledge appear to have been made. The winter passed in sullenness and gloom.

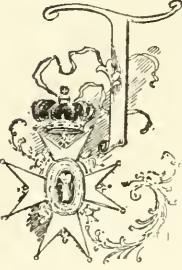
In June of the following year Cartier and his ships stole away and returned to France, just as Roberval arrived with a considerable reinforcement. Unsustained by Cartier, Roberval accomplished no more than a verification of previous discoveries. Remaining about a year in America, he abandoned his immense viceroyalty. Estates in Picardy were better than titles in Norimbega. His subjects must have been a sad company; during the winter one was hanged for theft; several were put in irons; and “divers persons, as well women as men,” were whipped. By these means quiet was preserved. Perhaps the expedition on its return entered the Bay of Massachusetts; the French diplomatists always remembered that Boston was built within the original limits of New France.

The commission of Roberval was followed by no permanent results. It is confidently said, that, at a later date, he again embarked for his viceroyalty, accompanied by a numerous train of adventurers; and, as he was never more heard of, he may have perished at sea.

Can it be a matter of surprise, that, for the next fifty years, no further discoveries were attempted by the government of a nation which had become involved in the final struggle of feudalism against the central power of the monarch, of Calvinism against the ancient religion of France?—G. BANCROFT.





 O the Monk Augustine is usually attributed the conversion of England to Christianity. That religion had already been preached to the Britons and was accepted by many; but the Angles and Saxons, who had conquered the island, were still Pagans at the end of the sixth century. To them Augustine brought the new faith which has since prevailed. Nothing of his early life is known. The first authentic mention we get of him is when he was Abbot of St. Andrew, at Rome.

Pope Gregory I., surnamed the Great (590-604), had long entertained hopes of sending missionaries to the Angles. According to a familiar story, before he was prelate, he had observed in the market-place of Rome three foreign youths exposed for sale. Struck with the beauty of their fair complexions, Gregory asked to what nation they belonged; and, being told they were Angles, he replied, "Rightly are they called Angles, for they have the face of angels, and they ought to be fellow-heirs of angels in Heaven." Again, on learning that they came from a country named Deira, he said, "They are plucked from God's ire (*de ira Dei*), and saved by the mercy of Christ." On being told that the name of their king was *Ælla* or *Alla*, he exclaimed "Alleluia! we must endeavor that the praises of God be sung in their country."

Being Bishop of the Imperial City, Gregory determined to carry out his early design, and sent Abbot Augustine with forty associates to preach the gospel in Britain. They had not journeyed far when his companions became frightened and com-

missioned Augustine to lay their hazards and difficulties before Gregory, and to crave his permission to desist from the undertaking. But Gregory sent back Augustine exhorting them to persevere in their purpose. The missionaries then proceeded and landed at Ebbé's Fleet, in the Isle of Thanet, 597 A.D.

Ethelbert, the Saxon King, had married Bertha, daughter of Charibert, King of Paris. She was a Christian, and at her marriage an agreement had been made that she should enjoy the free exercise of her religion. Thus Ethelbert was not ill-disposed towards the Christian faith, and assigned Augustine and his companions a home in the Isle of Thanet, and soon afterwards admitted them to a conference in the open air, because, as is said, he feared lest spells or enchantments might be employed against him by the priests. At this meeting Augustine, by means of interpreters, delivered to him the tenets of the Christian faith. "Your words and promises," replied the King, "are fair; but, because they are new and uncertain, I cannot entirely yield to them, and relinquish the principles which I and my ancestors have so long maintained. You are welcome, however, to remain here in peace; and as you have undertaken so long a journey solely, as it appears, for what you believe to be for our advantage, I will supply you with all necessaries, and permit you to deliver your doctrine to my subjects."

Augustine and his monks now entered Canterbury in solemn procession. They conducted the services for the Queen and her attendants in St. Martin's Church. Numbers of the Kentish men were soon baptized, and Ethelbert was at last persuaded to submit to that rite on Whitsunday, the 2d of June, 597 A.D. Augustine, in the commencement of his mission, assumed the greatest lenity: he told the King that the service of Christ must be entirely voluntary, and that no violence ought ever to be used in propagating so salutary a doctrine. The King gave up his palace at Canterbury to be a residence for the Archbishop. On the adjacent ground the foundation of the cathedral was laid. Outside the walls a cemetery was formed, where Ethelbert endowed a monastery, the foundation stone of which was laid by Augustine. Its original title was the monastery of St. Peter and St. Paul; but

it was afterwards called St. Augustine. Another church was dedicated under the title of St. Pancras.

Being in want of more aid, Augustine applied in 601 to Gregory for additional clergy. These were sent bearing cloths and vestments for the new cathedral, and some very valuable books. Of these latter, two manuscript gospels still exist, one at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and the other at the Bodleian Library. Augustine was endowed with authority over all British Churches, and the Pope sent him the pall, a badge of ecclesiastical honor. He now founded the Sees of Rochester and London, consecrating Justus, Bishop of Rochester, and Mellitus, Bishop of London.

His object was to convert the entire island; but the British Bishops of Cornwall and Wales refused to obey the Roman Bishop. The success of his mission, however, in Kent and Essex was complete. In Bede's "History of the Anglo-Saxon Church," Augustine is said to have restored sight to a blind Saxon; yet even this miracle failed to convince the British bishops of his right of jurisdiction over them. He expired on the 26th of May, 605, and was buried near the unfinished cathedral in Canterbury. On its completion his successor removed the body to the north porch of the building.

Augustine was an active and zealous missionary. He attracted the attention of the Saxons by the austerity of his manner, by the severe penance to which he subjected himself, and by the abstinence and self-denial which he practiced. He bound England with new ties to the rest of Christendom, and laid the firm foundation of a vast superstructure which is still a marvel of the ages.

THE MISSION OF AUGUSTINE.

Forever hallowed be this morning fair,
Blest be the unconscious shore on which ye tread,
And blest the Silver Cross, which ye, instead
Of martial banner, in procession bear;
The Cross preceding Him who floats in air,
The pictured Saviour!—By Augustine led,
They come—and onward travel without dread,
Chanting in barbarous ears a tuneful prayer,

Sung for themselves, and those whom they would free :
Rich conquest waits them : the tempestuous sea
Of ignorance that ran so rough and high,
And heeded not the voice of clashing swords,
These good men humble by a few bare words,
And calm with fear of God's divinity.

—W. WORDSWORTH.

THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

Before the end of the sixth century by far the greater and more fertile portion of Britain had become heathen and Teutonic. Three kindred tribes, Angles, Saxons and Jutes, are, in the common national tradition, said to have divided the land among them in very unequal proportions. Long before the Norman Conquest, the various Low-Dutch tribes in Britain had been fused into the one English nation. The distinction between Angle and Saxon had become merely provincial. To the united nation, the Angle had given his royal dynasty; the Jute, the least considerable in the extent of his territorial possessions, had been, according to all tradition, the first to lead the way to a permanent settlement, and he had undoubtedly been honored by supplying the ecclesiastical centre from which Christianity was spread over the land. If Wessex boasted of the royal capital of Winchester, Kent boasted no less proudly of the spiritual metropolis of Canterbury.

The old notion of an Heptarchy, of a regular system of seven kingdoms, united under the regular supremacy of a single over-lord (or Bretwalda), is a dream which has passed away before the light of historic criticism. The English kingdoms in Britain were ever fluctuating, alike in their number and in their relations to one another. . . . Yet it is certain that, among the mass of smaller and more obscure principalities, seven Kingdoms do stand out in a marked way, seven Kingdoms of which it is possible to recover something like a continuous history, seven Kingdoms which alone supplied candidates for the dominion of the whole island. First comes the earliest permanent Teutonic settlement in Britain, the Jutish kingdom of Kent. The direct descendants of Hengest reigned over a land which, as the nearest portion of

Britain to the continent, has ever been the first to receive every foreign immigration; but which, notwithstanding, prides itself to this day on its specially Teutonic character, and on the retention of various old Teutonic usages which have vanished elsewhere. Besides Kent, the Jutes formed no other strictly independent State. Their only other settlement was a small principality, including the Isle of Wight and part of Hampshire, whose history is closely connected with that of the Great Saxon kingdom in its immediate neighborhood, in which it was at last merged. The remainder of the English territory south of the Thames, together with a small portion to the north of that river, formed the three kingdoms of the Saxons, the East, the South and the West, whose names speak for themselves. Among these, Sussex and Essex fill only a secondary part in our history.

Very different was the destiny of the third Saxon kingdom. Wessex has grown into England, England into the United Kingdom, the United Kingdom into the British Empire. Every prince who has ruled England before and since the eleventh century, has had the blood of Cerdic, the West Saxon, in his veins. At the close of the sixth century Wessex had risen to high importance among the English kingdoms, though the days of its permanent supremacy were still far distant. Step by step, from a small settlement on the Hampshire coast, the West Saxons had won their way, fighting battle after battle against the Welsh, and after nearly every battle extending their borders by a new acquisition of territory. The Somersetshire Axe, and the forests on the borders of Somersetshire and Wiltshire, separated the kingdom from the independent Britons to the west.

North of the Thames lay the three great kingdoms of the Angles. One of these, probably the most purely Teutonic realm in Britain, occupied the great peninsula, or rather island, between the fens and the German Ocean, which received from them the name of East Anglia. Far to the north, from the Humber to the Forth, lay the great realm of the Northumbrians, sometimes united under a single prince, sometimes divided by the Tyne and the Tees into the two kingdoms of Bernicia and Deira.

Meanwhile, in the middle of Britain, a power equal to any of the others was growing up. The kingdom of the Mercians, the *March* or border land against the Welsh, appears at the end of the sixth century as a powerful state; but it has no distinctly recorded founder, no distinctly recorded date of origin. It seems to have grown up from the joining together of a great number of small principalities, probably of much more varied origin than the different portions of the other kingdoms. The prevailing blood was Anglian; but it is certain that the Mercian kingdom was considerably enlarged by conquest at the expense of the Saxon race. . . .

Such were the territorial divisions of Teutonic Britain at the end of the sixth century, the last years of which were marked by a change hardly less important than the first settlement of the Teutonic tribes in Britain. The Christian faith, which the English had despised or passed by unheeded as the creed of the conquered Welsh, was now set before them by a special mission from the city which still commanded the reverence of all Western Europe. Kent, under its King \mathbb{A} ethelberht (Ethelbert), who then held the rank of Bretwalda, became the first Christian kingdom, and Canterbury became the first Christian city, the spiritual metropolis, of the English nation. . . . In less than a century, all the English Kingdoms had fully accepted Christianity. . . . Bishoprics were gradually founded, the limits of each diocese commonly answering to those of a Kingdom or principality. The supremacy of Kent at the beginning of the conversion, the supremacy of Northumberland at the stage when Christianity was first preached to the Northern English, is still shown to this day in the metropolitan position of Canterbury, the city of the Bretwalda \mathbb{A} ethelberht, and of York, the city of the Bretwalda Eadwine (Edwin).

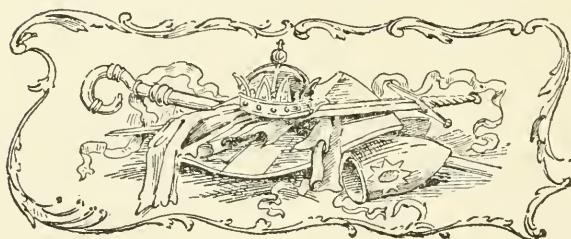
The conversion of the English to Christianity at once altered their whole position in the world. Hitherto our history had been almost wholly insular; our heathen forefathers had had but little to do, either in war or peace, with any nations beyond their own four seas. We hear little of any connection being kept up between the Angles and Saxons who settled in Britain, and their kinsfolk who abode in their

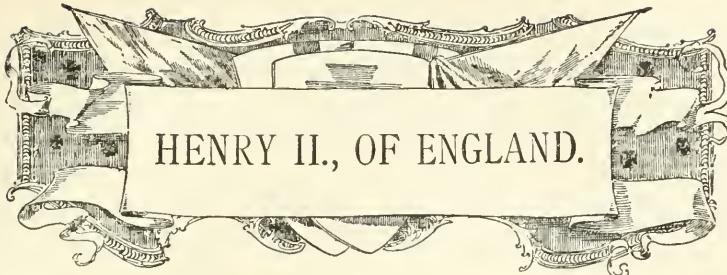
original country. The little intercourse that we read of seems to be wholly with the Franks who now bore rule on the opposite coast of Gaul. . . . By its conversion England was first brought, not only within the pale of the Christian Church, but within the pale of the general political society of Europe. But our insular position, combined with the events of our earlier history, was not without its effect on the peculiar character of Christianity as established in England. England was the first great territorial conquest of the spiritual power, beyond the limits of the Roman Empire, beyond the influence of Greek and Roman civilization. . . .

From this time the amount of intercourse with other nations steadily increased, and the change of religion had also a most important effect within the island itself. The morality of the Gospel had a distinct influence upon the politics of the age. The Evangelical precepts of peace and love did not put an end to war, they did not put an end to aggressive conquest; but they distinctly humanized the way in which war was carried on. From this time forth the never-ending wars with the Welsh cease to be wars of extermination. The heathen English had been satisfied with nothing short of the destruction or expulsion of their enemies: the Christian English thought it enough to reduce them to political subjection. This is clearly marked in the advance of Wessex towards the west. Twenty years before the coming of Augustine, Ceawlin, the West-Saxon Bretwalda, had taken the cities of Bath, Gloucester and Cirencester. The land between the Avon and the Axe, the northern part of modern Somersetshire, became a permanent portion of the West-Saxon realm. This was the last heathen conquest, the last exterminating conquest waged by the West Saxons against the Britons.

During a space of three hundred years, the process of West-Saxon conquest still went on; step by step the old Cornish kingdom shrank up before the conquerors, till at last no portion of land south of the Bristol Channel was subject to a British sovereign. This was conquest, and, no doubt, fearful and desolating conquest; but it was no longer conquest which offered the dreadful alternatives of death, banishment or personal slavery. The Christian Welsh could now sit down as

subjects of the Christian Saxon. The Welshman was acknowledged as a man and a citizen; he was put under the protection of the law; he could hold landed property; his blood had its price, and his oath had its ascertained value. The value set on his life and on his oath shows that he was not yet looked on as the equal of the conquering race; but the Welshman within the West-Saxon border was no longer a wild beast, an enemy, or a slave; but a fellow-Christian living under the King's peace. There can be no doubt that the great peninsula stretching from the Axe to the Land's End was, and still is, largely inhabited by men who are only naturalized Englishmen, descendants of the Welsh inhabitants, who gradually lost their distinctive language, and became merged in the general mass of their conquerors.—E. A. FREEMAN.





HENRY II., OF ENGLAND.



HENRY II., surnamed Curtmantle, was the first of the Plantagenet line of kings who ruled England. His father was Geoffrey, Earl of Anjou, and his mother was Maud, the only daughter of Henry I. The name Plantagenet was derived from *Planta Genista*, the broom plant, which, as an emblem of humility, the first Earl of Anjou wore, when on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. From this his successors took their crest and their surname.

Henry II. was born 1133 A.D., so that at the time of his accession, in 1154, he was but twenty-one years of age. With his Queen, Eleanor, the divorced wife of the French King, he received the crown of England at Westminster.

Henry at once issued new coins, drove from England the foreign hirelings, and set himself the task of destroying the castles of the robber-barons. In the work of his government he was assisted by that most remarkable man, Thomas à Becket, the son of Gilbert Becket, a citizen of London, who had been imprisoned in Palestine, and is said to have been released by the aid of a Saracen girl, whom he afterwards married, but the story is doubtful.

When Henry II. became king, Thomas à Becket, who had become a churchman, had all the qualifications of a courtier, a goodly person of pleasing address and a cultivated mind. In 1157, by the advice and entreaty of Theobald, Archbishop

of Canterbury, Becket, who was then the Archdeacon of Canterbury, receiving a stipend of £100 a year, was raised to the dignity of Chancellor of England. He was also made tutor to the King's son, and speedily became the King's chief favorite. His state increased with his rank and power. He kept a more magnificent retinue than the King himself. He had in his train thousands of knights, and his table was free to all.

On the death of Theobald, in 1162, Becket, with the full approval of the King, became Archbishop of Canterbury. He was an Englishman by birth, and the first of the Saxon race who had obtained the Primacy under the Norman rule. At once he changed his mode of life. Renouncing worldly display and pomp, he adopted a simplicity more appropriate to a religious profession. He resigned his chancellorship and became as frugal in his style of living as he had been luxuriant. This change displeased Henry, and Becket, now as devoted a churchman as he had been before a courtier, lost favor with the King, until at last an open quarrel took place between them. The rights of the clergy formed the immediate cause of contention. Henry required that priests accused of crime should be tried by the royal judges. Becket maintained the right of priests to answer for their conduct to the courts of the Church. In 1164, a Provincial Council, held to settle the question, decided against Becket's view of the case. He at first yielded; but, resuming the struggle, he had to flee to France, where for six years he was an exile.

Pope Alexander III. and Louis of France reconciled him to Henry; but, on returning to England, Becket found his estates and see forfeited. The quarrel was resumed. Becket excommunicated all who held lands belonging to the See of Canterbury. Henry was in Normandy when this news reached him, and, in an outburst of wrath, he exclaimed: "Is there none of the cowards eating my bread who will free me from this turbulent priest?" Four knights—William de Tracy, Hugh de Morville, Richard Brito, and Reginald Fitz-Urse—who heard this angry exclamation, crossed to England to execute the King's will. Forcing their way into the Cathedral at Canterbury, they cruelly murdered the Archbishop, scattering

his brains on the steps of the altar (1170). The scene of the murder and the saintly reputation of the martyr deepened the horror with which the people looked upon this crime. The victim of royal passion was speedily canonized. Henceforth, under the name of St. Thomas of Canterbury, Becket was the popular saint of England.

Four years after the murder of Thomas à Becket, King Henry II. did penance at his tomb. After walking barefoot over the flinty streets of the city, he threw himself on the pavement before the shrine, and was there scourged with knotted cords.

Henry's unbridled passions brought other troubles on his family. His love for the "Fair Rosamund" Clifford has been the theme of poets and romance writers. To enable his beautiful mistress to escape the vengeance of the jealous queen, he had constructed for her a secret bower at Woodstock. Only those who possessed the clue could find their way through the labyrinthine maze. The two sons of Rosamund were advanced to high power, William, surnamed Longsword, becoming Earl of Salisbury, and Geoffrey, Archbishop of York.

An important event of the reign of Henry II. was the annexation of Ireland. A feud arose between Dermot, King of Leinster, and O'Ruare, Prince of Breffni or Leitrim. War ensued, and Dermot was driven from the island. From Henry he obtained permission to enlist soldiers in England. Richard le Clare, Earl of Pembroke, known as Strongbow; Robert Fitzstephen, and Maurice Fitzgerald accepted the terms. They crossed to Ireland and took Dublin and Waterford by storm. In 1172 Henry himself crossed from Milford Haven to Waterford, and received the homage of the Irish chieftains. On his return to England, he appointed his son, Prince John, to the lordship of Ireland; but the young man so insulted the chiefs that their revolts became fiercer and more frequent. The final subjugation of Ireland was of a much later date.

Scotland was also nominally joined to the English dominions in this reign. William, King of Scotland, was surprised in a mist, near Alnwick Castle, by Glanville and taken pris-

oner. He was not released until he acknowledged his kingdom a fief and himself a vassal of the English crown.

But, though Henry had thus extended his power abroad, he was not free from domestic foes. His own sons, urged by their mother and the French King, rose in rebellion. When they were defeated, he found, to his horror, the name of his favorite and beloved son, John, in the list of rebels whom he was asked to pardon. His great heart was broken, and he died at Chinon on the 6th of July, 1189. He was buried at the Church of the Nuns at Fontevraud. During this sovereign's reign, London became the capital of England, for the civil wars of Stephen's reign had laid Winchester in ruins.

Henry II. preserved the type of his race. In person he much resembled William the Conqueror. Pride, faithlessness and an ungovernable temper marked his conduct. He, however, attended well to the administration of justice, and many of his acts greatly benefited England. Possessed of an inflexible will, he submitted to no dictation; but in his famous struggle with the Church, he was compelled to humiliate himself.

THE MURDER OF THOMAS à BECKET.

Becket, after an absence of six years, returned to England, accompanied by John, Bishop of Oxford. He carried with him letters of excommunication against three prelates, for having officiated at the coronation of the son of Henry, and otherwise abetting the King. These prelates sent soldiers to seize the letters; but Becket, hearing of their intention, gave them to a messenger, who handed them publicly to the bishops, at which circumstance they were so indignant that they went to Henry, in France, and endeavored as much as possible to rekindle discord between him and à Becket.

Under the protection of his conductor, the Primate reached Canterbury, where he was joyfully received by the clergy and people. Thence he prepared to visit Woodstock, the residence of the young Henry, to pay his respects to the Prince, and to justify his late conduct; but the courtiers, who dreaded his influence over the mind of his former pupil, procured a peremptory order for him to return, and confine himself to his

own diocese. He obeyed, and spent the following days in prayer and the functions of his station. Yet they were days of distress and anxiety. The menaces of his enemies seemed to derive importance from each succeeding event. His provisions were hourly intercepted ; his property was plundered ; his servants were beaten and insulted. On Christmas-day he ascended the pulpit ; his sermon was distinguished by the earnestness and animation with which he spoke. At the conclusion, he observed that those who thirsted for his blood would soon be satisfied, but that he would first avenge the wrongs of his Church by excommunicating Ranulph and Robert de Broc, who for seven years had not ceased to inflict every injury in their power on him, on his clergy, and on his monks.

On the following Tuesday, four knights, Reginald Fitz-Urse, William de Tracy, Hugh de Morville, and Richard Brito, arrived secretly in the neighborhood. They had been present in Normandy, when the King, irritated by the representations of the three bishops, had exclaimed : "Of the cowards who eat my bread, is there not one who will free me from this turbulent priest?" and, mistaking this passionate expression for the royal license, had bound themselves by oath to return to England, and either carry off or murder the Primate. They assembled at Saltwood, the residence of the Brocs, to arrange their operations.

The next day, after dinner, when the Archbishop was transacting business in a private apartment, it was announced that four knights wished to speak with him from the King. He ordered them to be admitted, and at the same time sent for the principal persons in his household to be present. The knights entered very unceremoniously, and seated themselves apart on the floor. Becket, who pretended at first not to notice their entrance, casting his eyes upon them, saw that three of the four were well known to him, having been formerly in his service and done homage to him. He saluted them, but the salute was returned with insult. They ordered him, as if they had such a commission from the King, to absolve the excommunicated prelates, and to make satisfaction to the young Henry, whom he had traitorously attempted to deprive of the

crown. He replied with firmness, and occasionally with warmth, that if he had published the papal letters, it had been with the permission of his sovereign; that the case of the Archbishop of York had been reserved to the Pontiff; that with respect to the other bishops, he was willing to absolve them whenever they should take the accustomed oath of submission to the determination of the Church; and that, so far from wishing to take the crown from his former pupil, the young King, he called God to witness that he would, if it were in his power, heap additional crowns upon his head.

They then declared that if such were his resolve, he must quit England forever. Neither he nor his could have peace in the King's dominions. "No!" exclaimed the Archbishop; "never again shall the sea lie between me and my Church. Here I am. If I am permitted to perform my duties, it is well; if not, I submit to the will of God. But how comes it that you, knowing what was heretofore between us, dare to threaten me in my own house?" "We shall do more than threaten," was the reply. Fitz-Urse then called upon the Archbishop's men to give him back their homage; and ordered all present, in the King's name, to keep watch over him, that he did not escape. "Have no fear of that," he exclaimed, following them to the door; "come when you may, you will find me here."

The knights withdrew to a large house immediately opposite, where they armed themselves and their followers; and, to prevent a rescue, sent an order, in the King's name, to the Mayor and his brethren to preserve the peace in the city. At the departure of the knights the Archbishop returned to his seat, apparently cool and collected. Neither in tone nor gesture did he betray the slightest apprehension, though consternation and despair were depicted on every countenance around him.

It was the hour of evening service, and at the sound of the psalmody in the choir, a voice exclaimed, "To the church—it will afford protection." But Becket had said that he would await them there, and refused to remove from the place. Word was now brought that the knights had forced their way through the garden, and made an entrance by the windows.

A few moments later they were heard, at no great distance, breaking down with axes a strong partition of oak, which impeded their progress. In a paroxysm of terror, the Archbishop's attendants closed around him, and, notwithstanding his resistance, bore him with pious violence through the cloister into the church. The door was immediately closed and barred against the assassins, who were already in sight. Becket walked leisurely along the transept, and was ascending the steps which led to his favorite altar, when he heard the cries of the knights, demanding admission at the door. Without hesitation, he ordered it to be thrown open, saying that the house of God should not be made a military fortress. Immediately his attendants, monks and clergy, dispersed to conceal themselves, some behind the columns, others under the altars.

But the Archbishop turned to meet his enemies, and stationing himself with his back against a column, between the altars of St. Mary and St. Bennet, awaited their approach. The four knights and their twelve companions rushed into the church, with drawn swords and loud cries. "To me, ye King's men!" shouted their leader. "Where is the traitor?" exclaimed Hugh of Horsey, a military sub-deacon, known by the characteristic surname of Mancerc. No answer was returned; but to the question, "Where is the Archbishop?" Becket replied, "Here I am, the Archbishop, but no traitor. What is your will?" They turned to him and insisted that he should immediately absolve all whom he had placed under ecclesiastical censures; to which he replied that, until they had promised satisfaction, he could not. "Then die!" exclaimed a voice. "I am ready," returned the Prelate, "to die for the cause of God and the Church. But I forbid you, in the name of the Almighty God, to touch any one of my household, clerk or layman."

There seems to have been some hesitation on the part of the murderers. They would rather have shed his blood without the church than within its walls. An attempt was made by some of them to drag him away; but he resisted it with success, through the aid of a clergyman called Edward Grim, who threw his arms around the Archbishop's waist. "Regi-

nald," said Becket to Fitz-Urse, "how dare you do this? Remember that you have been my man." "I am now the King's man," replied the assassin, aiming a blow at the Primate's head. Grim interposed his arm, which was broken and severed in two; still the sword passed through Becket's cap and wounded him on the crown. As he felt the blood trickling down his cheek, he wiped it away with his sleeve, and having joined his hands and bent his head in the attitude of prayer, said, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commit my spirit." In this posture, with his face to his murderers, and without shrinking or speaking, he awaited a second stroke, which threw him on his knees and elbows. The third stroke was given by Richard Brito, with such violence that he cut off the upper part of the Archbishop's head and broke his own sword on the pavement. The murderers were retiring, when Hugh of Horsey, turning back, set his foot on the neck of the corpse, and drawing the brain out of the skull with the point of his sword, scattered it around. "Fear not," he said; "the man will never rise again." They returned to the palace, which they rifled, taking away with them spoil, as it was estimated, to the value of two thousand marks.

Thus, at the age of fifty-three, perished this extraordinary man, a martyr to what he deemed his duty—the preservation of the immunities of the Church. The moment of his death was the triumph of his cause. His personal virtues and exalted station, the dignity and composure with which he met his fate, the sacredness of the place where the murder was perpetrated—all contributed to inspire men with horror for his enemies and veneration for his character.—JOHN LINGARD.

FAIR ROSAMUND.

Rosamund. Be friends with him again—I do beseech thee.

Henry. With Becket? I have but one hour with thee—

Sceptre and crozier clashing, and the mitre

Grappling the crown—and when I flee from this

For a gasp of freer air, a breathing-while

To rest upon thy bosom and forget him—

Why thou, my bird, thou pipest Becket, Becket—

Yea, thou, my golden dream of Love's own bower,

Must be the nightmare breaking on my peace
With "Becket."

Rosamund. O, my life's life, not to smile
Is all but death to me. My sun, no cloud !
Let there not be one frown in this one hour.
Out of the many thine, let this be mine !
Look rather thou all-royal as when first
I met thee.

Henry. Where was that ?

Rosamund. Forgetting that forgets me too.

Henry. Nay, I remember it well. There on the moors.

Rosamund. And in a narrow path.
A plover flew before thee. Then I saw
Thy high black steed among the flaming furze,
Like sudden night in the main glare of day.
And from that height something was said to me
I knew not what.

Henry. I ask'd the way.

Rosamund. I think so. So I lost mine.

Henry. Thou wast too shamed to answer.

Rosamund. Too scared—so young !

Henry. The rosebud of my rose !—
Well, well, no more of *him*—I have sent his folk,
His kin, all his belongings, overseas ;
Age, orphans, and babe-breasting mothers—all
By hundreds to him—there to beg, starve, die—
So that the fool King Louis feed them not.
The man shall feel that I can strike him yet.

Rosamund. Babes, orphans, mothers ! is that royal, Sire ?

Henry. And I have been as royal with the Church.
He shelter'd in the Abbey of Pontigny.
There wore his time studying the canon law
To work it against me. But since he cursed
My friends at Veselay, I have let them know,
That if they keep him longer as their guest,
I scatter all their cowls to all the hells.

Rosamund. And is that altogether royal ?

Henry. Traitor !

Rosamund. A faithful traitress to thy royal fame.

Henry. Fame ! what care I for fame ? Spite, ignorance, envy,
Yea, honesty too, paint her what way they will.
Fame of to-day is infamy to-morrow ;

Infamy of to-day is fame to-morrow;
 And round and round again. What matters? Royal—
 I mean to leave the royalty of my crown
 Unless'd to mine heirs.

Rosamund. Still—thy fame too :
 I say that should be royal.

Henry. And I say, I care not for thy saying.

Rosamund. And I say,
 I care not for *thy* saying. A greater King
 Than thou art, Love, who cares not for the word,
 Makes “care not”—care. There have I spoken true?

Henry. Care dwell with me forever, when I cease
 To care for thee as ever !

Rosamund. No need ! no need ! . . .
 There is a bench. Come, wilt thou sit? . . . My bank
 Of wild-flowers [*He sits*]. At thy feet ! [*She sits at his feet*.]

Henry. I bad them clear
 A royal pleasure for thee, in the wood,
 Not leave these country-folk at court.
Rosamund. I brought them
 In from the wood, and set them here. I love them
 More than the garden flowers, that seem at most
 Sweet guests, or foreign cousins, not half speaking
 The language of the land. I love *them*, too,
 Yes. But, my liege, I am sure, of all the roses—
 Shame fall on those who gave it a dog's name—
 This wild one (*picking a briar-rose*)—nay, I shall not prick
 myself—

Is sweetest. Do but smell !

Henry. Thou rose of the world !
 Thou rose of all the roses ! [*Muttering*.]
 I am not worthy of her—this beast-body
 That God has plunged my soul in—I, that taking
 The Fiend's advantage of a throne, so long
 Have wander'd among women,—a foul stream
 Thro' fever-breeding levels,—at her side
 Among these happy dales, run clearer, drop
 The mud I carried, like yon brook, and glass
 The faithful face of heaven—

[*Looking at her, and unconsciously aloud,*
 —thine ! thine !

Rosamund. I know it.

Henry (muttering). Not hers. We have but one bond, her hate of Becket.

Rosamund (half hearing). Nay! nay! what art thou muttering? I hate Becket?

Henry (muttering). A sane and natural loathing for a soul Purer, and truer and nobler than herself; And mine a bitterer illegitimate hate, A bastard hate born of a former love.

Rosamund. My fault to name him! O, let the hand of one To whom thy voice is all her music, stay it But for a breath. [Puts her hand before his lips.

Speak only of thy love.

Why there—like some loud beggar at thy gate— The happy boldness of this hand hath won it Love's alms, thy kiss (looking at her hand)—Sacred! I'll kiss it too. [Kissing it.

There! wherefore dost thou so peruse it? Nay, There may be crosses in my line of life.

Henry. Not half her hand—no hand to mate with her, If it should come to that.

Rosamund. With her? With whom?

Henry. Life on the hand is naked gipsy-stuff; Life on the face, the brows—clear innocence! Vein'd marble—not a furrow yet—and hers Crost and recrost, a venomous spider's web—

Rosamund (springing up). Out of the cloud, my Sun—out of the eclipse Narrowing my golden hour!

Henry. O, Rosamund, I would be true—would tell thee all—and something I had to say—I love thee none the less— Which will so vex thee.

Rosamund. Something against me?

Henry. No, no, against myself.

Rosamund. I will not hear it.

Come, come, mine hour! I bargain for mine hour. I'll call thee little Geoffrey.

Henry. Call him!

Rosamund. Geoffrey! [Enter Geoffrey.

Henry. How the boy grows!

Rosamund. Ay, and his brows are thine; The mouth is only Clifford, my dear father.

Geoffrey. My liege, what hast thou brought me?

Henry. Venal imp!

What say'st thou to the Chancellorship of England?

Geoffrey. O, yes, my liege.

Henry. "O, yes, my liege!" He speaks
As if it were a cake of gingerbread.

Dost thou know, my boy, what it is to be Chancellor
of England?

Geoffrey. Something good, or thou would'st not give it me.

Henry. It is, my boy, to side with the King when Chancellor,
and then to be made Archbishop and go against the
King who made him, and turn the world upside down.

Geoffrey. I won't have it then. Nay, but give it me, and I
promise thee not to turn the world upside down.

Henry (*giving him a ball*). Here is a ball, my boy, thy world,
to turn any way and play with as thou wilt—which is more
than I can do with mine. Go try it, play. [Exit *Geoffrey*.

A pretty lusty boy.

Rosamund. So like to thee;
Like to be liker.

Henry. Not in my chin, I hope!
That threatens double.

Rosamund. Thou art manlike perfect.

Henry. Ay, ay, no doubt; and were I humpt behind,
Thou'dst say as much—the goodly way of women
Who love, for which I love them. May God grant
No ill befall or him or thee when I
Am gone.

Rosamund. Is he thy enemy?

Henry. He? Who? Ay!

Rosamund. Thine enemy knows the secret of my bower.

Henry. And I could tear him asunder with wild horses
Before he would betray it. Nay—no fear!
More like is he to excommunicate me.

Rosamund. And I would creep, crawl over knife-edge flint
Barefoot, a hundred leagues, to stay his hand
Before he flash'd the bolt.

Henry. And when he flash'd it
Shrink from me, like a daughter of the Church.

Rosamund. Ay, but he will not.

Henry. Ay! but if he did?

Rosamund. O, then! O, then! I almost fear to say

That my poor heretic heart would excommunicate
 His excommunication, clinging to thee
 Closer than ever.

Henry (raising Rosamund and kissing her). My brave-hearted
 Rose !

Hath he ever been to see thee ?

Rosamund. Here ? Not he.

And it is so lonely here—no confessor.

Henry. Thou shalt confess all thy sweet sins to me.

Rosamund. Besides, we came away in such a heat,
 I brought not ev'n my crucifix.

Henry. Take this.

[*Giving her the Crucifix which Eleanor gave him.*]

Rosamund. O beautiful ! May I have it as mine, till mine
 Be mine again ?

Henry (throwing it round her neck). Thine—as I am—till
 death !

Rosamund. Death ? No ! I'll have it with me in my shroud,
 And wake with it, and show it to all the Saints.

Henry. Nay—I must go ; but when thou layest thy lip
 To this, remembering One who died for thee,
 Remember also one who lives for thee
 Out there in France ; for I must hence to brave
 The Pope, King Louis, and this turbulent priest.

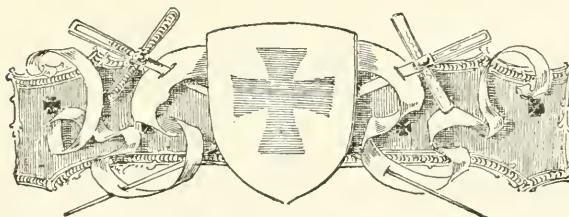
Rosamund (kneeling). O, by thy love for me, all mine for thee,
 Fling not thy soul into the flames of hell :
 I kneel to thee—be friends with him again.

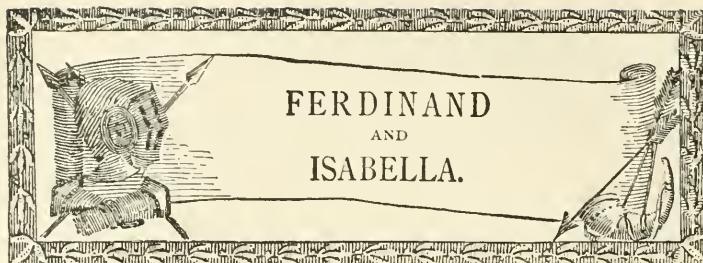
Henry. Look, look ! if little Geoffrey have not lost
 His ball into the brook ! makes after it, too,
 To find it. Why, the child will drown himself.

Rosamund. Geoffrey ! Geoffrey !

[*Exeunt.*]

—LORD TENNYSON.





THE reign of Ferdinand and Isabella is the most glorious in the Spanish annals. Their power was extended throughout the whole of the Peninsula, the Moors were driven from Europe, and the New World, with its inexhaustible treasures, became the absolute property of the crown. Ferdinand V., son of John II. of Aragon, was born in the year 1452.

He married, in 1469, Isabella, daughter of John II. of Castile, and heiress to that crown. Ferdinand succeeded to the crowns of Aragon and Sicily by the death of his father, on the 19th of January, 1479. His wife, Isabella, had already succeeded in her own right, and with the sanction of the Cortes, to the throne of Castile by the death of her brother, Henry IV., in 1472. Her claim was disputed, but the result of a struggle was in her favor.

After some contention about the proper form of government for the united kingdom, it was agreed between the King and Queen: First, that Ferdinand should be named in charters, patents and coins before her; Secondly, that the arms of Castile should be on the right of those of Aragon; Thirdly, that garrisons should be held in her name and officers of the revenue take their oath to her, and that when together their power should be equal. Thus were the two great divisions of Spain united, though the two kingdoms remained under separate administrations. As early as 1478, under the influence of Isabella, who was ever most devoted to the interests of the Church, Ferdinand established the Inquisition in

Spain, which fearful tribunal continued till 1820, when it was finally abolished.

For nearly two centuries the dominion of the Moors had been confined to Granada, on the southern coast; but though the narrow extent of that province scarcely entitled it to the name of kingdom, it was so prodigally enriched by nature, and the wisdom and enterprise of man had so skillfully improved its natural advantages, that in substantial power it could vie with far larger and more imposing territories. Its mountainous frontier, which served as a rampart to keep out foreign enemies, was rich in mineral wealth, and in the still more invaluable treasures of a hardy and bold population. Ferdinand and Isabella, in their pious zeal, now determined to drive out these Mahometan neighbors, so that the whole of Spain should be of the Roman Catholic faith.

Abul Hacen, King of Granada, was a prince of great intrepidity. Many years before his accession his predecessors had been reduced by the fortune of war to confess the superiority of the sovereigns of Castile by paying an annual tribute. When the Castilian officers were sent to Abul Hacen to receive this, he told them, "The mines of Granada coined no longer gold, but steel." Knowing well that this reply would be regarded as a challenge of war, he determined to anticipate an attack, and in the winter of 1481 he surprised Zahara, one of the strongest fortresses on the Spanish frontier, put the garrison to the sword, and carried off the whole population, of every age and sex, into slavery. In 1482 the Marquis of Cadiz, a Spanish nobleman, revenged the capture of Zahara by sacking the Moorish fortress of Alhama. This was a far more important place than Zahara; considered almost impregnable, its very strength proved its ruin, by the false confidence with which it inspired the garrison.

Next Ferdinand besieged the city of Loxa, but was repulsed with heavy slaughter. This so disheartened him that he proposed to desist, for a time at least, from the war; but Isabella, on the contrary, reminded her husband that "glory was not to be won without danger." Her spirit rose with the call the late disaster had made upon it. She sent orders for reinforcements and supplies to every city in her own dominion

of Castile. Meanwhile an insurrection in Galicia forced Ferdinand to go thither in person. This he soon subdued in 1483. In the latter part of this year, on the mountains near Malaga, 2,700 Christian horse were overthrown, 800 of them were slain, and 1,600 taken prisoners by the Mahometans. Even the Marquis of Cadiz, the victor of Alhama, purchased safety by ignominious flight. Within a month of the day on which El Zagal, the Moorish commander, routed his assailants near Malaga, the Christians revenged their loss under the walls of Lucena; with a handful of men they slew 5,000 Moors, and took their king, with several persons of note, prisoners.

A civil war had arisen in Granada; Abul Hacen had been driven out, and was compelled to yield the greater part of his territories to his heir Boabdil, and with his younger brother, El Zagal, to take refuge in Malaga. Subsequently, having, as before stated, been taken prisoner at Lucena, Ferdinand, with subtle policy, gave him his liberty, lest his captivity should strengthen the Moors by reuniting them under one head. The following year, 1484, Alora and Ronda, two considerable places, were captured, together with the castles of Cambil and Albuhar. In 1485 no great progress was made, the King of Spain being engaged in Aragon and Catalonia.

Ferdinand was disappointed at finding that with his liberty Abul Hacen recovered his resolution, and that every Moorish fortress still contained a garrison on whom national pride and religious enthusiasm worked as resolutely as ever to preserve its loyalty to its sovereign and its religion. Once more Ferdinand lost heart, and proposed to lay aside the further prosecution of the war. Once more his brave wife rejected the idea, as unworthy alike of king or Christian. At last Ferdinand yielded to Isabella's remonstrances and entreaties, and consented to resume operations. In 1486 the city of Loxa, and the towns of Illora, Baños, Zagra and Moolin were taken from the Moors. So successful was Isabella in inspiring all around her with her own energy, that she collected at Cordova nearly 40,000 men, of whom one-third were cavalry.

Abul Hacen dying, El Zagal was raised to the throne of Malaga. Ferdinand, having resolved to make himself master

of this place, laid siege to it with 40,000 foot and 12,000 horse. Boabdil, King of Granada, still at feud with El Zagal, assisted Ferdinand, and thereby incurred the disfavor of his Moslem subjects. After a siege of three months Malaga fell, and its inhabitants, without exception, were reduced to slavery. In 1487 Ferdinand left Andalusia and quelled an insurrection which had broken out in Aragon.

Since the reduction of Malaga, El Zagal had made Baza his capital. This city lay on the northern side of the Sierra Nevada, and Ferdinand expected a desperate resistance from a garrison directed by the skill of so warlike a sovereign. El Zagal's force numbered 20,000 men. They made frequent sallies, and inflicted such loss on Ferdinand's besieging force, that once more his resolution wavered, and in a council of war he formally proposed to raise the siege. Once more Isabella had to animate the faltering spirit of her husband. On the 7th of November, 1489, she rode into Ferdinand's camp. Her arrival at once changed the aspect of affairs. The least hopeful among the Spaniards could no longer shrink from the endurance of toils and hardships which their Queen had come to share. In December, after a siege of six months, El Zagal surrendered the city of Baza to Ferdinand. This disaster struck such terror into the Moors, that the cities of Guadix, Almoria and several other places of less note capitulated without being attacked.

The more important half of Granada was subdued; nothing now remained to the Moors but the city of Granada itself and the small surrounding district, which still adhered to Boabdil. Ferdinand and Isabella encamped before it with 10,000 horse and 50,000 foot on the 23d of April, 1491. Boabdil was a brave prince, and his garrison was made up of all the best Moorish troops. To encourage the Spaniards, Isabella came into the camp clad in complete armor and mounted on a war-horse. Month after month passed, and still the faithful garrison continued unsubdued. Ferdinand and Isabella, to show their resolution not to depart before capturing the city, laid the foundations of a town on the very spot where the camp stood. Its form was to be that of a cross, and they named it Santa Fé, "The Holy Faith."

At Christmas, 1491, Boabdil was compelled to capitulate. On the 2d day of January, 1492, Ferdinand and Isabella entered Granada in triumph. Boabdil was spared the humiliation of witnessing their entrance. Outside the walls the unfortunate Moor met the king and queen, and performed the acts of homage for the scanty remains of territory which he was still to possess in the Alpuxarras. From the mountain top, turning for a last look on his lost, but dearly loved, city, he burst into tears and exclaimed: "Alas, what woes were ever equal to mine!" The spot on which he halted is still pointed out to the traveler, and is named "El ultimo suspiro del Moro," "The last sigh of the Moor." Thus ended the dominion of the Moors in Spain, having lasted over seven hundred years. In 1499, in gross violation of the guarantee given to the Moors of Granada, their liberty of worship was prohibited, and a few years later they were compelled to accept the alternative of baptism or exile.

At this time Columbus was discovering for Ferdinand and Isabella the New World, where the Spaniards soon made immense conquests. His wonderful career has been sketched in Volume II., pages 134-160. In March, 1492, Ferdinand, by a proclamation, banished the Jews from Spain, 800,000 in all. Africa, Italy and Portugal received these poor outcasts. Ferdinand's general, Gonsalvo de Cordova, conquered for him the kingdom of Naples, partly by force and partly by treachery. By similar means Ferdinand conquered Navarra, which he added to his other dominions.

Ferdinand and Isabella were ably assisted in their government by their minister, Ximenes, who emancipated the crown from the power of the feudal nobles by raising troops at the expense of the State, and by favoring the privileges of the municipal towns. In this Ximenes somewhat anticipated the policy of Richelieu in France. Ferdinand established a severe system of police throughout his dominions by means of an association called the "Santa Hermandad," which did summary justice upon all offenders without distinction of rank. He also forbade any papal bull to be promulgated without the previous sanction of the royal council.

On the 26th of November, 1504, the greatest of misfor-

unes befell Ferdinand in the death of Queen Isabella. She expired at Medina del Campo in the fifty-third year of her age. They had reigned together thirty years. As the conquest of Granada was more emphatically Isabella's own work, it was in Granada that she wished her bones to rest, and in the great cathedral of Granada her sepulchre and monument are still to be seen. In 1506, the Archduke Philip dying, Ferdinand, owing to the insanity of his daughter Joanna, assumed the government of Castile, which he retained till his demise, which took place on the 3d of January, 1516.

Ferdinand and Isabella had four daughters and one son. Among the former was Catharine, who married Arthur, Prince of Wales, son of King Henry VII. of England. When Arthur died within five months, Catharine married King Henry VIII., and became the mother of Mary, afterwards Queen of England, but was unjustly divorced by her domineering husband.

Ferdinand V. and Isabella differed widely in character. The former was crafty, unscrupulous, unenterprising and parsimonious; eager, indeed, to extend his power and influence, but for that object preferring to trust to diplomatic subtlety rather than to warlike aggression. Isabella, on the other hand, was frank, conscientious, liberal and enthusiastic; her predominating idea and ruling principle being that, if the first duty of a ruler were to watch over the prosperity of the kingdoms committed to his care, the surest way to promote that prosperity was to foster piety, to propagate the Catholic faith, and to extirpate false religion. In consequence of his having cleared the soil of Spain of the Mahometans, Ferdinand was styled "the Catholic," a title which the kings of Spain have continued to assume ever since. Ferdinand V. may be considered as the restorer, if not the founder, of the Spanish monarchy, but Isabella was the inspirer and promoter of his most effective work and has attained a higher glory.

THE CAPTURE OF GRANADA.

The winter of 1490 was busily occupied with preparations for the closing campaign against Granada. Ferdinand took command of the army in the month of April, 1491, with the

purpose of sitting down before the Moorish capital, not to rise until its final surrender. The troops, which mustered in the Val de Velillos, are computed by most historians at fifty thousand horse and foot, although Martyr, who served as a volunteer, swells the number to eighty thousand. They were drawn from the different cities, chiefly, as usual, from Andalusia, which had been stimulated to truly gigantic efforts throughout this protracted war, and from the nobility of every quarter, many of whom, wearied out with the contest, contented themselves with sending their quotas; while many others, as the Marquises of Cadiz, Villena, the Counts of Tendilla, Cabra, Ureña, and Alonzo de Aguilar, appeared in person, eager, as they had borne the brunt of so many hard campaigns, to share in the closing scene of triumph.

On the 26th of the month, the army encamped near the fountain of Ojos de Huescar, in the vega, about two leagues distant from Granada. Ferdinand's first movement was to detach a considerable force, under the Marquis of Villena, which he subsequently supported in person with the remainder of the army, for the purpose of scouring the fruitful regions of the Alpujarras, which served as the granary of the capital. This service was performed with such unsparing rigor that no less than twenty-four towns and hamlets in the mountains were ransacked and razed to the ground. After this, Ferdinand returned loaded with spoil to his former position on the banks of the Xenil, in full view of the Moorish metropolis, which seemed to stand alone, like some sturdy oak, the last of the forest, bidding defiance to the storm which had prostrated all its brethren.

Notwithstanding the failure of all external resources, Granada was still formidable from its local position and its defences. On the east it was fenced in by a wild mountain barrier, the *Sierra Nevada*, whose snow-clad summits diffused a grateful coolness over the city through the sultry heats of summer. The side towards the vega, facing the Christian encampment, was encircled by walls and towers of massive strength and solidity. The population, swelled to two hundred thousand by the immigration from the surrounding country, was likely, indeed, to be a burden in a protracted

siege; but among them were twenty thousand, the flower of the Moslem chivalry, who had escaped the edge of the Christian sword. In front of the city, for an extent of nearly ten leagues, lay unrolled the magnificent vega, whose prolific beauties could scarcely be exaggerated in the most florid strains of the Arabian minstrel, and which still bloomed luxuriant, notwithstanding the repeated ravages of the preceding season.

The inhabitants of Granada were filled with indignation at the sight of their enemy, thus encamped under the shadow, as it were, of their battlements. They sallied forth in small bodies, or singly, challenging the Spaniards to equal encounter. Numerous were the combats which took place between the high-mettled cavaliers on both sides, who met on the level arena, as on a tilting-ground, where they might display their prowess in the presence of the assembled beauty and chivalry of their respective nations; for the Spanish camp was graced, as usual, by the presence of Queen Isabella and the infantas, with the courtly train of ladies who had accompanied their royal mistress from Alcalá la Real. The Spanish ballads glow with picturesque details of these knightly tourneys, forming the most attractive portion of this romantic minstrelsy, which, celebrating the prowess of Moslem, as well as Christian warriors, sheds a dying glory round the last hours of Granada.

The festivity which reigned throughout the camp on the arrival of Isabella did not divert her attention from the stern business of war. She superintended the military preparations and personally inspected every part of the encampment. She appeared on the field superbly mounted and dressed in complete armor, and, as she visited the different quarters and reviewed her troops, she administered words of commendation or sympathy, suited to the condition of the soldier.

On one occasion, she expressed a desire to take a nearer survey of the city. For this purpose a house was selected, affording the best point of view, in the little village of Zubia, at no great distance from Granada. The King and Queen stationed themselves before a window, which commanded an unbroken prospect of the Alhambra and the most beautiful

quarter of the town. In the meanwhile, a considerable force, under the Marquis-Duke of Cadiz, had been ordered, for the protection of the royal persons, to take up a position between the village and the city of Granada, with strict injunctions on no account to engage the enemy, as Isabella was unwilling to stain the pleasures of the day with unnecessary effusion of blood.

The people of Granada, however, were too impatient long to endure the presence and, as they deemed it, the bravado of their enemy. They burst forth from the gates of the capital, dragging along with them several pieces of ordnance, and commenced a brisk assault on the Spanish lines. The latter sustained the shock with firmness, till the Marquis of Cadiz, seeing them thrown into some disorder, found it necessary to assume the offensive, and, mustering his followers around him, made one of those desperate charges which had so often broken the enemy. The Moorish cavalry faltered; but might have disputed the ground, had it not been for the infantry, which, composed of the rabble population of the city, was easily thrown into confusion, and hurried the horse along with it. The rout now became general. The Spanish cavaliers, whose blood was up, pursued to the very gates of Granada, "and not a lance," says Bernaldez, "that day, but was dyed in the blood of the infidel." Two thousand of the enemy were slain and taken in the engagement, which lasted only a short time; and the slaughter was stopped only by the escape of the fugitives within the walls of the city.

About the middle of July an accident occurred in the camp which had like to have been attended with fatal consequences. The Queen was lodged in a superb pavilion, belonging to the Marquis of Cadiz, and always used by him in the Moorish war. By the carelessness of one of her attendants, a lamp was placed in such a situation that, during the night, perhaps owing to a gust of wind, it set fire to the drapery or loose hangings of the pavilion, which was instantly in a blaze. The flame communicated with fearful rapidity to the neighboring tents, made of light, combustible materials, and the camp was menaced with general conflagration. This occurred at the dead of night, when all but the sentinels were buried

in sleep. The Queen and her children, whose apartments were near hers, were in great peril, and escaped with difficulty, though fortunately without injury. The alarm soon spread. The trumpets sounded to arms, for it was supposed to be some night attack of the enemy. Ferdinand, snatching up his arms, hastily put himself at the head of his troops; but, soon ascertaining the nature of the disaster, contented himself with posting the Marquis of Cadiz, with a strong body of horse, over against the city, in order to repel any sally from that quarter. None, however, was attempted, and the fire was at length extinguished without personal injury, though not without loss of much valuable property in jewels, plate, brocade, and other costly decorations of the tents of the nobility.

In order to guard against a similar disaster, as well as to provide comfortable winter quarters for the army, should the siege be so long protracted as to require it, it was resolved to build a town of substantial edifices on the place of the present encampment. The plan was immediately put in execution. The work was distributed in due proportions among the troops of the several cities and of the great nobility; the soldier was on a sudden converted into an artisan, and, instead of war, the camp echoed with the sounds of peaceful labor.

In less than three months this stupendous task was accomplished. The spot so recently occupied by light, fluttering pavilions was thickly covered with solid structures of stone and mortar, comprehending, besides dwelling-houses, stables for a thousand horses. The town was thrown into a quadrangular form, traversed by two spacious avenues, intersecting each other at right angles in the centre, in the form of a cross, with stately portals at each of the four extremities. Inscriptions on blocks of marble, in the various quarters, recorded the respective shares of the several cities in the execution of the work. When it was completed, the whole army was desirous that the new city should bear the name of their illustrious Queen; but Isabella modestly declined this tribute and bestowed on the place the title of *Santa Fé*, in token of the unshaken trust, manifested by her people throughout this

war, in Divine Providence. With this name it still stands as it was erected in 1491, a monument of the constancy and enduring patience of the Spaniards, "the only city in Spain," in the words of a Castilian writer, "that has never been contaminated by the Moslem heresy."

The erection of Santa Fé by the Spaniards struck a greater damp into the people of Granada than the most successful military achievement could have done. They beheld the enemy setting foot on their soil, with a resolution never more to resign it. They already began to suffer from the rigorous blockade, which effectually excluded supplies from their own territories, while all communication with Africa was jealously intercepted. Symptoms of insubordination had begun to show themselves among the overgrown population of the city, as it felt more and more the pressure of famine. In this crisis, the unfortunate Abdallah and his principal counsellors became convinced that the place could not be maintained much longer; and at length, in the month of October, propositions were made through the Vizier Abul Cazim Abdelmalic to open a negotiation for the surrender of the place. The affair was to be conducted with the utmost caution, since the people of Granada, notwithstanding their precarious condition and their disquietude, were buoyed up by indefinite expectations of relief from Africa, or some other quarter.

The Spanish sovereigns intrusted the negotiation to their secretary, Fernando de Zafra, and to Gonsalvo de Cordova, the latter of whom was selected for this delicate business from his uncommon address and his familiarity with the Moorish habits and language. Thus the capitulation of Granada was referred to the man who acquired in her long wars the military science which enabled him, at a later period, to foil the most distinguished generals of Europe.

The conferences were conducted by night, with the utmost secrecy, sometimes within the walls of Granada, and at others in the little hamlet of Churriana, about a league distant from it. At length, after large discussion on both sides, the terms of capitulation were definitely settled, and ratified by the respective monarchs on the 25th of November, 1491.

The conditions were of similar, though somewhat more liberal, import than those granted to Baza. The inhabitants of Granada were to retain possession of their mosques, with the free exercise of their religion, with all its peculiar rites and ceremonies; they were to be judged by their own laws, under their own cadiis or magistrates, subject to the general control of the Castilian governor; they were to be unmolested in their ancient usages, manners, language and dress; to be protected in the full enjoyment of their property, with the right of disposing of it on their own account, and of migrating when and where they would; and to be furnished with vessels for the conveyance of such as chose, within three years, to pass into Africa. No heavier taxes were to be imposed than those customarily paid to their Arabian sovereigns, and none whatever before the expiration of three years. King Abdallah was to reign over a specified territory in the Alpuxarras, for which he was to do homage to the Castilian crown. The artillery and the fortifications were to be delivered into the hands of the Christians, and the city was to be surrendered in sixty days from the date of the capitulation. Such were the principal terms of the surrender of Granada, as authenticated by the most accredited Castilian and Arabian authorities, which I have stated the more precisely as affording the best data for estimating the extent of Spanish perfidy in later times.

The conferences could not be conducted so secretly but that some report of them got air among the populace of the city, who now regarded Abdallah with an evil eye for his connection with the Christians. When the fact of the capitulation became known, the agitation speedily mounted into an open insurrection, which menaced the safety of the city, as well as of Abdallah's person. In this alarming state of things, it was thought best by that monarch's counsellors to anticipate the appointed day of surrender, and the 2d of January, 1492, was accordingly fixed on for that purpose.

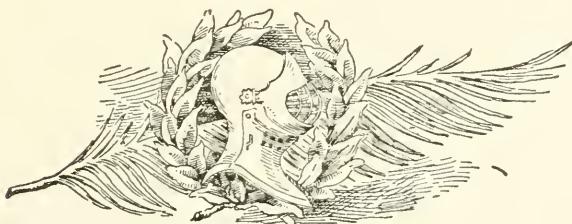
Every preparation was made by the Spaniards for performing this last act of the drama with suitable pomp and effect. The mourning which the court had put on for the death of Prince Alonso of Portugal, occasioned by a fall from his horse,

a few months after his marriage with the Infanta Isabella, was exchanged for gay and magnificent apparel. On the morning of the 2d, the whole Christian camp exhibited a scene of the most animating bustle. The Grand Cardinal, Mendoza, was sent forward at the head of a large detachment, comprehending his household troops and the veteran infantry grown gray in the Moorish wars, to occupy the Alhambra, preparatory to the entrance of the sovereigns. Ferdinand stationed himself at some distance in the rear, near an Arabian mosque, since consecrated as the hermitage of St. Sebastian. He was surrounded by his courtiers, with their stately retinues, glittering in gorgeous panoply, and proudly displaying the armorial bearings of their ancient houses. The Queen halted still farther in the rear, at the village of Armilla.

As the column under the Grand Cardinal advanced up the Hill of Martyrs, over which a road had been constructed for the passage of the artillery, he was met by the Moorish Prince Abdallali, attended by fifty cavaliers, who, descending the hill, rode up to the position occupied by Ferdinand on the banks of the Xenil. As the Moor approached the Spanish King, he would have thrown himself from his horse, and saluted his hand in token of homage; but Ferdinand hastily prevented him, embracing him with every mark of sympathy and regard. Abdallah then delivered up the keys of the Alhambra to his conqueror, saying, "They are thine, O King, since Allah so decrees it; use thy success with clemency and moderation." Ferdinand would have uttered some words of consolation to the unfortunate Prince, but he moved forward with dejected air to the spot occupied by Isabella, and, after similar acts of obeisance, passed on to join his family, who had preceded him, with his most valuable effects, on the route to the Alpuxarras.

The sovereigns, during this time, awaited with impatience the signal of the occupation of the city by the Cardinal's troops, which, winding slowly along the outer circuit of the walls, as previously arranged, in order to spare the feelings of the citizens as far as possible, entered by what is now called the gate of Los Molinos. In a short time the large silver cross, borne by Ferdinand throughout the crusade, was

seen sparkling in the sunbeams, while the standards of Castile and St. Jago waved triumphantly from the red towers of the Alhambra. At this glorious spectacle, the choir of the royal chapel broke forth into the solemn anthem of the *Te Deum*, and the whole army, penetrated with deep emotion, prostrated themselves on their knees in adoration of the Lord of Hosts, who had at length granted the consummation of their wishes, in this last and glorious triumph of the Cross. The grandees who surrounded Ferdinand then advanced towards the Queen, and, kneeling down, saluted her hand in token of homage to her as sovereign of Granada. The procession took up its march towards the city, "the King and Queen moving in the midst," says an historian, "emblazoned with royal magnificence; and, as they were in the prime of life, and had now achieved the completion of this glorious conquest, they seemed to represent even more than their wonted majesty. Equal with each other, they were raised far above the rest of the world. They appeared, indeed, more than mortal, and as if sent by Heaven for the salvation of Spain."—W. H. PRESCOTT.





GONSALVO DE CORDOVA, known in history as the "Great Captain," was one of the noblest and most picturesque characters who gave glory to the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. With scanty means he won military fame for himself and achieved great success for his sovereign. His name was properly Gonzalo Hernandez-y-Aguilar, and he was born at Montilla on the 16th of March, 1453. His father

died early, leaving two sons, Alonzo de Aguilar, and Gonsalo (or Gonsalvo), who was three years younger than his brother. When the civil wars broke out in Castile the two brothers, still minors, attached themselves to the cause of Alfonso and Isabella. At their court the uncommon beauty of Gonsalvo and his polished manners soon attracted attention. He dressed magnificently and lived in princely style, and was known among the courtiers as "The Prince of Cavaliers."

Gonsalvo served during the Portuguese War under Alonso de Cardenas, who specially mentioned in his dispatches the bravery exhibited at the battle of Albuera by the young hero, then only sixteen years of age. The long war of Granada also gave him military experience, and he distinguished himself at the capture of Tajara and Illora. At Monte Frio he was the leader of the scaling party and was the first to mount the walls. At the close of this war he was selected together with Zafra, the King's secretary, on account of his knowledge of Arabic, to conduct the negotiation with the Moorish gov-

ernment. For these services Ferdinand granted him a pension and a large estate in the conquered territory.

Queen Isabella chose Gonsalvo to take command of the Italian expedition, sent to repel the French King, Charles VIII., from Naples, to which he laid claim. Gonsalvo reached Messina on the 24th of May, 1495, and together with Ferdinand, King of Naples, marched on St. Agatha, which town opened its gates without resistance. Directing his course towards Seminara, he cut to pieces a detachment of French troops on its march to reinforce the garrison at Reggio. Seminara followed the example of St. Agatha, and the Neapolitan army marched in without opposition. The French army being reinforced approached the town. Gonsalvo thought it prudent, before going into action, to obtain accurate information of the actual strength of the enemy; but was overruled by the impatience of Ferdinand and his followers. The French defeated the royal army with dreadful slaughter, and Ferdinand escaped with great difficulty. Gonsalvo was seen in the thickest of the fight long after the king had fled, charging the enemy at the head of his handful of Spaniards, knowing that the battle was lost; but striving to cover the retreat of his panic-stricken allies. Ferdinand fled next day to Sicily, and Gonsalvo, with four hundred Spanish horse, withdrew to Reggio. This first battle of importance, in which Gonsalvo de Cordova held a distinguished command, was the only one which he lost during his long and brilliant career. No discredit, however, attached to him on account of the defeat, since the engagement had been entered upon in direct opposition to his advice.

Being left now entirely to his own resources, this valiant soldier had by the end of the year overrun the whole of Lower Calabria, one stronghold after another falling into his hands. His movements were constantly hampered by the scarcity of provisions and by lack of funds. Receiving, however, money from Spain in February, 1496, he vigorously resumed the campaign, and within a year had conquered nearly the whole of Upper Calabria. At this point he was called away to join the King of Naples before Atella, at which place Ferdinand had overtaken the French, who had been in full retreat.

Before leaving Calabria Gonsalvo surprised and captured the town of Laino. Twenty Angevin barons were taken prisoners, and rich booty fell into the hands of the victors. This success virtually settled the fate of Calabria. Gonsalvo arrived before Atella in the beginning of July, and the King of Naples hastened out of the camp to meet the man who had, with the slenderest means, withstood and conquered one of the best disciplined armies in Europe. It was then that he was by general consent greeted with the title of "The Great Captain" (*El Gran Capitan*). No general has more fully exemplified the art of petty warfare.

Immediately on his arrival Gonsalvo destroyed all the flour mills in the vicinity of Atella and carried by assault Ripa Candida, which important post commanded the communication of Atella with the interior. The French, being thus entirely isolated, lost heart and signed a capitulation on the 21st of July, 1496. Of the five thousand Frenchmen who marched out of Atella only five hundred ever reached their native land. The Swiss and other mercenaries were scarcely more fortunate. "They made their way back as best they could through Italy in the most deplorable state of destitution and suffering, the gaze of all, and a sad example of the caprice of fortune." The "Great Captain" then returned to Calabria and drove out the last of the French invaders, thus clearing the dominions of the King of Naples of his foreign foes.

Passing on to Rome, the "Great Captain" made a triumphant entry, and was welcomed by the people as the deliverer of the city. He was also cordially received at the Vatican, and was presented by the Pope with the "Golden Rose." King Ferdinand also presented Gonsalvo, in recognition of his services, with an estate in Abruzzo, and created him Duke of St. Angelo. Having fully accomplished the object of his expedition, he returned in August, 1498, with his whole force to Spain. His reception was that of a hero and conqueror; and King Ferdinand himself declared that by the conquest of Calabria more lustre had been added to his crown than by his triumph over Granada. An insurrection breaking out among the Moors, when the liberty of worship which had been promised them was treacherously withdrawn, the "Great

Captain" marched against the rebels. He stormed and sacked Huejar, a fortified town, whose inhabitants had taken a leading part in the insurrection. Ferdinand himself took the field, and by the capture of Lanjaron, March 3, 1500, reduced the Moors to the most humble subinission. They were compelled to surrender their arms and fortresses, and to pay an indeinnity of 50,000 ducats.

Charles VIII., of France, dying, was succeeded by Louis XII., who, on ascending the throne, proclaimed himself Duke of Milan and King of Naples. Ferdinand of Spain fitted out a fleet consisting of sixty sail, which transported an army of 6,000 foot and 600 horse to assist the Venetians against the Turks, and to protect the coasts of Sicily in any event against the French. The "Great Captain" was entrusted with the command, and sailed from Malaga in May, 1500. On November 11, 1500, a treaty was made between France and Spain for the equal partition of the kingdom of Naples. Gonsalvo, touching at Sicily, was reinforced by 2,000 recruits, and now sailed against the Turkish squadron lying before Napoli di Romania. On his approach they retreated precipitately to Constantinople. Together with the Venetian admiral, Pesaro, Gonsalvo stormed and took the fortress of St. George in Cephalonia in January, 1501, and this capture placed the whole island in his power. The "Great Captain" now returned to Sicily, and an embassy waited on him from the Venetian Senate to express their grateful sense of his services, and presented him with costly presents. Early in March Gonsalvo had received the first official intelligence of the partition treaty and of his own appointment to the post of lieutenant-general of Calabria and Apulia. In less than a month he completed the conquest of Calabria, except the city of Tarento, which held out until the 1st of March, 1502.

A rupture occurred between the French and Spanish, and the former commenced hostilities by marching against Gonsalvo. Aware of his inferiority in numbers he retired with the greater part of his force to Barleta, a fortified seaport on the borders of Apulia. Shut up in this town, the Spaniards suffered great hardships from want of provisions and clothing. Calabria was soon reduced by the French, and the prospect

grew darker and darker. The "Great Captain" was at length attacked by the Duke of Nemours; but Gonsalvo, sallying forth, routed the French and took many prisoners. Still better fortune attended him, when on February 22, 1503, he stormed and took the town of Ruvo. Large supplies of clothes, jewels and money fell into his hands, and he captured nearly one thousand horses. When a new treaty was made between France and Spain, Gonsalvo refused to comply with its terms. Leaving Barleta, he marched to Cerignola, where on the 28th of April, 1503, he defeated the French and Swiss under Nemours. This brave leader and more than three thousand of his followers were slain. Gonsalvo followed up this success by the capture of the city of Naples, which he entered in triumph May 14, 1503. On the 21st of May he took the Castle Nuovo and seized therein large treasure. The French were in full retreat.

Louis XII., on hearing of these reverses to his arms, equipped a large armament at Genoa for the relief of Gaeta, which town was blockaded by the Spaniards. Gonsalvo was forced to retreat and took up his position at St. Germano, a strong town, protected by two fortresses. Here he calmly awaited the arrival of the French. They attacked him on the 6th of November, and captured the bridge across the Garigliano. For seven weeks the two armies lay in sight of each other after this action. Gonsalvo now laid another bridge over the river, and, at night, crossed in the darkness, and fell upon the French, who retreated towards Gaeta. He followed them to that city, and the Marquis of Saluzzo, the French leader, sent a flag of truce with proposals for capitulation. On the 1st of January, 1504, the French evacuated Gaeta, and two days later Gonsalvo made his public entry into the city.

Ferdinand, jealous of the brilliant successes of Gonsalvo, determined to visit Naples to assure himself of the fidelity of his viceroy. The "Great Captain" met him at Genoa on the 24th of September, 1506; and his frank conduct, if it did not disarm Ferdinand of his suspicious, showed him the policy of concealing them. Ferdinand was afterwards received by Gonsalvo at Naples with great pomp and ceremonial. In

addition to the princely honors already conferred on the "Great Captain," Ferdinand granted him the noble duchy of Sessa. Gonsalvo, having settled his private affairs, left Naples, followed by the deep regret of its people. At the meeting between Louis XII. and Ferdinand at Savona, on the 28th of June, no one excited such general interest and attention as the "Great Captain."

After his return to Spain Ferdinand and Isabella both began to show him a marked coolness, and he remained on his estates, chiefly at Loja, where he lived in great splendor. In May, 1512, he was again ordered to hold himself in readiness to proceed to Italy in command of the army against the French; but Ferdinand's former distrust of his general was now augmented by the zeal with which men enlisted under his banner. He sent instructions to the "Great Captain" to disband his levies, as the expedition would be postponed till after the winter. Gonsalvo obeyed and wrote a letter to the King, in which he gave free vent to his indignation, bitterly complaining of the ungenerous requital of his services. Retiring again to Loja, he spent the rest of his life on his estate. In 1515 he was attacked by quartan fever and expired on the 2d of December, at the age of sixty-two.

Gousalvo de Cordova's fame rests on his military prowess. He possessed all the qualities essential to success,—courage, constancy, singular prudence, dexterity in negotiation, and inexhaustible fertility of resource. He has left a character, unimpeached by any historian, of unblemished morality in his domestic relations. His whole public life exhibited the most devoted loyalty to his sovereign, which was requited with ingratitude and mean jealousy.

THE CROSSING OF THE GARIGLIANO.

Gonsalvo de Cordova had intended to confine himself wholly to the defensive, and, too unequal in force to meet the French in the open field, had intrenched himself in his present strong position, with the fixed purpose of awaiting the enemy there. Circumstances had now greatly changed. The original inequality was diminished by the arrival of the Italian levies, and still further compensated by the present disorderly state

of the French army. He knew, moreover, that in the most perilous enterprises the assailing party gathers an enthusiasm and an impetus in its career which counterbalance large numerical odds; while the party taken by surprise is proportionably disconcerted and prepared, as it were, for defeat before a blow is struck. From these considerations, the cautious general acquiesced in Alviano's project to cross the Garigliano, by establishing a bridge at a point opposite Suzio, a small place garrisoned by the French, on the right bank, about four miles above their headquarters. The time for the attack was fixed as soon as possible after the approaching Christmas, when the French, occupied with the festivities of the season, might be thrown off their guard.

This day of general rejoicing to the Christian world at length arrived. It brought little joy to the Spaniards, buried in the depths of these dreary morasses, destitute of most of the necessaries of life, and with scarcely any other means of resisting the climate than those afforded by their iron constitutions and invincible courage. They celebrated the day, however, with all the devotional feeling and the imposing solemnities with which it is commemorated by the Roman Catholic Church; and the exercises of religion, rendered more impressive by their situation, served to exalt still higher the heroic constancy which had sustained them under such unparalleled sufferings.

In the meanwhile, the materials for the bridge were collected, and the work went forward with such dispatch, that on the 28th of December all was in readiness for carrying the plan of attack into execution. The task of laying the bridge across the river was intrusted to Alviano, who had charge of the van. The central and main division of the army under Gonsalvo was to cross at the same point; while Andrada, at the head of the rear-guard, was to force a passage at the old bridge, lower down the stream, opposite to the Tower of the Garigliano.

The night was dark and stormy. Alviano performed the duty intrusted to him with such silence and celerity, that the work was completed without attracting the enemy's notice. He then crossed over with the vanguard, consisting chiefly of

cavalry, supported by Navarro, Paredes, and Pizarro; and, falling on the sleeping garrison of Suzio, cut to pieces all who offered resistance.

The report of the Spaniards having passed the river spread far and wide, and soon reached the headquarters of the Marquis of Saluzzo, near the Tower of the Garigliano. The French commander-in-chief, who believed that the Spaniards were lying on the other side of the river, as torpid as the snakes in their own marshes, was as much astounded by the event as if a thunderbolt had burst over his head from a cloudless sky. He lost no time, however, in rallying such of his scattered forces as he could assemble, and in the meanwhile dispatched Ives d'Allègre with a body of horse to hold the enemy in check, till he could make good his own retreat on Gaeta. His first step was to demolish the bridge near his own quarters, cutting the moorings of the boats and turning them adrift down the river. He abandoned his tents and baggage, together with nine of his heaviest cannon; leaving even the sick and wounded to the mercy of the enemy, rather than encumber himself with anything that should retard his march. The remainder of the artillery he sent forward in the van. The infantry followed next, and the rear, in which Saluzzo took his own station, was brought up by the men-at-arms to cover the retreat.

Before Allègre could reach Suzio, the whole Spanish army had passed the Garigliano, and formed on the right bank. Unable to face such superior numbers, he fell back with precipitation, and joined himself to the main body of the French, now in full retreat on Gaeta.

Gonsalvo, afraid the French might escape him, sent forward Prospero Colonna, with a corps of light horse, to annoy and retard their march until he could come up. Keeping the right bank of the river with the main body, he marched rapidly through the deserted camp of the enemy, leaving little leisure for his men to glean the rich spoil, which lay tempting them on every side. It was not long before he came up with the French, whose movements were greatly retarded by the difficulty of dragging their guns over the ground completely saturated with rain. The retreat was conducted, however, in

excellent order; they were eminently favored by the narrowness of the road, which, allowing but a comparatively small body of troops on either side to come into action, made success chiefly depend on the relative merits of these. The French rear, as already stated, was made up of their men-at-arms, including Bayard, Sandricourt, La Fayette, and others of their bravest chivalry, who, armed at all points, found no great difficulty in beating off the light troops which formed the advance of the Spaniards. At every bridge, stream, and narrow pass, which afforded a favorable position, the French cavalry closed their ranks, and made a resolute stand to gain time for the columns in advance.

In this way, alternately halting and retreating, with perpetual skirmishes, though without much loss on either side, they reached the bridge before Mola di Gaeta. Here, some of the gun-carriages breaking down or being overturned, occasioned considerable delay and confusion. The infantry, pressing on, became entangled with the artillery. The Marquis of Saluzzo endeavored to avail himself of the strong position afforded by the bridge to restore order. A desperate struggle ensued. The French knights dashed boldly into the Spanish ranks, driving back for a time the tide of pursuit. The Chevalier Bayard, who was seen as usual in the front of danger, had three horses killed under him; and, at length, carried forward by his ardor into the thickest of the enemy, was retrieved with difficulty from their hands by a desperate charge of his friend Sandricourt.

The Spaniards, shaken by the violence of the assault, seemed for a moment to hesitate; but Gonsalvo had now time to bring up his men-at-arms, who sustained the faltering columns, and renewed the combat on more equal terms. He himself was in the hottest of the *mélée*; and at one time was exposed to imminent hazard by his horse losing his footing on the slippery soil, and coming with him to the ground. The general fortunately experienced no injury, and, quickly recovering himself, continued to animate his followers by his voice and intrepid bearing, as before.

The fight had now lasted two hours. The Spaniards, although still in excellent heart, were faint with fatigue and

want of food, having traveled six leagues without breaking their fast since the preceding evening. It was, therefore, with no little anxiety that Gonsalvo looked for the coming up of his rear-guard, left under Andrada at the lower bridge, to decide the fortune of the day.

The welcome spectacle at length presented itself. The dark columns of the Spaniards were seen, at first faint in the distance, by degrees growing more and more distinct to the eye. Andrada had easily carried the French redoubt on his side of the Garigliano; but it was not without difficulty and delay that he recovered the scattered boats which the French had set adrift down the stream, and finally succeeded in re-establishing his communications with the opposite bank. Having accomplished this, he rapidly advanced by a more direct road, to the east of that lately traversed by Gonsalvo along the seaside, in pursuit of the French. The latter beheld with dismay the arrival of this fresh body of troops, who seemed to have dropped from the clouds on the field of battle. They scarcely waited for the shock before they broke, and gave way in all directions. The disabled carriages of the artillery, which clogged up the avenues in the rear, increased the confusion among the fugitives, and the foot were trampled down without mercy under the heels of their own cavalry, in the eagerness of the latter to extricate themselves from their perilous situation. The Spanish light horse followed up their advantage with the alacrity of vengeance long delayed, inflicting bloody retribution for all they had so long suffered in the marshes of Sessa.

At no great distance from the bridge the road takes two directions, the one towards Itri, the other to Gaeta. The bewildered fugitives here separated; by far the greater part keeping the latter route. Gonsalvo sent forward a body of horse under Navarro and Pedro de la Paz by a short cut across the country, to intercept their flight. A large number fell into his hands in consequence of this manœuvre; but the greater part of those who escaped the sword succeeded in throwing themselves into Gaeta.

The "Great Captain" took up his quarters that night in the neighboring village of Castellone. His brave followers had

great need of refreshment, having fasted and fought through the whole day, and that under a driving storm of rain which had not ceased for a moment. Thus terminated the battle, or rout, as it is commonly called, of the Garigliano, the most important in its results of all Gonsalvo's victories, and furnishing a suitable close to his brilliant military career. The loss of the French is computed at from three to four thousand men, left dead on the field, together with all their baggage, colors, and splendid train of artillery. The Spaniards must have suffered severely during the sharp conflict on the bridge ; but no estimate of their loss is to be met with, in any native or foreign writer. It was observed that the 29th of December, on which this battle was won, came on Friday, the same ominous day of the week which had so often proved auspicious to the Spaniards under the present reign.

The disparity of the forces actually engaged was probably not great, since the extent of country over which the French were quartered prevented many of them from coming up in time for action. Several corps, who succeeded in reaching the field at the close of the fight, were seized with such a panic as to throw down their arms without attempting resistance. The admirable artillery, on which the French placed chief reliance, was not only of no service, but of infinite mischief to them, as we have seen. The brunt of the battle fell on their chivalry, which bore itself throughout the day with the spirit and gallantry worthy of its ancient renown ; never flinching till the arrival of the Spanish rear-guard fresh in the field, at so critical a juncture, turned the scale in their adversaries' favor.

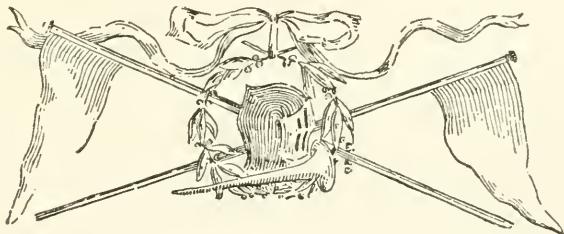
Early on the following morning Gonsalvo made preparations for storming the heights of Mount Orlando, which overlooked the city of Gaeta. Such was the despondency of its garrison, however, that this strong position, which bade defiance a few months before to the most desperate efforts of Spanish valor, was now surrendered without a struggle. The same feeling of despondency had communicated itself to the garrison of Gaeta ; and, before Navarro could bring the batteries of Mount Orlando to bear upon the city, a flag of truce arrived from the Marquis of Saluzzo with proposals for capitulation.

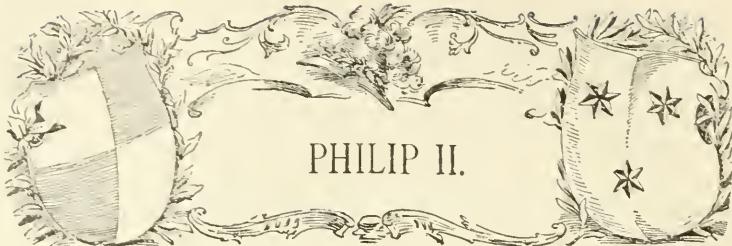
The “Great Captain” made no difficulty in granting such terms, as, while they had a show of liberality, secured him the most important fruits of victory. This suited his cautious temper far better than pressing a desperate foe to extremity. He was, moreover, with all his successes, in no condition to do so ; he was without funds, and, as usual, deeply in arrears to his army ; while there was scarcely a ration of bread, says an Italian historian, in his whole camp.

It was agreed by the terms of capitulation, January 1, 1504, that the French should evacuate Gaeta at once, and deliver it up to the Spaniards with its artillery, munitions, and military stores of every description. The prisoners on both sides, including those taken in the preceding campaign, an arrangement greatly to the advantage of the enemy, were to be restored ; and the army in Gaeta was to be allowed a free passage by land or sea, as they should prefer, to their own country.

From the moment hostilities were brought to a close, Gonsalvo displayed such generous sympathy for his late enemies, and such humanity in relieving them, as to reflect more honor on his character than all his victories. He scrupulously enforced the faithful performance of the treaty, and severely punished any violence offered to the French by his own men. His benign and courteous demeanor towards the vanquished, so remote from the images of terror with which he had been hitherto associated in their minds, excited unqualified admiration ; and they testified their sense of his amiable qualities by speaking of him as the “gentil capitaine et gentil cavalier.”

—W. H. PRESCOTT.

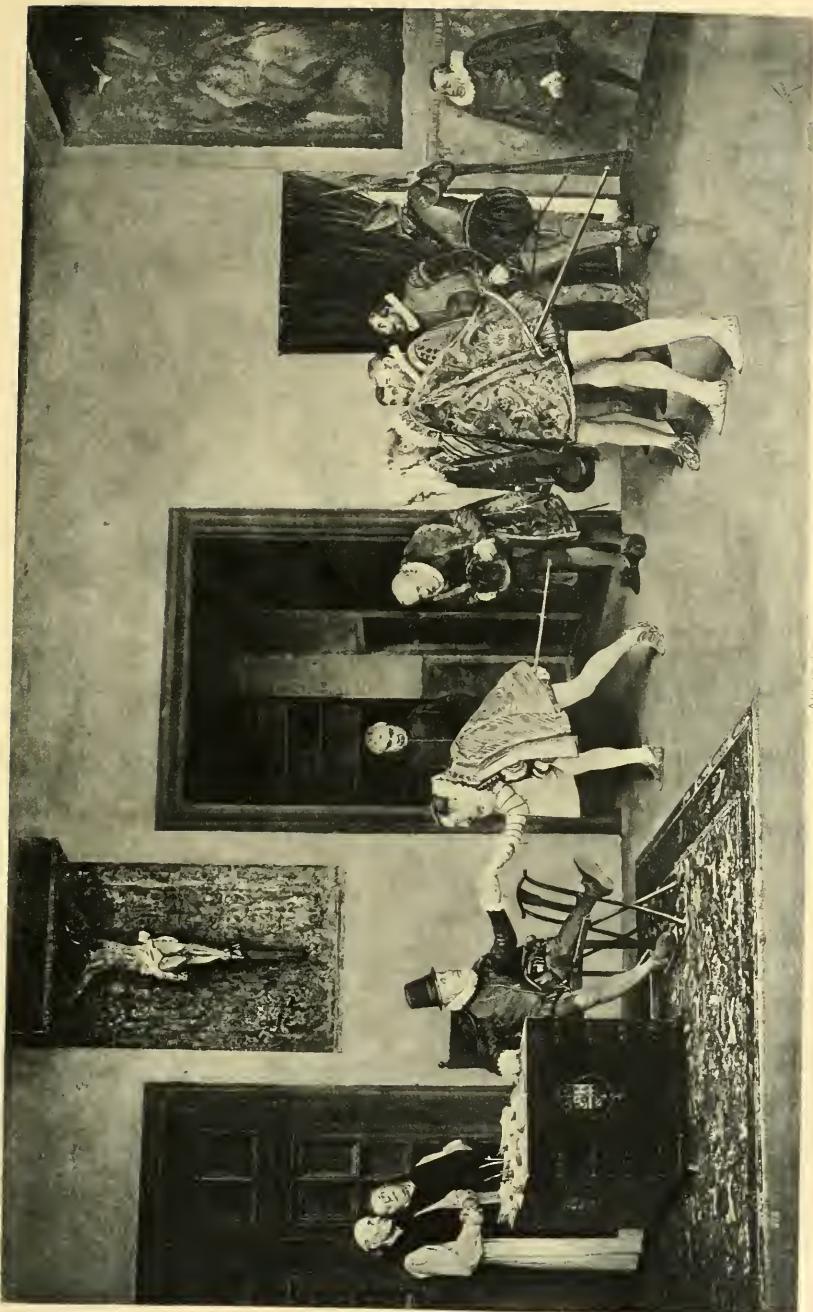




PHILIP II. was as exact a model of a king according to the Spanish idea, as Louis XIV. was according to the French. To the fulfillment of his entire duty in the exalted station assigned to him by Divine Providence, Philip devoted himself with an intense persistence that shrank from no toil as too great, no sacrifice

as too severe. Louis XIV. delighted to surround himself with a brilliant court, and to participate in its gayeties. But Philip withdrew to his cabinet, and with patient industry endeavored by his minute instructions to his agents to regulate the affairs of half the world. Louis XIV. is still recognized as pre-eminently "The Grand Monarch," but Philip II., who strove to deserve his cherished title, "The Most Catholic King," is almost without an apologist.

Philip II. was the son of the Emperor Charles V. and of Isabella of Portugal. He was born at Valladolid on the 21st of May, 1527, eight years after his father, already King of Spain, had been chosen Emperor of Germany. His early training was directed by his mother, who, however, died when he was but twelve years old. Though Charles rarely saw his son, he watched over his education and endeavored to prepare him for political life. In 1543 Philip married Mary of Portugal, who died in 1545, soon after the birth of a son, Don Carlos. In 1548 the Emperor summoned Philip to Brussels, that he might become acquainted with the character of the various nations he would have to rule. But his cold Spanish



PHILIP II RECEIVING A GUEST.

haughtiness prevented his becoming popular. By the direction of his father, he married Mary, Queen of England, in the month of July, 1554. In the same year he became King of Naples and Sicily by the abdication of his father. The most jealous precautions were taken by Parliament to prevent his assumption of any real power in England, and the temper of the people, and the Queen herself, were so little to his taste that in August, 1555, he retired to Flanders.

There Charles V. was preparing to resign the Empire by first investing his son with his hereditary dominions, and in the succeeding October he solemnly renounced the sovereignty of the Low Countries in favor of Philip at an assembly of the States-General in Brussels. About a month after, Philip received the sceptre of Spain and the Indies by the same self-abnegation of his father, and his first act was to propose a truce with France, which was broken almost as soon as agreed upon. Till September, 1556, he lived rather a debauched life in his Flemish dominions. Upon returning to England he had the mortification to be refused the ceremony of a coronation. The troops he demanded in aid of his war with France were also withheld by Parliament, but were at length conceded to him by Mary in violation of her marriage articles. This levy, joined to the army of Emanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy, and Count Egmont, assisted to gain the battle of St. Quentin, 10th of August, 1557. Philip himself was not present at the battle; but at the subsequent assault of the town he showed himself in armor to encourage the soldiery, though without sharing their danger. This was the first and last time in which he appeared on the field, and the only other occasion on which he assumed a military suit was when he directed the arrest of his son, the unhappy Don Carlos. The war was concluded in 1559 by the peace of Cateau Cambresis, upon terms advantageous to Philip.

Meanwhile, by the death of Mary, to whom he had been a cold and unkind husband, Philip lost his connection with England. He, however, made proposals of marriage to her successor, Elizabeth, and was refused. In the course of the year 1559 he returned to Valladolid, having appointed his half-sister, Margaret, sovereign of the Low Countries.

Philip's arrival in Spain was immediately followed by a sanguinary persecution, through which he succeeded in crushing the germs of the Reformation in the Peninsula. He was present at an *auto-da-fé* (or "Act of Faith") at which thirty-three Protestants were led to the stake. When passing him, one of the victims in this dreadful procession appealed to him with loud cries of mercy. "Perish thou, and all like thee!" was the merciless reply; "if my own son were a heretic, I would deliver him to the flames."

Philip now proceeded to fulfill the vow, made to heaven and to St. Lawrence, on the day of which saint the battle of St. Quentin had been gained, to testify his gratitude for that victory. At Escurial, near Madrid, rose a magnificent palace, to which, in honor of the saint and of the instrument of his martyrdom, was given the form of a gridiron. Philip transferred the seat of government from Toledo, the ancient capital of Castile, to Madrid, which latter city thenceforth became the capital of Spain. In the south of that kingdom his persecution goaded to revolt the Moorish population, who had compounded for the quiet possession of their native seats by a pretended conversion to Christianity. After a furious contest, embittered by religious hatred and marked by horrid atrocities on both sides, a portion of the Moors were driven to seek refuge in Africa and in 1571 the remainder were reduced to submission.

Meanwhile Philip diligently applied himself to the extirpation of heresy in the rest of his dominions. In his Italian possessions fire and sword were successfully employed for this purpose. Ferdinand, the crafty and cruel Duke of Alva, was sent to establish the Spanish Inquisition in the Netherlands. Every one who was charged with heresy or disloyalty was dragged before this tribunal, which dealt out confiscation, torture and death throughout that unhappy country. Tumults soon followed, which gave a pretext for letting loose the ferocious soldiery on the wretched inhabitants; and the Spanish troops were permitted, and even encouraged by their commanders, to practice licentious brutality and fiendish cruelty to an extent which excited general horror even in that age of religious wars. Alva's avowed maxim was that

Philip would rather see the whole country a desert than permit a single heretic to live in it. The character of Alva's administration may be estimated by his sanguinary boast that in less than six years he had consigned 18,000 heretics to the stake and the scaffold before his master was compelled to recall him.

The milder government of his successor Requesens; the warlike renown, the energies, and the artifice of Don John of Austria, natural brother of Philip; and the military genius of Alessandro Farnese, Duke of Parma; were all in succession equally ineffectual to suppress the revolt which was the commencement of the glorious Dutch war of independence. William the Silent, Prince of Orange, proved the most dangerous of his insurgent subjects. He became their leader in that struggle for freedom which was maintained for nearly seventy years, and ended in the separation of the Seven United Provinces from the dominion of Spain.

Whilst the cruel and bigoted tyranny of Philip was thus dismembering the Netherlands from his dominions, he unexpectedly acquired possession of another kingdom. On the death of Henry, King of Portugal, without issue, Philip, as his nephew, asserted his title to the succession; and the aged Duke of Alva conquered that country in ten weeks, and placed its crown on Philip's head. Philip continued in the pursuit of his double ambition of extending his sway and extirpating the Protestant faith. In France, after secretly allying himself with the queen-mother, Catherine de Medici, and the Romish party, for the destruction of the Huguenots, he subsequently and openly supported the Catholic League, under the Guises, against Henry IV. It was not until Henry IV. by changing his religion completed his victories over the League, that Philip abandoned his hopes of reducing France to subjection.

The Spanish King now turned his attention to England. His hatred of Protestantism; his vexation at the loss of many treasure-ships from America; and his vanity wounded by Elizabeth's refusal to marry him, prompted him to send an expedition against that country. One hundred and thirty large ships left Lisbon, having on board besides their crews

nearly 20,000 soldiers and 2,630 cannons. At the same time the Duke of Parma moved to the coast of Flanders, near Dunkirk, ready with 40,000 men to second the invasion. The admiral of the Armada was the Duke of Medina, Sidonia. The navy of England consisted of only thirty-six small sail; but private individuals came with their money to the Queen, and equipped vessels at their own expense. This aid raised the English fleet to 140 ships. Lord Howard, of Effingham, was the Admiral; and under him served the renowned navigators Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher. A fierce naval engagement took place, and was followed by a still fiercer tempest, with the result of the destruction of the magnificent Spanish fleet. The manner in which Philip received the mortifying intelligence of the annihilation of his fondest hopes by the defeat of his navy, to which he had given the presumptuous title of "The Invincible Armada," well displayed his peculiar character. "I sent my fleet," said he, "to combat with the English, but not with the elements: God's will be done." The "Armada" had been driven through the German Ocean to the north of Scotland, and the Orkneys, the Hebrides, and the Irish coasts of Mayo and Kerry were strewn with the wrecks of these ill-fated vessels. Fifty-three shattered hulks only reached Spain.

By his first wife, Mary, Philip had one son, Don Carlos, whose fate has deepened the sombre aspect of his reign. That young prince was exasperated by his father's refusal to admit him to a share in the administration of the kingdom. After giving many proofs of a discontented and disordered mind, he was finally, on the charge of aiming at the king's life and of having shown heretical tendencies, arrested in his bed-room by Philip himself at midnight on the 18th of January, 1568. The King had come, for some reasons, to regard his son with settled aversion. The son was condemned to an imprisonment from which there was no hope of release, and in which he was to be treated with the utmost rigor. Yet, while this result was understood by the courtiers, it was a subject on which every one must be silent. Happily for the ill-fated Prince, death in a few months terminated his miserable existence, July 24, 1568, at the age of twenty-three years. A

horrid suspicion that his death had been hastened through poison or other means by his father's commands, prevailed at the time, and has been frequently repeated since, though without sufficient evidence.

Philip's third wife was the Princess Elizabeth, of France, daughter of Henry II. By her he had two daughters, who, together with his son and successor by his fourth wife Anne, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian II., were the only legitimate issue which he left. In the midst of his persecuting zeal Philip gave one pure proof of his regard for religion, and sacred literature owes an obligation to his memory for the publication of the beautiful Polyglot Bible which bears his name, and which was printed at Antwerp in 1569-72.

The close of Philip's reign and life was embittered by the failure of all his plaus of ambition and intolerance. The contest in the Low Countries became so adverse to the Spanish arms, that one of his last acts was an abdication of his title over the whole of those provinces in favor of his daughter Isabella and her consort the Archduke Albert. England and France had also escaped from his toils; and the peace of Ver-
vines, which he was compelled to conclude with Henry IV., left that sovereign securely established on the French throne. Philip died in the Escorial, in September, 1598, at the age of seventy-two, after protracted and excruciating suffering, which he bore with unflinching constancy. "I die like a good Catholic," he said, "in faith and obedience to the Holy Roman Church."

Philip II. was of a stern and morose temperament, and the very sincerity of his belief acting upon a cold heart, a gloomy temper, and a narrow mind, was sufficient to render him obstinately bigoted and inexorably cruel. In temporal affairs, the despotic principles in which he had been brought up had filled him with extravagant ideas of regal authority; and his father's example had taught him to aspire to universal monarchy. He earned for himself the character of a cruel bigot, and made the most desperate efforts to sustain the pre-ponderance of Spain in Europe, and the triumph of the Papacy. He knew that his feeble son would be unequal to

the task. "God has not been pleased," he sadly acknowledged, "to grant me a successor capable of ruling my great realm."

THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA.

On the 28th of May, 1588, from his galleon, "San Martin," lying in the Tagus, off Belem, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, "captain-general of the ocean sea, of the coast of Andalusia, and of this army of his majesty," issued his orders to be observed in the voyage toward England. This was an army, be it remarked, and the command of it was given to a general. The fighting men who went on board that fleet, and the mariners who worked the ships, were a distinct race; and there were especial regulations for holding them together in a very doubtful amity. On the 29th of May, the captain-general, being under the towers of Belem, led the way down the Tagus, and amid the sounding of trumpets from every vessel, the mighty armada followed him, when he had fired his gun as the signal.

Never did such a sight present itself to the gazers on the hills as when the ten squadrons of this fleet dropped down the Tagus, issuing, in a succession that appeared endless, out of the great bay. The captain-general commanded twelve Portuguese galleons, the largest sailing vessels. There were the fleets of Biscay, of Castile, of Andalusia, of Guipuscoa; the Eastern fleet; the fleet called Urcas or Hulks, and a squadron of smaller vessels. Lastly were four galeasses of Naples and four galleys of Portugal, these eight enormous vessels being rowed by two thousand and eighty-eight slaves. The whole number of ships was one hundred and thirty-six, having a burden of 59,120 tons, mounted with 3,165 pieces of cannon, worked by 8,746 mariners, besides the slaves, and carrying 21,639 soldiers. This fleet was accompanied by a large number of trading vessels ready to supply its wants. Every ship was provided with two boat-loads of stones, "to throw in the time of fight," and with wild-fire to be given out to the most expert. All the vessels were to sail as close as possible. Their course was for Cape Finisterre, where they were to rendezvous in case of separation; or to make for Corunna, then known as The Groyne. Departing thence, "they shall

set their course for Scilly." If any ship were to lose the fleet, the crew were not to return to Spain, under penalty of death, but to seek the navy "in Mount's Bay, which is between the Land's End and the Lizard."

And so they sailed along in great pomp and security, hoping to be on the southwestern coast of England at the time when another fleet, equipped in the Netherlands, should be ready to sail under the command of the Prince of Parma. But when the Spanish fleet had nearly reached Cape Finisterre, a storm arose, which scattered the ships and compelled the great body of the armament to go into Corunna to refit. For a month did the great fleet lie in Corunna harbor. The Prince of Parma's flat-bottomed vessels, for the conveyance of thirty-five thousand men, were lying at Bruges; and the ports of Nieuport and Dunkirk, from which they could have put to sea, were blockaded by a combined English and Dutch fleet. The instructions for the invasion were rigidly laid down at the court of Madrid. The Spanish fleet was to steer for Flanders; and under its protection the Duke of Parma was to disembark his army in Kent or Essex, and march to London. The plan was known; and hence the camp at Tilbury, with a bridge of boats to Gravesend, for connecting the Essex and Kentish shores. The Flemish army having landed, the troops of the armada were to be carried to the coast of Yorkshire. There was an arrangement, also, that when the Spanish armament came into the Channel it should have the co-operation of the Duke of Guise, who was to land in the west, to effect a diversion, while the real attacks upon the capital and in the north were going forward. The delay at Corunna disconcerted these arrangements. But while the triple danger appeared imminent, the English courage never quailed.

The queen's ships at Plymouth, under the lord high admiral, were thirty-four in number. Their aggregate burden was 11,820 tons; they mounted 837 guns, and they mustered 6,279 seamen. Howard was in the "Ark-Royal," of 800 tons; Drake, the vice-admiral, was in the "Revenge," 500 tons; Hawkins, the rear-admiral, was in the "Victory," 800 tons; Frobisher was in the "Triumph," 1,100 tons. This was the

largest ship of the fleet, of which one-third of the number was below 100 tons. But there were forty-two vessels serving by tonnage, merchant-ships, which had 2,587 mariners ; and there were thirty-eight vessels, carrying 2,710 mariners, fitted out by the city of London. With coasters and volunteers, the whole number of ships, large and small, was one hundred and ninety-seven, having one-half only of the tonnage of the Spanish fleet. The greater part was in Plymouth and Dartmouth ; but a squadron under Lord Seymour was taking part in the blockade of the Flemish coast. The whole number of sailors in the fleet was 15,785. The mariners were the only fighting men of the ships.

The differences of construction and of equipment in the English and the Spanish navies were most remarkable ; but they were not so remarkable as the difference of the men on board of them. The Portuguese galleys, each with three hundred rowers, could move against the wind as if by steam. But the poor slaves were perfectly exposed to the shot of large and small arms ; and the movements of the enormous vessels were thus liable to serious interruption. The galleons were unwieldy floating towers, with many decks, where the soldiers and gunners were stowed amid comforts unknown to the mariners. In the orders for sailing of the Duke of Medina we find, “for that the mariners must resort unto their work, tackle, and navigation, it is convenient that their lodging be in the upper works of the poop and forecastle, otherwise the soldiers will trouble them in the voyage.” The English ships were short in the build, and were rigged so as readily to tack. Every man on board was as willing to assist in working his vessel as to fight. Drake, in his voyage round the world, exclaimed, “I must have the gentlemen to hale and draw with the mariners.” Officers and men stood by each other in a brotherhood made closer by a common danger and a mutual dependence. Thus, when the two fleets came together in action, “the English ships, being far the lesser, charged the enemy with marvelous agility ; and having discharged their broadsides flew forth furiously into the deep, and leveled their shot directly, without missing, at these great ships of the Spaniards.”

On the 12th of July the Spanish fleet stood out to sea from Corunna. The armada kept its course through the Bay of Biscay, with a favorable wind, until the 16th, when there was a great calm and a thick fog till noon. The wind shifting from northeast to west, and then to east-southeast, dispersed the ships; and they were scarcely gathered together when the English coast was in sight. On the 19th they were seen entering the Channel by Fleming, a captain of a pinnace. This captain made all sail for Plymouth, to communicate his momentous news. There was a gallant fleet in the harbor, and there were commanders on shore of the same material as that out of which the Blakes and Nelsons were formed. About the port was a great land force under the orders of Raleigh, who would rather have been at sea. The Howards were there, Lord Charles and Lord Thomas, with Lord Sheffield, the nephew of the lord high admiral, and Sir Robert Southwell, his son-in-law. But birth then gave no exclusive title to command. The rough-handed Hawkins, and Drake, and Frobisher, and Fenner, and many another captain who had steered and fought his way upward from the forecastle, were there; and they went to their work with that hearty will which is best inspired by a free service. And so, on the night of the 19th, the fleet was warped out of the harbor.

Up the Channel sail the galleons and the galeasses, the carracks and argosies, before that southwest breeze. England is on the lookout from every hill and every beach from the Lizard to the Start. The great armada sweeps on "in front like a half-moon, the horns stretching forth about the breadth of seven miles, sailing as it were with labor of the winds, and groaning of the ocean, slowly, though with full sails." Will Howard not give fight? Will the daring captains who have borne the English flag from the north pole to the tropics let the armada pass unscathed? "Willingly they suffer it to pass by, that they might chase them in the rear with a foreright wind." On the 21st, "about nine of the clock, before noon, the lord admiral commanded his pinnace, called the 'Disdain,' to give the defiance unto the Duke of Medina." The pinnace fired a shot at the first ship it met, and Howard, like a gallant leader as he was, began the fight: "With much thundering

out of his own ship, called the 'Ark-Royal,' he first set upon the admiral, as he thought, of the Spaniards; but it was Alphonso de Lena's ship. Soon after, Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher played with their ordnance upon the hindmost squadron, which was commanded by Recalde, who labored all he could to stay his men that fled to the fleet, till his own ship, being much battered with shot, and now grown unserviceable, hardly withdrew itself to the main fleet. At which time the Duke of Medina gathered together his fleet scattered here and there, and hoisting more sail held on his intended course. Neither could he do any other, seeing both the wind favored the English, and their ships would turn about with incredible celerity, which way soever they would to charge, wind, and tack about again. And now had they maintained a hot fight the space of two hours, when the lord admiral thought not good to continue the fight any longer, for that forty of his ships were not yet come in, being scarce yet gotten out of the haven."

The night that followed was one of strange tumult in those waters, which a foreign ship had not traversed in man's remembrance without vailing to the English flag. The sea was troubled; the sky was dark; a huge Biscayan vessel took fire; and in the confusion the galleon of Don Pedro de Valdez got foul of another ship, and was left behind. Drake had gone after five vessels that proved to be merchantmen of Germany; and this had deranged the movements of the squadron that was to have followed his lantern. Howard, with two ships, had held on through the night after the Spaniards. Drake coming back from his bootless chase fell in with the great galleon abandoned by her companions, and Valdez became his prisoner, with a booty of fifty-five thousand ducats, which were distributed among the crews. At nightfall of that second day the active vice-admiral was again with his commander. The next morning Howard was better prepared for a general engagement. His men were in great heart, for the Invincible Armada was found to be vulnerable. The remainder of the fleet has come out of Plymouth, and Raleigh has come with them, to take his share in that sea-fight rather than remain with his inactive army on land. The armada on

this morning of the 23d of July is off Portland. And now, says Stow, “the English navy, being well increased, gave charge and chase upon the enemy, squadron after squadron seconding each other like swift horsemen that could nimblly come and go, and fetch the wind with most advantage. . . . The English chieftains ever thought to single out the great commanders of the Spanish host, whose lofty castles held great scorn of their encounter.” But the English chieftains knew better tactics than to attempt to grapple with these castles, and to board them. They knew that if their daring sailors could climb to their highest decks they would there find great companies of soldiers in armor, provided with every instrument of destruction. Raleigh had told them, as he said afterward in his “History of the World,” that “to clap ships together without consideration belongs rather to a madman than a man-of-war,” that “the guns of a slow ship pierce as well, and make as great holes, as those in a swift.” And so the English, having been well taught “the difference between fighting loose or at large, and grapping,” ran in under the great galleons, and having delivered their broadsides, sheered out of the range of the Spanish guns, which were high above the water-line. “Never was heard greater thundering of ordnance on both sides, which notwithstanding from the Spaniards flew for the most part over the English without harm.” In this furious skirmish there was alternate success. The ships of London, hemmed in by the Spaniards, were rescued by the Queen’s ships; and the fleet of Biscay, under Recalde, being surrounded by the English wasps, was delivered from danger by the galleasses, who, “as sergeants of the band, would issue forth to succor their distressed friends.” One English commander only fell—“Cock, an Englishman, who died with honor in the midst of the enemies in a small ship of his.” From morning till night this fight continued, the Spaniards sometimes bearing down upon their pursuers, and then going before the west wind toward St. Alban’s Head.

The armada lies becalmed, on the 25th of July, below the chalk cliffs of Freshwater. It is the day of St. James the Great, the patron saint of Spain; but it is not a day in which the saint will inspire the Spaniard with the determination to

fight against the heretic, as he inspired him to fight against the Moslem. A great galleon, disabled in the fight of the 23d, has dropped astern; and Hawkins, in the "Victory," has been towed to take possession of her. There is no resistance from the galleon. But a thousand oars are now lashing the quiet waves, and three of the great galleasses come to rescue her and to punish her daring captor. But the "Lion" and the "Bear," the "Triumph" and the "Elizabeth Jonas," are quickly about them, with their sixty-pounders, and their thirty-three-pounders, known as cannon and demi-cannon, "sending their dole until the Spaniards' blood ran out at scupper-hole." The battle, for a breeze had sprung up, again becomes general. Medina's sloop, the "San Martin," has her mainmast shot away, and is about to strike to Frobisher. Medina is saved by his generals, Mexia and Recalde. Howard joins in the struggle. The issue is long and doubtful. But the English powder is exhausted, and there is no more fighting on that summer afternoon. The next day the lord high admiral is bestowing the greatest honor that the worthies of England then aspired to receive. Lords might be born, but knights must be made. For their services in these six days of incessant work, Lord Sheffield and Lord Thomas Howard, Frobisher, Townsend, and Hawkins were knighted "for their valor." It was resolved to defer any further attack till the Spaniard was in the narrow sea. "So with a fair Etesian gale, which in our sky bloweth for the most part from the southwest and by south, clear and fair, the Spanish fleet sailed forward, the English fleet following close at the heels." On the 26th and 27th the vast navies are seen as they coast along, from Selsea Bill, and from the Downs of Brighton, from Hastings, and from Dungeness. For seven days has the Spaniard been fighting his way through the Channel, and at length he is at anchor before Calais on the Saturday night of that week of memorable conflict.

On that Sunday in Calais Roads there is work being done by Drake and his men—a work of necessity which will brook no delay. For the Duke of Medina has dispatched messenger after messenger to the Duke of Parma, to bid him send "light vessels," without which the Spaniard could not well fight

with the English ; and to urge him to put to sea with his army, which the Spanish fleet would protect till the landing upon the hated shore was accomplished. Parma's boats were leaky ; his provisions were exhausted ; his sailors had deserted ; he was kept in port by the vigilant Dutch. But nevertheless a junction might have been fatal, and the Spaniard must be crippled before he again weighs anchor. It is two o'clock of the Monday morning. The stillness is scarcely broken by a slight movement upon the sea. There are eight small vessels being towed from the main body of the English fleet, and they are bearing with the wind upon the Spanish anchorage. Are they deserters ; or are they rushing upon certain destruction ? Suddenly a strong light bursts out from each vessel. The tow-boats leave them, and they drift with the breeze right into the centre of the armada. Then vast volumes of flame and smoke roll out from the burning hulks, with fearful explosions and sulphury stenches ; and the sea defences of Calais and the church towers which overlook them gleam with more than noonday brightness ; and the red glare is seen across the sea from Dover heights and along the shore from Gravelines to Boulogne. Young and Prowse, who led these fire-ships into the heart of the enemy's fleet, have done their duty well. The bold stroke, devised by Elizabeth herself, as contemporaries say, has been successful beyond hope. The Spaniards had seen the effects of "sundry works of wild-fire lately made to break the bridge at Antwerp"—it was in the siege of 1585—and now, "all amazed, with shrieks and loud outcries, to the great astonishment of the near inhabitants, crying, 'The fire of Antwerp ! the fire of Antwerp !' some cut cables, others let the hawsers slip, and happiest they who could first be gone, though few could tell what course to take."

One of the largest of the galleasses was stranded near the town of Calais, and was taken, after a fierce engagement, in which many English were slain and the Spaniards lost four hundred men. Medina conducted himself with courage and coolness, and his ship, with a few others, resumed their stations. But the bulk of the fleet was running up Channel in wild confusion ; some went ashore on the Flemish coast ; others stood out to sea ; many got together as well as they

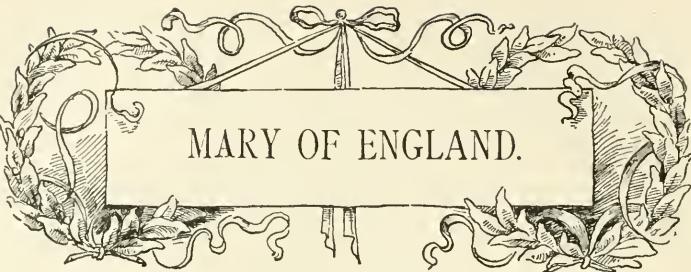
could near Gravelines. But Drake and Fenner were fighting them from the first peep of the dawning ; and now come up Hawkins and Fenton, Seymour and Cumberland, Southwell and Frobisher, and there is again a general battle under the castle of Gravelines ; for Howard himself is up at his post. He has written somewhat despairingly to Walsingham of the want of ammunition, saying, with the true modesty of the brave, “ Their force is wonderful great and strong, and yet we pluck their feathers by little and little.” In that fleet the “ mighty ships and of great strength,” were as four to one compared with the larger ships of the English. The Spanish castles have fearful difficulty in avoiding the shallows. They are hemmed in with danger. They must keep together, or be made prize if they run out to sea.

The last great fight was on the 29th of July. The scattered remnant of the armada holds on its perilous course, past Dunkirk, past the mouth of the Scheldt, full into the North Sea. No more will the beacon fires be lighted on the southern coast of England. The eastern has nothing to fear from these enemies. Drake is in the wake of the flying squadrons. What a model dispatch does this true English sailor write to Walsingham, on this last of July, 1588 : “ We have the army of Spain before us, and mind, with the grace of God, to wrestle a fall with them. There was never anything pleased me better than seeing the enemy flying with a south wind to the northward. God grant they have a good eye to the Duke of Parma ; for with the grace of God, if we live, I doubt it not but ere it be long so to handle the matter with the Duke of Sidonia as he shall wish himself at St. Marie among his orange-trees. God give us grace to depend upon him, so shall we not doubt victory, for our cause is good.”

The Prince of Parma had failed the Spaniards. They had received a message from him, as they lay before Calais on that Sunday, the 28th, that he could not be ready for them till the Friday following. On that Friday they were far away to the north, the English pursuing. Howard writes, on the 7th of August, to Walsingham, “ Notwithstanding that our powder and shot was well near all spent, we set on a brag countenance and gave them chase, as though we had wanted

nothing, until he had cleared our own coast and some part of Scotland." Seymour had returned with his squadron, after he had passed the Brill, to look after the Duke of Parma. On the 2d of August, says a Spanish narrative, "the enemy's fleet still followed the armada in the morning, but they turned toward the coast of England, and we lost sight of them." Sir William Monson, a contemporary writer, says, "The opportunity was lost, not through the negligence or backwardness of the lord admiral, but merely through the want of providence in those that had the charge of furnishing and providing for the fleet; for, at that time of so great advantage, when they came to examine their provisions, they found a general scarcity of powder and shot, for want of which they were forced to return home." The arsenals of England in those days were scantily supplied; and we may well believe that there was no expectation that the dreaded conflict would have ended at sea. But the fleet which drove Medina to the Orkneys, and left Parma's gunboats in the canal of Bruges, could scarcely have been counted upon to do the work of defence single-handed. It did its work nobly. It saved England in those twelve days of desperate fight and stormy chase. The breath of heaven did what Howard and Drake left undone. "*Flavit Jehovah et dissipati sunt*"—Jehovah blew and they were scattered—is the legend of one of the medals that recorded this marvellous success.—C. KNIGHT.





MARY, the daughter of Henry VIII. and Catharine of Arragon, was born at Greenwich, on the 18th of February, 1516. She was the only one that lived of several children borne by her mother. While she was still an infant important matches were projected for her, to the Dauphin of France, to the Emperor Charles V., and to Francis I., or to his son, the Duke of Orleans. But the agitation of her mother's divorce put a stop to these projects. Mary was carefully trained by her mother and Margaret, the Countess of Salisbury. After her mother's divorce, in 1530, Mary was deprived of the title of Princess of Wales. In 1536 her mother died, and after the execution of Queen Anne Boleyn, Mary was induced to acknowledge her father's supremacy; but was still excluded from the succession until 1544, when an act of Parliament declared her the next heir after her brother Edward and his heirs.

When Edward VI. died in 1553, Lady Jane Grey was at once proclaimed Queen by order of Northumberland, in accordance with a will made by the boy king. But the legal right of Mary to the throne, notwithstanding the unnatural behavior of her father and his servile parliaments, was acknowledged by the whole nation. Mary retired to Kenning Hall in Norfolk, and in a few days found herself at the head of 40,000 men. Lady Jane resigned the sovereignty in ten days. Northumberland, Suffolk, Guilford Dudley and Lady

Jane were arrested. Northumberland was executed at once ; the others were spared a little longer.

Mary now entered London and took possession of the throne. Though she promised to defend the laws of her predecessor, she was no sooner firmly established on the throne than she resolved to restore the Catholic religion with all its former pomp and power. Gardiner, Bonner and the other bishops who had been imprisoned or suffered loss during the last reign, were taken from prison, reinstated in their sees, and now triumphed in their turn. Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, and other Protestants were sent to prison. In July, 1554, Mary became the wife of Philip, son of the Emperor Charles V. This alliance with the greatest Catholic power in Europe gratified at the same time Mary's ambition and her affection ; for she was warmly attached to Philip, of whom she had long cherished an extravagant ideal far different from the reality. But he soon grew tired of a wife, jealous, ill-tempered, and eleven years older than himself. By the treaty of marriage he was denied the rights of an English king, and, since he was no favorite with the English people, whom he treated with cold Spanish ceremony, he left the island in less than a year. Except for a few days in 1557, he never saw his wife again.

The whole body of the English people disliked this marriage, and an insurrection was raised by Sir Thomas Wyatt, a Roman Catholic. At the head of 4,000 men, he set out from Kent, publishing a declaration against the Spanish match and the Queen's evil counsellors. Having advanced as far as Southwark, he demanded that the Queen should put the Tower of London into his hands ; that she should deliver four counsellors as hostages ; and, in order to insure the liberty of the nation, should marry an Englishman. But his men abandoned him gradually, and he was at last obliged to surrender himself to Sir Maurice Berkeley, near Temple Bar. His followers were treated with great cruelty ; no fewer than 400 of them suffered at the hands of the executioner ; as many more were pardoned ; but Wyatt himself was condemned and executed. The Duke of Suffolk was concerned in this rising, and his daughter, Lady Jane Grey, and her husband, Dudley,

were now executed, and her father, Suffolk, soon met the same fate.

Then began that persecution of Protestants which has given to the first Queen regnant of England the terrible name of Bloody Mary. The old sanguinary laws against the Lollards, which had long slumbered and had been rejected by a former parliament, were revived. The bloody scene began by the execution of Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester, and Rogers, Prebendary of St. Paul's. These were quickly followed by others, of whom the principal were Archbishop Cranmer, Ridley, Bishop of London, and Latimer, Bishop of Worcester. These persecutions became odious to the whole nation, and the perpetrators of them all were willing to throw the blame from themselves upon others. A bold step was taken to introduce a court similar to the Spanish Inquisition, that should be empowered to try heretics, and condemn them without any other law than its own authority. Even this the Queen thought a method too dilatory in the exigency of affairs. A proclamation was issued against books of heresy, treason, and sedition, and declared that whosoever had such books in his possession, and did not burn them without reading, should suffer as a rebel. This was attended with the execution of such numbers that at last the magistrates who had been instrumental in these cruelties refused to give their assistance any longer. It was computed that during this persecution 349 persons suffered by fire, besides those punished by imprisonments, fines and confiscations.

The only remarkable political transaction which occurred during this reign was the loss of Calais, which had been in possession of the English for more than two hundred years. This circumstance excited the greatest regret, and the Queen was heard to say that when she died the word "Calais" would be found engraved on her heart. Mary's health was failing fast. Dropsy set in. Her mind was much disturbed from her husband's neglect and her subjects' growing dislike. She died after a lingering illness November 17th, 1558.

Mary's heart was hardened and her disposition soured by the ill-treatment of her mother, and troubles of her own early life. Her strongest passion was hatred to Protestantism. As

an historian has said, “Instead, however, of branding her with the name of Bloody Mary, we should rather pity the Queen, who in her fierce religious zeal, forgot the mercy natural to woman, and who saw, before she died, every aim and hope of her life baffled and broken.”

A QUEEN'S LOVE DISDAINED.

Sir Nicholas Heath. Madam,
I do assure you that it must be look'd to :
Calais is but ill-garrison'd ; in Guisnes
Are scarce two hundred men, and the French fleet
Rule in the narrow seas. It must be look'd to,
If war should fall between yourself and France ;
Or you will lose your Calais.

Queen Mary. It shall be look'd to ;
I wish you a good morning, good Sir Nicholas :
Here is the King. [Exit Heath.

Enter King Philip.

Philip. Sir Nicholas tells you true,
And you must look to Calais when I go.

Mary. Go ! must you go, indeed—again—so soon ?
Why, nature's licensed vagabond, the swallow,
That might live always in the sun's warm heart,
Stays longer here in our poor north than you :—
Knows where he nested—ever comes again.

Philip. And, Madam, so shall I.

Mary. O, will you ? Will you ?
I am faint with fear that you will come no more.

Philip. Ay, ay ; but many voices call me hence.

Mary. Voices—I hear unhappy rumors—nay,
I say not, I believe. What voices call you
Dearer than mine that should be dearest to you ?
Alas, my Lord ! what voices and how many ?

Philip. The voices of Castile and Aragon,
Granada, Naples, Sicily, and Milan,—
The voices of Franche-Comté and the Netherlands,
The voices of Peru and Mexico,
Tunis, and Oran, and the Philippines,
And all the fair spice-islands of the East.

Mary (admiringly). You are the mightiest monarch upon
earth ;

I but a little Queen ; and so, indeed,
Need you the more ; and wherefore could you not
Helm the huge vessel of your State, my liege,
Here, by the side of her who loves you most ?

Philip. No, Madam, no ! a candle in the sun
Is all but smoke—a star beside the moon
Is all but lost ; your people will not crown me—
Your people are as cheerless as your clime ;
Hate me and mine : witness the brawls, the gibbets.
Here swings a Spaniard—there an Englishman ;
The peoples are unlike as their complexion ;
Yet will I be your swallow and return—
But now I cannot bide.

Mary. Not to help *me* ?
They hate *me* also for my love to you,
My *Philip* ; and these judgments on the land—
Harvestless autumns, horrible agues, plague—

Philip. The blood and sweat of heretics at the stake
Is God's best dew upon the barren field.
Burn more !

Mary. I will, I will ; and you will stay.

Philip. Have I not said ? Madam, I came to sue
Your Council and yourself to declare war.

Mary. Sir, there are many English in your ranks
To help your battle.

Philip. So far, good. I say
I came to sue your Council and yourself
To declare war against the King of France.

Mary. Not to see me ?

Philip. Ay, Madam, to see you.
Unalterably and pesteringly fond ! [Aside.]
But, soon or late you must have war with France ;
King Henry warms your traitors at his hearth.
Carew is there, and Thomas Stafford there.
Courtenay, belike—

Mary. A fool and featherhead !

Philip. Ay, but they use his name. In brief, this Henry
Stirs up your land against you to the intent
That you may lose your English heritage.
And then, your Scottish namesake marrying
The Dauphin, he would weld France, England, Scotland,
Into one sword to hack at Spain and me.

Mary. And yet the Pope is now colleagued with France ;
You make your wars upon him down in Italy :—
Philip, can that be well ?

Philip. Content you, Madam ;
You must abide my judgment, and my father's,
Who deems it a most just and holy war.
The Pope would cast the Spaniard out of Naples :
He calls us worse than Jews, Moors, Saracens.
The Pope has push'd his horns beyond his mitre—
Beyond his province. Now,
Duke Alva will but touch him on the horns,
And he withdraws ; and of his holy head—
For Alva is true son of the true Church—
No hair is harm'd. Will you not help me here ?

Mary. Alas ! the Council will not hear of war.
They say your wars are not the wars of England.
They will not lay more taxes on a land
So hunger-nipt and wretched ; and you know
The crown is poor. We have given the church-lands back :
The nobles would not ; nay, they clapt their hands
Upon their swords when ask'd ; and therefore God
Is hard upon the people. What's to be done ?
Sir, I will move them in your cause again,
And we will raise us loans and subsidies
Among the merchants ; and Sir Thomas Gresham
Will aid us. There is Antwerp and the Jews.

Philip. Madam, my thanks.

Mary. And you will stay your going ?

Philip. And further to discourage and lay lame
The plots of France, altho' you love her not,
You must proclaim Elizabeth your heir.
She stands between you and the Queen of Scots.

Mary. The Queen of Scots at least is Catholic.

Philip. Ay, Madam, Catholic ; but I will not have
The King of France the King of England too.

Mary. But she's a heretic, and, when I am gone,
Brings the new learning back.

Philip. It must be done.

You must proclaim Elizabeth your heir.

Mary. Then it is done ; but you will stay your going
Somewhat beyond your settled purpose ?

Philip. No !

Mary. What, not one day?

Philip. You beat upon the rock.

Mary. And I am broken there.

Philip. Is this a place

To wail in, Madam? What! a public hall.

Go in, I pray you.

Mary. Do not seem so changed.

Say go; but only say it lovingly.

Philip. You do mistake. I am not one to change.
I never loved you more.

Mary. Sire, I obey you.

Come quickly.

Philip. Ay.

[*Exit Mary.*

Enter Count de Feria.

Feria (aside). The Queen in tears.

Philip. Feria!

Hast thou not mark'd—come closer to mine ear—
How doubly aged this Queen of ours hath grown
Since she lost hope of bearing us a child?

Feria. Sire, if your Grace hath mark'd it, so have I.

Philip. Hast thou not likewise mark'd Elizabeth,
How fair and royal—like a Queen, indeed?

Feria. Allow me the same answer as before—
That if your Grace hath mark'd her, so have I.

Philip. Good, now; methinks my Queen is like enough
To leave me by and by.

Feria. To leave you, Sire?

Philip. I mean not like to live. Elizabeth—
To Philibert of Savoy, as you know,
We meant to wed her; but I am not sure
She will not serve me better—so my Queen
Would leave me—as—my wife.

Feria. Sire, even so.

Philip. She will not have Prince Philibert of Savoy.

Feria. No, Sire.

Philip. I have to pray you, some odd time,
To sound the Princess carelessly on this:
Not as from me, but as your fantasy;
And tell me how she takes it.

Feria. Sire, I will.

Philip. I am not certain but that Philibert
Shall be the man; and I shall urge his suit

Upon the Queen, because I am not certain :
You understand, Feria.

Feria. Sire, I do.

Philip. And if you be not secret in this matter,
You understand me there, too ?

Feria. Sire, I do.

Philip. You must be sweet and supple, like a Frenchman.
She is none of those who loathe the honeycomb.

[*Exit Feria.*

Enter Renard.

Renard. My liege, I bring you goodly tidings.

Philip. Well.

Renard. There *will* be war with France, at last, my liege ;
Sir Thomas Stafford, a bull-headed ass,
Sailing from France, with thirty Englishmen,
Hath taken Scarboro' Castle, north of York ;
Proclaims himself Protector, and affirms
The Queen has forfeited her right to reign
By marriage with an alien—other things
As idle ; a weak Wyatt ! Little doubt
This buzz will soon be silenced ! but the Council
(I have talk'd with some already) are for war.
This is the fifth conspiracy hatch'd in France ;
They show their teeth upon it ; and your Grace,
So you will take advice of mine, should stay
Yet for awhile, to shape and guide the event.

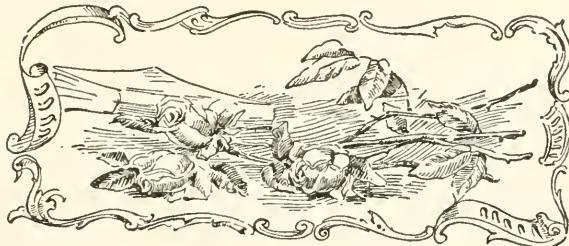
Philip. Good ! Renard, I will stay then.

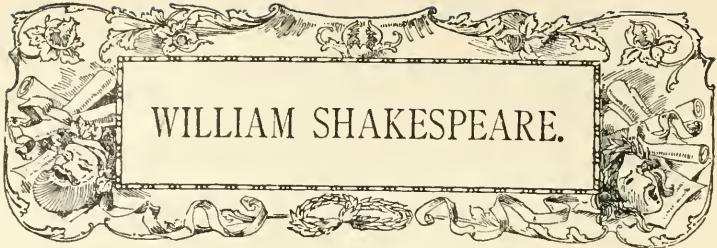
Renard. Also, Sire,

Might I not say—to please your wife, the Queen ?

Philip. Ay, Renard, if you care to put it so. [*Exeunt.*

—LORD TENNYSON.





WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



THIS greatest of English poets (and in the judgment of many, greatest of poets of all nations and ages) was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in Warwickshire, on the 23d (?) day of April, 1564, and died April 23d, 1616. So world-famous has he become, that a skeptical age, not being able fully to account for the splendid literary creations always attributed, until late in the present century, to Shakespeare's pen, has busied itself in attempting to father the plays upon Lord Bacon, or to account for them by an assumed composite authorship.

We are told that the real Shakespeare was a child of low degree—the son of a wool-stapler or a butcher; that he struggled with poverty in youth; that he had no scholastic training; that he stole deer, if he did not kill sheep; that he loved not wisely, but too early, and too well; that he had “small Latin and less Greek;” that he ran away from Stratford to London, where he started in life by holding horses at play-house doors; that he became by degrees an actor and a manager; that he lent money and amassed wealth; that he was over-fond of boon companions; that he returned to Stratford after buying the best estate in the town, and died there at fifty-two years of age, on the anniversary of his birth, leaving no manuscripts of his plays which have survived, and never mentioning them in his will.

Granting all these particulars, though some of them are not substantiated by evidence, is there in them any absolute incompatibility with the received belief in Shakespeare as



JOHN FAED, PINX.

SHAKESPEARE.

dramatist and man of genius? That he was lowly born is no impeachment of his capacities, since he shares that stigma with the majority of men who have risen by their own efforts to success and fame. That he had little scholastic training, and was early thrown upon the world, supplied the very stimulus which gave him self-education and self-reliance, overcoming all obstacles in his path, and rising, step by step, to the top of the theatrical profession in his day. Let those who would belittle Shakespeare because of early disadvantages, remember the career of other eminent men of genius; of *Æsop*, who was born a slave, but whose immortal fables still instruct mankind; of *Terence*, the Roman freedman and dramatist; of *John Bunyan*, of *Franklin*, of *Robert Burns*, of *Hugh Miller*, and of *Abraham Lincoln*.

Let them remember *Plautus*, the greatest dramatic poet of Roman literature, who was a hired servant in a mill, and a mere stage carpenter, but rose by native energy and application to be a master of the art of expression. Let them recall the fact that *Æschylus* and others of the Greek dramatists were constrained by poverty to be actors, and so became managers and authors of immortal plays. Let them remember *Molière*, the despised strolling player, rejected by the French Academy, yet conquering all obstacles by the force of his genius, and rising to a foremost rank among the great dramatists of the world. Nature delights in paradox and abounds in surprises. Evermore she evolves the unexpected out of the most unpromising conditions, and the world exclaims,—“Behold the prodigy!” So gathered the incredulous Judeans about the low-born son of Mary, and asked,—“Whence hath this man all this learning?” unwilling to recognize an inspired teacher in the despised carpenter’s son.

So, when nature sought to create the bright, consummate flower of Elizabethan genius, she went, not to the universities, where much Greek and more Latin overlaid the native gifts of men, but to the obscure village of Stratford, took a poor, bright boy named William Shakespeare, steeped his youthful senses in the splendid scenery of Warwickshire; gave him the freedom of Arden forest; plunged him early head over ears in love; ruined his father’s fortunes to stimu-

late the son to action ; carried him up to London, the only avenue to a career ; planted him where he learned by force of sheer necessity all the *technique* of the stage, and imbibed an actor's accomplishments and ambitions ; brought him acquainted with scholars, wits and statesmen—Southampton, Pembroke, Ben Jonson and the rest ; threw him, a keen observer, into the many-colored life of London in its most picturesque and fruitful age ; matched his brain against Marlowe's, Chapman's, Fletcher's, and other dramatists ; put him in the school of experience and wide commerce with the world, and made him earn the right to have other poets say of him :

“Each change of many-colored life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new ;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toiled after him in vain.”

That he loaned money at good rates is most true ; that he sued for and recovered his own is not to be controverted ; for he had known poverty, and his father's bitter experience had given him a just horror of debt, and a resolution to conquer and keep an independence. In this careful regard for money, and disposition to claim his own, he was like Walter Scott and our own Longfellow—both rich and money-making poets, who had a thorough respect for hard cash.

As for Shakespeare's early marriage and paternity, there is nothing in that domestic history, as has been shown by the most careful of his biographers, the late Halliwell-Phillipps, which is not creditable to his character and his honor. The “wit combats at the Mermaid Tavern,” wherein Shakespeare and Ben Jonson are said to have mingled, were the recreations of great minds who were not superior to thirst and hunger. Shakespeare was no anchorite ; had he been, he could never have depicted Falstaff or Sir Toby ; and if he had been the vulgar trifler and toss-pot described by his modern detractors, he could never have created Lear.

Here are a few of what may be termed the direct evidences of Shakespeare's authorship of the plays which have always borne his name :

1. We have the testimony of living witnesses, to the number of eighteen contemporary writers, who recognized the writings and the genius of Shakespeare by name in works published from 1594 to 1616—all of them while the poet was yet alive. On the other hand, there is not a syllable of contemporary evidence that Bacon or any other wrote the plays.

2. There were published during the lifetime of Shakespeare no less than forty different editions of single plays or poems, all bearing his name upon the title-page as author.

3. Shakespeare's sonnets and other poems, first printed in 1609, bearing his name, and dedicated by him to a noble friend and patron, bear a close likeness to the plays in numerous points of sentiment and diction. The poems being conceded to be his (for there was never any other to claim them save him whose name is on the title-page), the plays must be adjudged to the same pen by internal evidence, as well as by the external proofs referred to.

4. Not a word of disbelief in Shakespeare's personality, capacity or authorship of the plays and poems which were represented or published under his name can be found recorded by any contemporary of Shakespeare's, or by any one else for two hundred and forty years after his decease.

5. The testimony of Shakespeare's friend, Ben Jonson, himself an illustrious author in the same walk of literature, is so important and convincing as to merit distinct notice. Besides his well-known elegiac lines upon Shakespeare, prefixed to the first folio of 1623, Ben Jonson wrote of him:

"I loved the man, and do honor his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open, free nature; had an excellent phantasie, brave notions and gentle expressions. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned."

And again, Ben Jonson thus apostrophized this illustrious poet :

"Soul of the age !
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,—
My Shakespeare, rise !"

Is it conceivable that any writer of the manifest sincerity of Ben Jonson, cherishing this noble and loyal friendship for Shakespeare, would have used such language if his illustrious friend had been a hollow impostor—a cheap mask of Lord Bacon? Ben Jonson knew Bacon well—helped him to translate his works into Latin—and with Jonson's intimate knowledge of the dramatic art and of stage secrets, and his close companionship with Shakespeare, it is impossible to believe either that Jonson was ignorant of the sustained imposture, if there had been one, or that he was a party to the fraud.

But the Baconian theory is compelled to go much farther, in its own defence, and to maintain not only that Bacon was a hypocrite, and Shakespeare an impostor, and Ben Jonson a deceiver; but that Shakespeare's noble friends, Southampton, Pembroke, and the rest, statesmen and men of letters, who recognized his genius and delighted in his wit, were all deceived, hoodwinked, and made to believe a lie, by this incredible literary conspiracy.

Nay—more; we are to believe, on this theory, that Heminge and Condell, Shakespeare's trusted associates and fellow-actors, both remembered in his will, when they edited and published the first folio of the plays, with such loving praise of the great departed poet, were either partners in this Bacon-Shakespeare fraud, and thus joined in solemnly palming it upon the world, or else that they were victims of a profound deception, successfully carried on under their very eyes for some twenty-five years.

Concerning this theory of the Bacon-Shakespeare imposture—for it is nothing less—have its advocates ever seriously reflected upon what it implies? It is not, as in the case of the Junius Letters, a simple concealment of authorship, which is entirely legitimate, and involves no fraud. It is charging the memory of men whom the world has covered with immortal honor, with a species of baseness of which not one of their contemporaries would for a moment have believed them capable. Bacon, as claimed by his biographers, was proud, magnanimous, and sincere; Shakespeare, judged by the evidence of his writings, and the testimony of his com-

peers, was equally proud, magnanimous, and sincere. Each of them was a man who claimed his own, and would have scorned to shiine in borrowed plumage. The theory requires us to believe that Bacon lived a life of perpetual concealment, and destroyed every scrap of dramatic or poetic writing which did not reach the public through the medium of his fellow-deceiver, Shakespeare. If a successful concealment of so complex and far-reaching a deception, so as to blind all their contemporaries, and all posterity down to the nineteenth century, is little short of miraculous, the very partnership in imposture between two such men is incredible. It is heaping mystery upon mystery, and to account for it adequately is far more difficult than to assign to Shakespeare the undivided authorship.

If we turn from external to internal evidence, what do we find? We find in these Shakespearean plays the impress not only of a sovereign intellect, but of a capacity for the highest dramatic conception and poetic expression. We find a compass of power, and an inventive faculty almost without bounds. We find constant examples of that principle, brought out clearly by Victor Hugo, that the secret of dramatic power lies in the exhibition of contrasts. We find scenes of sorrow and misery the most profound, tragedy the most pathetic, contrasted with scenes bubbling all over with laughter and humor. We find the poet now soaring to the sublimest heights, and anon rollicking (in the persons of his comedy characters) in buffoonery and fun. We find lyric power, proverbial wisdom, lofty imagination, poetic fancy, the most touching pathos, the profoundest tenderness, the most lamen-
bent wit, the daintiest euphuisms of speech, the most lofty eloquence, a high ideal of womanhood, and a persistent moral purpose. This many-sidedness in Shakespeare is the stumbling-block of the critics, who affect the German school of esoteric criticism. Starting out with the idea that the plays were written to reveal metaphysical and moral truths, they interpret into him and out of him just what they please.

We may add that the surprising compass and mastery of all the elements of human nature which so amaze us in Shakespeare come from his superlative powers of intuition

and observation—not from scholastic training. Shakespeare had studied, not at the universities, but in the school of nature and of man. He was not, like Lord Bacon, a patrician and a recluse, but one who had mingled most freely with all sorts and conditions of men. His perceptive faculties being of the highest order, and his power of expression perhaps the greatest yet known among men, he was able to absorb by the intuition of genius, and to reproduce in fresh and glowing life, that wondrous exhibition of scenery, characters, and situations which the labored intellectual processes of Bacon could never have evolved.

But, we are told, little or nothing is known of this man Shakespeare, and it is not conceivable that so great an intellect should not have made a greater personal impression upon his age. Bacon and other writers never mention him. But neither does Bacon ever mention Marlowe, or Chapman, or Ben Jonson himself. He was ready enough to use the great dramatists of his time, but to praise them was not his forte. Bacon praised no contemporary works—except his own. As to other writers, we know that Shakespeare was mentioned by a score of them while he yet lived, always with honor, save in one instance of depreciation, dictated by professional jealousy.

We know far less of the personality of many dramatic writers of that day than of Shakespeare. Of Marston, it is not known when he was born, nor in what year he died, and his whole life is a blank, but for two or three scant allusions. Of Marlowe, whom modern criticism makes the greatest dramatic genius of that age before Shakespeare, we know little more than that he was the son of a shoemaker, lived an irregular life, picked up an uncertain livelihood, and was killed in a drunken brawl at the age of twenty-eight. Of Chapman, whose period was 1559 to 1634, and who was certainly a great poet, no fact has been unearthed by the most vivid scrutiny, covering any part of his career before he was thirty-five. Dekker wrote the best comedies of the contemporary life of London, yet even the year of his birth is not known. John Webster, the greatest of Shakespeare's contemporaries or successors, has left behind him no trace of birth or death, either as to time or place, nor any other fact

of his biography. He wrote "The Duchess of Malfy," one of the noblest of English tragedies, which still keeps the stage, and seven plays appeared, between 1601 and 1624, with his name on the title page, though not one particular of his life is known. Of Massinger, one of the most brilliant dramatic geniuses who succeeded Shakespeare, not one fact has been discovered by the industry of antiquarians which shows anything of his life until after he was thirty-six. Says the critic Gifford, his editor, and a careful searcher after materials for his biography—"We are ignorant of every circumstance respecting Massinger, excepting that he was born, wrote and died." Of Thomas Heywood, a notable author, contemporary with Shakespeare, the dates of birth and death are alike unknown, and the few facts about his personal surroundings are gleaned chiefly from his own writings.

When we have so much more knowledge of Shakespeare's life, and character, and career, than of these his contemporaries, it is hardly reasonable to deny him the authorship of his own works on the ground of our ignorance of the man, unless, indeed, we are prepared to dispossess those other great dramatists of their fame on the same ground. The facts are, that of few men not in public or official life have any considerable memorials survived. Private records or journals were extremely few, the means of communication were slow and difficult, and newspapers there were none. We should not judge the paucity of information attainable about men three centuries ago by the standard of our own age, when a searching light is turned upon every man's household, and we learn from the veracious press all that ever happened to any of us—and frequently a great deal more.

Shakespeare's parentage was humble, but by no means despicable. His father lacked education, but became the chief officer of Stratford, before he got into difficulties by ill-judged ventures which a sanguine temperament induced. Shakespeare's mother, Mary Arden, was of gentle blood, and under the well recognized laws of heredity, wherein remote ancestry often reappears to reveal great genius in the most unexpected quarters, the poet came into the world of a finer mould than his father.

We are told that he had no education ; but it is positively established that he attended the grammar school of Stratford, and every one knows that a grammar school was a Latin school. Even Ben Jonson's pedantic dictum—"he had small Latin, and less Greek," implies that Shakespeare knew both languages, however little time he had devoted to the scholastic study of them. In that day, the classic tongues were the familiar pabulum of far more men of bright parts than they are to-day. It was not only the golden age of English literature ; it was the age of the renaissance of learning. The age of Elizabeth was cosmopolitan ; the spirit of classic lore, and the romantic breath of Italy and of Italian literature were in the air. They brought a marked impress to British thought, and especially to the dramatic poetry of the time. Men welcomed new ideas, new languages, new enterprises. It was the age of Raleigh, of Essex, of Southampton, of the Spanish Armada. It was the age of broad, free, large-minded men, free alike from the narrow asceticism of Puritanism, and the frivolous license of the age of the second Charles. It was the era of British pride, British learning, and British pluck and power by land and by sea.

Into this fortunate age, teeming with incentives and aids to genius, full of nimble wits, men of thought and men of action, Shakespeare was born. Whether by accident or design,—but most probably by accident, he chose the very profession of all others that stimulated to the full his native talent and his ambition. A dramatist in the Elizabethan age must needs be keen-witted, for he mingled most largely with wits and men of the world. He must needs be studious, for he mingled with scholars and men of learning. He delved for his plots in all sorts of out-of-the-way sources—borrowed in all directions, and used other men's brains and translations freely.

We are told that he could have had no scholarship, because of the limitations of his surroundings ; but his surroundings were the very ones best fitted to equip him with all the scholarship he needed. Ben Jonson himself, Shakespeare's intimate friend, and a great dramatic poet, was a poor bricklayer and common soldier in early life—not a university man at all ; yet his plays are crammed full of varied learning, ac-

quired—how? By his own mother-wit and application—the very same mother-wit and application, which, without a shadow of evidence, is denied to Shakespeare. Shakespeare had something better than exact scholarship, but he had not that. He had just the kind of multifarious learning that we find in the plays, which show mistakes and inaccuracies, such as we would expect from one without exact training. The dull literalists who go about to prove that Shakespeare had no education, lose their labor. They assume to measure, with their wretched little pint cup, the infinite capacities of man's immortal soul. How many poets are there, besides Burns and Byron, who have written poems which are called “visions?” Shakespeare, like all great poets, ancient or modern, was a seer. He saw in clear vision the cosmic work of imagination which he was about to create, and then looked about him for materials. Receptive and studious, ingenious and imaginative, with a high sense of reverence, and a keen sense of humor, a lofty ideal of beauty, a pure fancy, and sovereign dramatic art, based on large experience of the stage, he built up his great dramas of life with exuberant power and energy.

Education? There was once a gifted woman who reigned as a queen in one of the literary salons of France, who seldom or never read a book; but who talked with unerring sense and taste, of art, letters and science, simply by absorbing from the conversation of authors and artists the equipment which she handled so cleverly. If a woman's quick apprehension and intuitive sense could shine so brilliantly without the aid of books, why deny to Shakespeare, who had access to all the books of his time, the faculty (not very uncommon), of rapid absorption and intuitive skill in the use he made of them?

It is amazing how any one can look upon the grand portrait of Shakespeare, with or without Ben Jonson's noble tribute beneath it, to his genius, his wit and his worth, and quibble about his woful want of education. Put into one scale that authentic head, that seems to hold the round globe in its compass; put into the other, all the screeds of the puny sciolists that for the past forty years have been chipping at

his fame: and tell us, as candid judges, which is the most weighty evidence?

One might conclude, from the complaints that are made about Shakespeare's obscurity, his early retirement from the stage, his quiet and unremarked life, and his comparatively obscure death, that he should have gone about celebrating himself, kept a diary of all his transactions, and when his work was done, instead of sinking quietly to rest, like the great sun in the evening sky, they would have had him go out with a flourish of trumpets, and with salvos of artillery.

They complain that he wrote no plays during the last four or five years of his life. Why did he cease to write, if he were the great dramatist that is claimed? The reasons are very simple—as simple as his character and the modesty of his genius. Shakespeare had done enough for fortune—enough for fame. He found it wise to retire from all partnership with the stage and to enjoy the well-earned repose of advancing years. Perhaps he had overtaxed his great powers, for he was sensitively organized, and had already at thirty-five, lamented in the Sonnets, the marks of time and care. What wonder that he ceased to write when he neared the goal of fifty, after the prolonged drafts of twenty-five busy years upon his intellectual powers?

In reclaiming for Shakespeare the rights of fair play and considerate judgment, we are far from making him infallible. We worship no immaculate—no impossible perfection. We admit that Shakespeare was full of errors, for he was intensely human. There is much trash in Shakespeare's plays; so, also, there are many spots upon the sun. Take the dramas as a whole, and every rule of grammar has been violated somewhere in their composition,—every canon of correct taste trampled upon. They abound in historical errors, in classical and geographical blunders and anachronisms, such as no careful scholar could have committed. We find in them prosiness, bombast, grossness (though they are far cleaner than many dramas of that and the succeeding age), and a riotous pleonasm of puns—which have been properly defined as the lowest form of wit.

But again, take the dramas as a whole, and no where else can you find united a reach of imagination so splendid, a fancy so refined and exquisite, a wit and humor so diverting, a view of man and of the universe so wide and penetrating, a pathos so moving, an eloquence so powerful, a passion so affecting, a feeling so tender, a philosophy so profound, a style so fluent, masterly, and flexible.

In what country has any poet, any writer so kept the freshness of his fame and influence, as continually to grow in both with each advancing year? Great as is the name of Homer, his endless battle-pictures, compared with the creations of the many-sided Shakespeare, seem monotonous and poor. Other great poets have all of them their limitations—Shakespeare alone is universal. In his marvelous creations all the faculties of the mind, all the passions of the soul find their exemplar or their model. His versatility surpasses the world's experience of other writers. His muse of fire portrays for us in his commanding verse, the passion of Lear in the storm, of Hamlet in stress of soul, of Othello in the agony of remorse, of Imogen in saintly chastity, of Romeo and Juliet in love, ecstasy, despair, and death. His plays have become the text-book of the scholars of every land and language, the solace of the hearth and the cloister, the perennial delight of the stage, the honor and the glory of literature. In them is fulfilled that scripture—"there is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." So long as memory holds her seat, or reason her throne; so long as flowers bloom upon the earth, or stars illumine the sky; so long as human hearts throb with passion, or human minds are moved by sublimity, or enlivened by wit, or kindled by eloquence; so long will "the cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, and the solemn temples" of his imagination continue to inspire his readers.

"Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,"—as Milton sang of Shakespeare, only fourteen years after he left the world, his works, stamped with the divine seal of genius, will flourish in immortal youth, when generations and ages of men shall have mingled with the dust:

“ When the sun grows cold,
 And the stars are old,
 And the leaves of the Judgment book unfold.”

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.—SCENE II.

Cæsar. Calphurnia,—

Casca. Peace, ho ! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Calphurnia. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
 When he doth run his course.—Antonius.

Antonius. Caesar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not in your speed, Antonius,
 To touch Calphurnia ; for our elders say,
 The barren, touched in this holy chase,
 Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember :

When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on ; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Music.*

Soothsayer. Cæsar.

Cæs. Ha ! who calls ?

Casca. Bid every noise be still :—Peace yet again.

[*Music ceases.*

Cæs. Who is it in the press, that calls on me ?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

Cry, *Cæsar* :—Speak ; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that ?

Brutus. A soothsayer, bids you beware the Ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Casca. Fellow, come from the throng. Look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now ? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer ; let me leave him ;—pass.

[*Sonnet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.*

Cassius. Will you go see the order of the course ?

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome ; I do lack some part
 Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have.
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd. If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviors:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one;) Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.

And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous. [Flourish & shout.

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you will not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye, and death i'the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.
Well, honor is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now*
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
 Did I the tired Cæsar.—And this man
 Is now become a god, and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake: tis true, this god did shake:
 His coward lips did from their color fly;
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas! it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone.

[*Shout. Flourish.*

Bru. Another general shout!
 I do believe, that these applauses are
 For some new honors that are heaped on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
 Men at some time are masters of their fates:
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus, and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
 Write them together; yours is as fair a name;
 Sound them; it doth become the mouth as well;
 Weigh them; it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
 Now in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man?

[*Shout.*

When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
 That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
 When there is in it but one only man.
 Oh ! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
 As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous ;
 What you would work me to, I have some aim ;
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,
 I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
 Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
 I will consider ; what you have to say,
 I will with patience hear : and find a time
 Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
 Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this :
 Brutus had rather be a villager,
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome
 Under these hard conditions as this time
 Is like to lay upon us.

ACT IV.—SCENE III.

Within the tent of Brutus.

Cassius. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this ;
 You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
 For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
 Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
 Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Brutus. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
 That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
 Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
 To sell and mart your offices for gold,
 To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm ?
 You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
 Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
 And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remember !
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers ; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes ?
And sell the mighty space of our large honors,
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus ?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me ;
I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,
To hedge me in ; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to ; you're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself ;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man !

Cas. Is't possible ?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares ?

Cas. O ye gods ! ye gods ! Must I endure all this ?

Bru. All this ? ay, more : Fret, till your proud heart break ;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?
Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor ? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you ; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this ?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier :
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus; I said, an elder soldier, not a better; Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Caesar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love, I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me, as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—

For I can raise no money by vile means.

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,

By any indirection. I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,

Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool, That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart. A friend should bear his friend's infirmities, But Brutus makes mine' greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world :
Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;
Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold ;
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger :
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus !—

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor, which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful ?

Bru. Yes, Cassius ; and, henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

KING HENRY IV.

PART I.—ACT I.—SCENE III.

King Henry. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,

And you have found me; for, accordingly,
 You tread upou my patience: but, be sure,
 I will from henceforth rather be myself,
 Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;
 Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
 And therefore lost that title of respect,
 Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

Worcester. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
 The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
 And that same greatness too which our own hands
 Have help to make so portly.

Northumberland. My lord,——

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
 Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
 O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
 And majesty might never yet endure
 The moody frontier of a servant brow.
 You have good leave to leave us; when we need
 Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—

[*Exit Worcester.*

You were about to speak.

[*To North.*

North. Yea, my good lord.
 Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
 Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
 Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
 As is deliver'd to your majesty:
 Either envy, therefore, or misprision
 Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hotspur. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
 But, I remember, when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
 Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
 Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
 Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
 He was perfumed like a milliner;
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose, and took't away again;——
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
 Took it in snuff:—and still he smil'd and talk'd,
 And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,

He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
 With many holiday and lady terms
 He question'd me ; among the rest demanded
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
 I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
 Out of my grief and my impatience,
 Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what ;
 He should, or should not ;—for he made me mad,
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark !)
 And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was parmaceti for an inward bruise ;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 That villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
 So cowardly ; and, but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.
 This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;
 And, I beseech you, let not his report
 Come current for an accusation,
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstances consider'd, good my lord,
 Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said,
 To such a person, and in such a place,
 At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
 May reasonably die, and never rise
 To do him wrong, or any way impeach
 What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners ;
 But with proviso, and exception,—
 That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
 His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer ;
 Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
 The lives of those that he did lead to fight
 Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower ;
 Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March

Has lately married. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve ;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war.—To prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower ;
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood ;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Color her working with such deadly wounds ;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly :
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him,
He never did encounter with Glendower :
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer :
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son :—
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and train.*

Hot. An if the devil come and roar for them,

I will not send them :—I will after straight,
And tell him so ; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause awhile :
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?
'Zounds, I will speak of him : and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him :
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' th' dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' th' air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.
[To Worcester.

Wor. Who struck this heat up, after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners ;
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale ;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him : Was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was. I heard the proclamation :
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon !) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition :
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be deposed, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you ; did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did ; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountain starv'd.
But shall it be, that you,—that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man ;
And, for his sake, wear the detested blot

Of murderous subornation,—shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo ;
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
To show the line, and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this subtle king.
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power,
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,—
As both of you, God pardon it ! have done,—
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him, for whom these sliances ye underwent?
No: yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honors, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again :
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt,
Of this proud king, who studies, day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say, —

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more;
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good-night !—or sink or swim :—
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honor cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple. Oh ! the blood more stirs,
To rouse a lion than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honor from the pale-fac'd moon ;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,

Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honor by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities.
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship !

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for awhile.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners, —

Hot. I'll keep them all ;
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them :
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not :
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will ; that's flat ;—
He said he would not ransom Mortimer ;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer ;
But I will find him, when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—‘Mortimer !’

Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but ‘Mortimer,’ and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

KING HENRY V.

ACT IV.—SCENE III.

The English Camp.

Gloster. Where is the King ?

Bedford. The King himself is rode to view their battle.

Westmoreland. Of fighting men they have full threescore
thousand.

Exeter. There's five to one ; besides, they all are fresh.

Salisbury. God's arm strike with us ! 'tis a fearful odds.

God be wi' you, princes all ; I'll to my charge :
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully,—my noble Lord of Bedford,—

My dear Lord Gloster,—and my good Lord Exeter,—
And my kind kinsman, warriors all,—adieu!

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with
thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valor.

[*Exit* Salisbury.]

Bed. He is as full of valor as of kindness;
Princely in both.

West. O, that we now had here [Enter King Henry.
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!

King Henry. What's he, that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honor.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honor,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more:
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian:
He that out-lives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors,
And say—To-morrow is Saint Crispian:

Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
And say, 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day: Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,—
Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered:
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks,
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

SONNETS.

L.V.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room,
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy ;
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace :
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
 With all triumphant splendor on my brow ;
 But, out, alack ! he was but one hour mine,
 The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;
 Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun
 staineth.

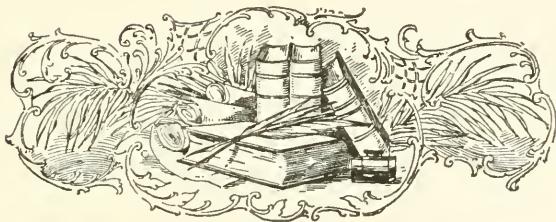
XXIX.

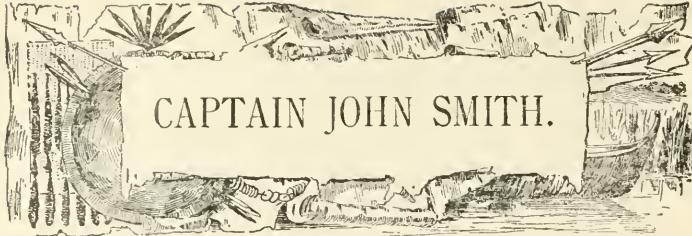
When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone beweep my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least ;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee,—and then my state,
 Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate ;
 For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day ?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate :
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date :
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd ;

And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimm'd ;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ;
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest ;
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.





CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH is deservedly honored as the true founder of the first permanent English settlement in America. Though somewhat a braggart, he was also, as his name helps to indicate, a sturdy, courageous Anglo-Saxon, and all his best qualities were called forth in establishing the colony of Jamestown. John Smith was born at Willoughby, in Lincolnshire, Eng-

land. The date of his baptism appears in the registry of Willoughby parish church, January 9, 1579. His father, George Smith, was descended from the Smiths of Crudley, in Lancashire; his mother, from the Rickards of Great Heck, in Yorkshire. His restless, roaming spirit was developed in boyhood, when he made preparations to run away to sea, but was stopped for a time by the death of his father, who left his little property in trust to John.

He was apprenticed to a merchant of Lynn, but soon ran away and managed to secure service with a son of Lord Willoughby, going with him to France. Within six months after entering France he was dismissed. The civil wars of the Catholics and Huguenots prevailed about this period, and Smith, making his way to Rouen, joined the army under Henry IV. "Here," he writes, "I first began to learn the life of a soldier." Peace being proclaimed, he passed into the Netherlands, and served against Spain in the war which finally gave to the Low Countries their independence. He was engaged in this conflict for three or four years.

In 1601 a cruel war was raging between the Christian powers of Germany and the Turks. Smith, according to the account which he afterward published, joined the Imperialists under the Earl of Meldritch, and had many desperate adventures. Olympach, under the command of Lord Ebersbaugh, was besieged by the Turks, who were daily growing more confident and strong. The regiment of Meldritch formed part of the command of Kisell, who was anxious to afford relief to the city, but was unable to do so, as the Turks had a vastly superior army, 20,000 strong. Smith, who was with Kisell, came to the relief of his commander. He told Kisell that he had communicated to Lord Ebersbaugh a system of signals by which, with torches corresponding regularly with the letters of the alphabet, a correspondence might be carried on by persons at a distance. Smith persuaded his commander to try the experiment. Seven miles from Olympach was a high mountain; this Smith ascended and started three signal fires, drawing on him the attention of the garrison. His fires were answered by three torches displayed from the walls of the town. Smith now displayed lights so as to form the sentence: "On Thursday at night, I will charge on the east. At the alarm sally you." The reply "I will" was flashed back. The scheme was carried out in an eminently successful manner,—the Turks were defeated. For this service, Smith received a command of two hundred and fifty horse, besides other rewards.

During the remainder of the war, Smith greatly distinguished himself by his daring exploits in Hungary and Transylvania. Finally, however, in a battle near Rottendon, he was severely wounded and left as dead. He was taken prisoner, and on his recovery offered for sale in the slave markets of Axiopolis. Purchased by Bashaw Bogall, he was sent as a present to that general's "faire maistresse" at Constantinople. She, becoming enamored with Smith, contrived his escape, and gave him letters to her brother who lived by the Sea of Azov. The brother, instead of receiving him kindly, loaded him with chains. After a time Smith managed to slay his persecutor. Fleeing into Russian territory, he was hospitably received, and passing on through

Germany, France and Spain, finally returned to England in the year 1604.

Smith, now but twenty-five years of age, had gained an experience which few men at that age have ever done. He was persuaded by Captain Bartholomew Gosnold, who had already visited America, to enter into a plan of colonization in Virginia. Letters patent bearing date April 10, 1606, were issued. King James named the Governor and Council, and the instructions for their direction of affairs were sealed in a strong box, not to be opened until Virginia was reached. The colonists set sail from London, December 19, 1606. On the voyage they became jealous of Smith, and when off the Canaries the malcontents seized upon him, and kept him in close custody, under ridiculous charges of sedition and treason to the crown. Virginia being reached, the sealed box was opened, and John Smith's name appeared as one of those appointed for the Council. They, however, would not allow him to be one of the members; but when the toils and perils of the field were to be undertaken, they gladly accepted his services. Smith now demanded a trial on the charges hanging over his head. The result was that he was acquitted, and his accuser condemned to pay £200 damages. Smith thus gained his seat in Council.

Having sailed up the Chickahominy River on an exploring trip, he was taken prisoner by a band of savages, under the Indian chief, Opechancanough. This savage handed him over to the great chieftain Powhatan. Smith was condemned to die; two great stones were brought into the Indian assembly, and placed before the King. As many as could lay hands on Smith, seized him and laid his head on the stones, "being ready with their clubs to beat out his brains." But "Pocahontas, the King's dearest daughter," interposed for his safety, shielded him from the blows and saved his life.* Powhatan commanded that Smith should be given to his daughter, and henceforth he was her captive. This gained for the English the tolerance of Powhatan. Soon after Smith was freed and returned to Jamestown, where he resumed his authority.

* This romantic story was first published by Smith after the death of Pocahontas, and is largely discredited on sifting the evidence.

In June and July, 1608, in two voyages he explored the whole of Chesapeake Bay; drawing at the same time an excellent map of those waters. In 1609 he returned to England for medical advice, and never again saw Virginia. In 1614, with two ships, he explored the New England coast from Penobscot to Cape Cod. He endeavored to found a colony here in the following year, but was captured by a French man-of-war, and carried to France. He soon escaped and returned to England. In 1616 he published a "Description of New England," in 1620 "New England's Trials," and in 1624 "The General History of Virginia." He passed the remainder of his life in retirement, but published other books. He died in London at the age of fifty-two.

Captain John Smith had a fiery spirit, tempered by prudence for the most trying adventure. He appears to have had none of the petty vices of the gallants of his day. He had great skill in managing savages; but with his equals among the whites he lacked tact. Possessed of extraordinary conceit, he made many enemies. That he was neglected by those in power after his untiring labors, will not lessen the value of his performance in the regard of posterity.

After Smith had gone to England in October, 1609, Pocahontas ceased her visits to the colony. But a few years later, Captain Samuel Argall, who was foraging near the Potomac River, found her living in the territory of a chief named Japazaws. Argall bribed this chief with a copper kettle to deliver her into his hands, and then demanded of her father a ransom. The chief refused and Pocahontas was held prisoner at Jamestown. Meantime, John Rolfe, an amiable enthusiast, who had emigrated to the forests of Virginia, and was then a widower, became deeply impressed with his duty to strive for the conversion of the Indian maiden. He has recorded the earnest struggles of his soul before he engaged in the task which he felt had been imposed on him by the Spirit of God. The heathen princess received his instruction with docility, soon renounced idolatry, and embraced the Christian faith. She was baptized in the rude log church, in a font hewn out of the trunk of a tree, and received the Christian name Rebecca.

"The gaining of this one soul, the first fruits of Virginian

conversion," was speedily followed by her marriage with Rolfe in April, 1614. Her uncle, Opachisco, gave the bride away, with the approbation of her father and friends. The whole colony rejoiced over the union, which gave a new element and presage of permanence to its existence. In 1616 Rolfe returned to England, taking his wife and child. Pocahontas was presented at the English court, and was everywhere most favorably received.

Smith came to see her at London and their meeting was most affecting. After saluting him, she turned away her face and hid it in her hands for a long time. She had believed that he was dead, and perhaps on that account had accepted Rolfe. When she addressed Smith as "Father," he objected to being called "Father" by the child of a king. But she replied, "You promised my father that what was yours should be his, and that you and he should be all one. Being a stranger in the country, you called Powhatan 'Father.' I for the same reason will call you 'Father.' You were not afraid to come into my country and terrify everybody; why are you now afraid to have me call you 'Father?' I will call you 'Father,' and you shall call me 'Child;'" and so will I forever be of your kindred and country."

When Pocahontas was preparing to leave England and to return to Virginia with her husband, she was suddenly taken ill at Gravesend and died there in March, 1617. She was but twenty-two years of age. Her son, Thomas Rolfe, was educated by his uncle, a London merchant, but afterwards removed to Virginia, where he held a prominent position. Among his descendants are the Randolph, Bolling, Fleming and other families.

THE SETTLEMENT OF VIRGINIA.

Newport and his squadron, pursuing, for some unknown reason, the wider compass taken by the first navigators to America, instead of the less circuitous track that had been recently ascertained, did not accomplish their voyage in a shorter period than four months; but its termination was rendered peculiarly fortunate by the effect of a storm, which defeated their purpose of landing and settling at Roanoke,

and carried them into the Bay of Chesapeake (April, 1607). As they advanced through its waters, they easily perceived the advantage that would be gained by establishing their settlement on the shores of this spacious haven, replenished by the tributary floods of so many great rivers, which fertilize the soil of that extensive district of America, and, affording commodious inlets into the interior parts, facilitate their foreign commerce and mutual communication.

Newport first landed on a promontory forming the southern boundary of the bay, which, in honor of the Prince of Wales, he named Cape Henry. Thence, coasting the southern shore, he entered a river which the natives called Powhatan, and explored its banks for the space of forty miles from its mouth. Impressed with the superior convenience of the coast and soil to which they had been thus happily conducted, the adventurers unanimously determined to make this the place of their abode. They gave to their infant settlement, as well as to the neighboring river, the name of their King; and Jamestown retains the distinction of being the oldest habitation of the English in America.

But the dissensions that broke out among the colonists soon threatened to deprive them of all the advantages of their fortunate territorial position. Their animosities were inflamed by an arrangement, which if it did not originate with the King, at least betrays a strong affinity to that ostentatious mystery and driftless artifice which he affected as the perfection of political dexterity. The names of the Provincial Council were not communicated to the adventurers when they departed from England; but the commission which contained them was inclosed in a sealed packet, which was directed to be opened within twenty-four hours after their arrival on the coast of Virginia, when the councillors were to be installed in their office, and to elect their own president. The disagreements incident to a long voyage had free scope among men unaware of the relations they were to occupy toward each other, and of the subordination which their relative and allotted functions might imply; and when the names of the Council were proclaimed, the disclosure was far from affording satisfaction.

Captain Smith, whose superior talents and spirit excited the envy and jealousy of his colleagues, was excluded from a seat in the Council, which the commission authorized him to assume, and even accused of traitorous designs, so unproved and improbable, that none less believed the charge than the persons who preferred it. The deprivation of his counsel and services in the difficulties of their outset was a serious loss to the colonists, and might have been attended with ruin to the settlement, if his merit and generosity had not been superior to their mean injustice. The jealous suspicions of the individual who was elected president restrained the use of arms, and discouraged the construction of fortifications; and a misunderstanding having arisen with the Indians, the colonists, unprepared for hostilities, suffered severely from one of the sudden attacks characteristic of the warfare of these savages. Newport had been ordered to return with the ships to England; and, as the time of his departure approached, the accusers of Smith, with affected clemency, proposed that he also should return with Newport, instead of abiding a criminal prosecution in Virginia. But, happily for the colony, he scorned so to compromise his integrity; and, demanding a trial, was honorably acquitted, and took his seat in the council.

The fleet was better victualled than the magazines of the colony; and while it remained with them, the colonists were permitted to share the plenty enjoyed by the sailors. But when Newport set sail for England, they found themselves limited to scanty supplies of unwholesome provisions; and the sultry heat of the climate and moisture of a country overgrown with wood, co-operating with the defects of their diet, brought on diseases that raged with fatal violence. Before the month of September, one half of their number had miserably perished; and among these victims was Bartholomew Gosnold, who had planned the expedition, and materially contributed to its accomplishment. This scene of suffering was embittered by internal dissensions. The president was accused of embezzling the public stores, and finally detected in an attempt to seize a pinnace and escape from the colony and its calamities. At length, in the extremity of their distress, when ruin seemed to impend, alike from famine and the

fury of the savages, the colonists obtained a complete and unexpected deliverance, which the piety of Smith ascribed to the influence of God, in suspending the passions and controlling the sentiments and purposes of men. The savages, actuated by a sudden and generous change of feeling, not only refrained from molesting them, but gratuitously brought them a supply of provisions so liberal as at once to dissipate their apprehensions of famine and hostility.

Resuming their spirit, the colonists now proved themselves not wholly uninstructed by their misfortunes. In seasons of exigency merit is illustrated, and the envy that pursues it is absorbed by deeper interest and alarm. The sense of common and urgent danger promoted a willing and even eager submission to a man whose talents were most likely to extricate his companions from the difficulties with which they were encompassed. Every eye was now turned on Smith, and with universal acclaim his fellow-colonists devolved on him the authority which they had formerly shown so much jealousy of his acquiring.

Assuming the direction of public affairs, Captain Smith promptly adopted the only policy that could save them from destruction. Under his directions, Jamestown was fortified by such defences as were sufficient to repel the attacks of the savages; and by dint of great labor, which he was always the foremost to partake, its inhabitants were provided with dwellings that afforded shelter from the weather, and contributed to restore and preserve their health. Finding the supplies of the savages discontinued, he put himself at the head of a detachment of his people, and penetrated into the interior of the country, where, by courtesy and liberality to the tribes whom he found well-disposed, and vigorous retribution of the hostility of such as were otherwise minded, he succeeded in procuring a plentiful stock of provisions.

In the midst of his successes, he was surprised during an expedition by a band of hostile savages, who, having made him prisoner, after a gallant and nearly successful defense, prepared to inflict on him the usual fate of their captives. His genius and presence of mind did not desert him in this trying emergency. He desired to speak with the sachem or

chief of the tribe to which he was a prisoner; and presenting him with a mariner's compass, expatiated on the wonderful discoveries to which this little instrument had contributed, —descanted on the shape of the earth, the extent of its lands and oceans, the course of the sun, the varieties of nations, and the singularity of their relative terrestrial positions, which made some of them antipodes to the others. With equal prudence and magnanimity, he refrained from any expression of solicitude for his life, which would have infallibly weakened or counteracted the effect which he studied to produce. The savages listened to him with amazement and admiration. They had handled the compass, and, viewing with surprise the play of the needle, which they plainly saw, but found it impossible to touch, from the intervention of the glass, were prepared by this marvellous object for the reception of those sublime and interesting communications by which their captive endeavored to gain an ascendancy over their minds.

For an hour after he had finished his discourse, they remained undecided; till, their accustomed sentiments reviving, they resumed their suspended purpose, and, having bound him to a tree, prepared to dispatch him with their arrows. But a deeper impression had been made on their chief; and his soul, enlarged for a season by the admission of knowledge, or subdued by the influence of wonder, revolted from the dominion of habitual barbarity. This chief bore the harsh and uncouth appellation of Opechancanough,—a name which the subsequent history of the province was to invest with no small terror and celebrity. Holding up the compass in his hand, he gave the signal of reprieve; and Smith, though still guarded as a prisoner, was conducted to a dwelling, where he was kindly treated and plentifully entertained. But the strongest impressions pass away, while the influence of habit remains. After vainly attempting to prevail on their captive to betray the English Colony into their hands, the Indians referred his fate to Powhatan, the emperor or principal sachem of the country, to whose presence they conducted him in triumphal procession.

This prince received him with much ceremony, ordered a plentiful repast to be set before him, and then adjudged him

to suffer death by having his head laid on a stone and beaten to pieces with clubs. At the place appointed for his execution, Smith was again rescued from impending destruction by the interposition of Pocahontas, the favorite daughter of the King, who, finding her first entreaties in deprecation of the captive's fate disregarded, threw her arms around him, and passionately declared her determination to save him or die with him. Her generous humanity prevailed on the cruelty of her tribe; and the King not only gave Smith his life, but soon sent him back to Jamestown, where the beneficence of Pocahontas continued to follow him with supplies of provisions, that delivered the Colonists from famine.

After an absence of seven weeks, Smith returned to Jamestown, barely in time to prevent the desertion of the Colony. His associates, reduced to the number of thirty-eight, impatient of further stay in a country where they had met with so many discouragements, and in which they seemed fated to re-enact the disasters of Roanoke, were preparing to abandon the settlement; and it was not without the utmost difficulty, and alternately employing persuasion, remonstrance, and even violent interference, that Smith prevailed on them to relinquish their design.

The provisions that Pocahontas sent him relieved their present wants; his account of the plenty he had witnessed among the Indians renewed their hopes; and he endeavored, by a diligent improvement of the favorable impressions he had made on the savages, and by a judicious regulation of the intercourse between them and the colonists, to promote a coalition of interests and a reciprocation of advantages between the two races of people. His generous efforts were successful; he preserved a steady and sufficient supply of food to the English, and extended his influence and consideration with the Indians, who began to respect and consult their former captive as a superior being.—J. GRAHAME.

POCAHONTAS.

A forest-child, amid the flowers at play !
 Her raven locks in strange profusion flowing ;
 A sweet, wild girl, with eye of earnest ray,
 And olive cheek, at each emotion glowing ;
 Yet, whether in her gladsome frolic leaping,
 Or 'neath the greenwood shade unconscious sleeping,
 Or with light oar her fairy pinnace rowing,
 Still, like the eaglet on its new-fledged wing,
 Her spirit-glance bespoke the daughter of a king.

But he, that wily monarch, stern and old,
 Mid his grim chiefs, with barbarous trappings bright,
 That morn a court of savage state did hold.
 The sentenced captive see—his brow how white !
 Stretch'd on the turf his manly form lies low,
 The war-club poised for its fatal blow,
 The death-mist swims before his darken'd sight :
 Forth springs the child, in tearful pity bold,
 Her head on his declines, her arms his neck enfold.

“The child ! what madness fires her ? Hence ! Depart !
 Fly, daughter, fly ! before the death-stroke rings ;
 Divide her, warriors, from that English heart.”
 In vain ! for with convulsive grasp she clings :
 She claims a pardon from her frowning sire ;
 Her pleading tones subdue his gather'd ire ;
 And so, uplifting high his feathery dart,
 That doting father gave the child her will,
 And bade the victim live, and be his servant still.

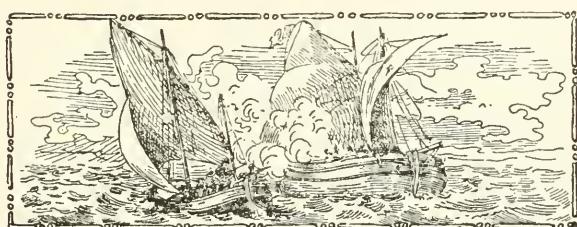
Know'st thou what thou hast done, thou dark-hair'd child ?
 What great events on thy compassion hung ?
 What prowess lurks beneath yon aspect mild,
 And in the accents of that foreign tongue ?
 As little knew the princess who descried
 A floating speck on Egypt's turbid tide,
 A bulrush-ark the matted reeds among,
 And, yielding to an infant's tearful smile,
 Drew forth Jehovah's seer from the devouring Nile.

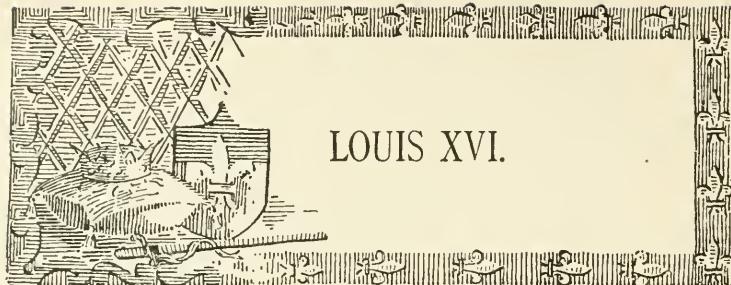
In many a clime, in many a battle tried,
 By Turkish sabre and by Moorish spear ;
 Mid Afric's sands, or Russian forests wide,
 Romantic, bold, chivalrous and sincere,
 Keen-eyed, clear-minded, and of purpose pure,
 Dauntless to rule, or patient to endure,
 Was he whom thou hast rescued with a tear :
 Thou wert the saviour of the Saxon vine,
 And for this deed alone our praise and love are thine.

Nor yet for this alone shall history's scroll
 Embalm thine image with a grateful tear ;
 For when the grasp of famine tried the soul,
 When strength decay'd and dark despair was near,
 Who led her train of playmates, day by day,
 O'er rock, and strain, and wild, a weary way,
 Their baskets teeming with the golden ear ?
 Whose generous hand vouchsafed its tireless aid
 To guard a nation's germ ? Thine, thine, heroic maid !

The council-fires are quench'd, that erst so red
 Their midnight volume mid the groves entwined ;
 King, stately chief, and warrior host are dead,
 Nor remnant nor memorial left behind :
 But thou, O forest-princess, true of heart,
 When o'er our fathers waved destruction's dart,
 Shalt in their children's loving hearts be shrined ;
 Pure, lonely star, o'er dark oblivion's wave,
 It is not meet thy name should moulder in the grave.

—MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.





LOUIS XVI.



THE tragic fate of Louis XVI. of France is one of the most memorable instances of the iniquities of fathers being visited upon their posterity. That amiable monarch expiated on the scaffold the sins and follies of his ancestors. Their foolish counselors and wicked flatterers had prepared the way which led to the inevitable fall. Personally Louis XVI. was a better man, though a weaker ruler, than his ancestor, who established a glittering despotism and won the title of "The Grand Monarch." Yet the dreadful barbarities of the later reign were a necessary consequence of the splendid shams and heartless frivolity of the earlier.

Louis XVI was the second son of the Prince Dauphin, son of Louis XV., and of Maria Josepha of Saxony, daughter of Frederic Augustus, King of Poland. He was born at Versailles, in 1754, and received the title of Duc de Berri. At the age of eleven, his father dying, he became Dauphin. At the age of sixteen he was married to Marie Antoinette, Archduchess of Austria, and sister of Joseph II. He was crowned at Rheims, amidst the enthusiastic applause of his people, June 11, 1775. To all appearance, no sovereign ever ascended the throne under happier auspices; but in reality no European throne ever stood on the verge of a more terrible abyss. The incapacity and corruption of the governing body was already confronted with the philosophic pride and wild

vigor of the governed—just awakening to new appreciation of the “ Rights of Man.”

For his chief minister Louis chose Turgot, an honest and enlightened man, who, in concert with his colleague Malesherbes, perceiving the temper of the times, wished the King to take the reform into his own hands, by abolishing feudal exactions, equalizing the direct taxes all over the kingdom, granting liberty of conscience, and restoring toleration of the Protestants, reforming the criminal code, removing restrictions from trade, rendering the civil power independent of all ecclesiastical jurisdiction, suppressing the greater part of the convents, and establishing a new system of public instruction. These were the real wants of France ; if they could have been satisfied, the Revolution might have been prevented by being rendered unnecessary. The deficiency in the treasury and the debt of 4,000,000,000 livres left by Louis XV., were the great stumbling-block of the new administration. Louis XVI., however, following his own natural disposition, effected much partial good ; he abolished the corvées and the practice of torture, removed the restrictions on trade in the interior of the kingdom, made many reforms in the administration, established a system of economy and order, and gave the first example of it himself in his own household. He also granted toleration to the Protestants ; but as usual in such cases, one palliative succeeded another, while the root of the evil remained untouched.

Before the desperate state of the national finances was appreciated, Louis engaged in a war against England, which was very popular with the French people. The object of this conflict was to support the revolted colonies of North America, who had declared their independence of Great Britain. On the 6th of February, 1778, a treaty of commerce and alliance was signed at Paris between the French cabinet and Franklin and Silas Deane on behalf of the United States, by which the latter were acknowledged by France as an independent nation. In the following May a French fleet under Count d'Estaing sailed for America ; in June the first hostilities took place at sea ; and on the 10th of July, France declared war against England, and an army of 40,000 men was assembled in

Normandy for the purpose of invading that country; but the French and Spanish transports which were to convey these troops across the Channel were dispersed by contrary winds. In America the French auxiliary troops in conjunction with the American forces were successful against the English. On the 12th of April, 1782, however, the French Admiral De Grasse was completely defeated by the English Admiral Rodney, off the island of Dominica, with the loss of five ships of the line, and was taken prisoner. In the same year the united forces of France and Spain attacked Gibraltar, but were repulsed with heavy loss. In September, 1783, peace was concluded at Versailles; England acknowledged the independence of the United States, and gave up to France Tobago and the coast of Senegal.

In 1776, Necker, a Genevese banker, wealthy and retired from business, having become Minister of Finance, made notable reforms. After five years of war his budget showed a surplus of 10,000,000 livres; he had borrowed 530,000,000 livres at a less interest than had ever been known in time of war; the discount on exchequer-bills, which had been 16 per cent., was reduced to 8, and all this without any addition to the burdens of the people. In November, 1783, by a court cabal Necker was dismissed; but when it was found that things were going from bad to worse, he was re-called. The distresses of the people began to be expressed in open disaffection; the ancient machinery of government was found insufficient, either as a means of effectuating the will of the people, or of controlling their blind impulses by the imposition of a more enlightened authority. The issue of this was the convocation of "The Notables," who met twice, under the ministries of Calonne and Loménie Brienne. Their first assembly was at Versailles in February, 1787, and they again met in 1788.

Necker, on his recall, stated to the King that the only resource left was to call together the States-General of the kingdom, which had not been assembled since 1614. Louis convoked them at Versailles in May, 1789. This assembly had consisted of the three orders—clergy, nobility, and the third estate, or commons. By this means any project of law dis-

pleasing to the two privileged orders was sure not to pass. To obviate this difficulty, Necker proposed to give to the third estate a double vote. Louis, after some hesitation, gave this double vote to the third estate ; and this was in fact the beginning of the Revolution. This body, moved by the contemporary example of the United States, declared for a Constitution, as the first necessity of France, and took a solemn and united oath not to separate until they had made it. The real conflict between the people and the Court was commenced by this act ; the disposition to insurrection acquired a form of legality, and the passions of those who might be capable of leading the populace were fairly unloosed. Mirabeau, La Fayette, Danton, Robespierre, Camille Desmoulins, and Marat were among these leaders. As a first step, the Third Estate, or Commons, in the States-General, refused to acknowledge the clergy and the noblesse as separate bodies, and, many of these joining them, they assumed the name of National Assembly.

The Constitution, formed by this Assembly, changed the old French monarchy into a representative republic, with a single chamber, and a hereditary magistrate, bearing the name of king, whose power, however, was rendered insignificant. They suppressed not only the feudal jurisdictions, but also the manorial dues and fees, the titles of nobility, the tithes, the convents, and the trade-guilds ; they confiscated the property of the Church ; they abolished the old divisions of the kingdom by provinces, and ordered a new one by departments ; they changed entirely the social relations of the country, so that even Mirabeau was startled at the rapidity with which they were legislating, and began to express serious doubts of the result. “It is easy to destroy,” he said ; “but we want men able to reconstruct.” Meantime insurrections broke out in Paris and in the provinces ; against the National Assembly the guards refused to act. The people enrolled themselves in democratic clubs, which stimulated their passions by impassioned harangues. They formed a national militia, and surprised the government by storming the famous State prison of the Bastile, July 14, 1789. This date is accepted as the formal commencement of the French Revolution.

The National Assembly, presuming on its actual power, under these circumstances, to make the Constitution, called itself the Constituent Assembly, and promulgated the "Rights of Man" as a basis. To the excitement of these occurrences were added the maddening effects of a famine in the succeeding autumn, when the worst forms of clubism commenced, and the Marats, Carriers, Henriots and Tinville rose into note. In June, 1790, the King attempted to escape, but was arrested at Varennes—the people meeting to petition for his deposition being dispersed by musketry on his return. On the 30th of September following he accepted the Constitution, and on the 1st of October the first biennial parliament, or legislative assembly, met for the transaction of business. The power of veto having been granted to Louis by this new compact, he was unwise enough to use it against every important measure proposed by the parliament. In the course of another year his deposition was again agitated; tumultuous processions took place; the palace itself was invaded, and the King compelled to wear the red cap, "*bonnet rouge*," miscalled the cap of liberty.

The republicans became thoroughly organized, and in August, 1792, the Marseilleise were quartered in Paris, the Tuilleries besieged, the Swiss guard massacred, and the royal family imprisoned in the Temple. The party of Danton now occupied the foreground, and prepared to assemble a National Convention, and resist the threatened invasion of the emigrants (as the exiled nobles were called), and the Germans under the Duke of Brunswick. The first act of this body, which met towards the end of September, was to pronounce on the fate of Louis XVI., who was declared guilty of a conspiracy against the general safety of the State. Out of 719 votes, 366 were for death, 319 were for imprisonment during the war, 2 for perpetual imprisonment, and 31 for a suspension of the execution; one was for a sentence of death, but with power of commutation of the punishment. After this vote had been taken, the President, removing his hat, said: "In consequence of this expression of opinion, I declare that the punishment pronounced by the National Convention against Louis Capet is Death!" This sentence was pronounced on

the 16th of January, 1793. The King received the news of his fate with great composure, and seemed only affected by the distress of his friends.

On the 21st of January, 1793, Louis was taken in a carriage to the Place de la Révolution, where the guillotine was erected. He was accompanied by his faithful confessor, the Abbé Edgeworth. As they rode along, Louis appeared silent and resigned, and engrossed by religious thoughts. On ascending the scaffold he attempted to address the people: "Frenchmen," said he in a firm voice, "I die innocent of the crimes which are imputed to me; I forgive the authors of my death, and I pray that my blood may not fall upon France." He would have continued; but his voice was drowned by the beating of drums. He removed his coat and cravat, and the executioners laid hold of him. M. Edgeworth took his leave in the memorable words: "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to heaven!" Louis XVI. was guillotined, displaying to the last moment the same singular equanimity of temper that had marked his whole career. Both Spain and England had forwarded remonstrances against this judicial murder; but they were unheeded by the National Convention.

In private life Louis XVI. was a man of unexceptional virtue, a good husband, and a good master; but as a king, deficient in every necessary quality except that of well-meaning.

THE DEPOSITION OF LOUIS XVI.

Louis XVI. and his court resided at the Tuileries, while the Legislative Assembly held its sittings close by in the riding hall. Surrounded by a moat, and strong enough to withstand a sudden attack, the chateau of the Tuileries was used as a place of refuge by the royalist nobles who no longer felt safe among the Parisians. The 9th of August, 1792, witnessed the arrival of thirteen hundred Swiss from Rueil and Courbevoie. These Swiss, a few hundred noblemen, the mounted gendarmes, and a few battalions of Parisian national guards devoted to the King, composed the royalist army. It had also eleven cannons. During the following night the republicans took possession of the public offices of the forty-eight

sections of the city and appointed delegates who took the place of the municipal authorities. This new Commune of Paris before daylight began to prepare a movement against the court and the Assembly.

The royal family felt its danger. The King had posted Swiss soldiers at all the gates and on the staircases, but had forbidden them to fire a shot unless it were to defend the royalist National Guards. He was determined to remain on the defensive, and would leave no occasion to his enemies to reproach him with having been the aggressor. At midnight the alarm-bell began to ring and the drums to beat to arms ; it was the beginning of the insurrection. The King immediately summoned Mayor Pétion to the chateau, and on his arrival the latter gave a written order to Mandat, the general of the National Guards, to repel any attack made against the Tuilleries. The Court was very distrustful of Pétion, and the royalist National Guards said : "We have him here now, he shall not get away; his head shall answer for the security of the King." But Pétion found a way to communicate with the Assembly; the Assembly summoned him to its bar, and he was thus enabled to leave the chateau.

The National Guard remained the whole night awaiting orders. The King could give none, as the law did not permit him to perform any official act without the signature of a minister, and the ministers did not venture to undertake the responsibility of a measure which might involve the shedding of blood.

At five A.M. on the 10th of August, Louis reviewed the National Guards posted at the Tuilleries; most of them proclaimed their devotion to him. But an hour later Pétion had them replaced by battalions of republicans armed with pikes, who marched to the cries of "Long live Pétion! Long live the nation! Down with the traitors! Down with the veto!" (By the veto was meant the King, to whom the new Constitution granted the veto power.) Several other battalions then passed over to the insurgents. There now only remained with the King his Swiss, 600 National Guards and about 300 noblemen, clad as civilians and armed with swords and pistols.

The night had been a restless one at the chateau. No one had retired to bed save the young Dauphin, who slept peacefully. At 7 A.M. they heard that the people from the faubourgs and the battalion of Marseillese were marching toward the chateau; that Mandat, summoned to the Hotel de Ville by the new insurrectional Commune, had been assassinated there, and that his head was being carried about Paris on a pike. His place as general of the National Guards had been given to an ardent republican and well-known brewer, Santerre.

In the course of the forenoon, Louis yielded to the request of a few members of the Legislative Assembly that he dismiss his guards and go to the Hall of the Assembly. When he set forth, the Queen followed with her two children; by her side came the King's sister, Madame Elizabeth, and the Queen's friend, Mme. de Lamballe, and behind these Mme. de Tourze, the governess of the Dauphin, the ministers, and a detachment of the National Guards. The little cortége crossed the Tuileries and arrived at the door of the Assembly. The King walked up through the hall with the ministers and stood by the side of the president of the Assembly. The Queen, her children and her suite gathered in front of him.

"Gentlemen," said Louis, "I have come here to avoid a great calamity, feeling sure that nowhere could I be in greater safety than in your midst!" President Vergniaud, a Girondin, made answer: "Sire, you may rely on the firmness of the National Assembly; its members have sworn to die for the upholding of the rights of the constituted authorities."

The King took a seat near the president, and the royal family occupied the ministerial benches. But some of the representatives drew attention to the fact that the Constitution did not permit the Assembly to deliberate in the presence of the King. There was, behind the president's chair, a recess separated from the hall by a grating, and intended for the official reporter, who took down, in a kind of shorthand, the speeches of the representatives. The Assembly decided that the King and his family should occupy the reporter's recess, and there Louis XVI. sat during the famous sitting of the 10th of August.

M. Roederer presented himself at the bar, and gave an account of what was going on in Paris, and of the motives that had induced the King to seek a refuge in the Assembly. Soon the noise of cannon and gunshots was heard, and an armed mob entered. Presenting themselves at the bar, they related how the Swiss had enticed the people into the Tuileries under the guise of friendship, and had then fired upon them, killing a large number. "We then set fire to the Tuileries," they added, "and we shall not put out that fire until justice is done to the people. We are instructed to demand of you once more the deposition of the executive power; it is a measure of simple justice that we insist upon, and that we expect from you." The president replied: "The Assembly is keeping watch over the safety of the nation. Give the people the assurance that we shall forthwith take in hand those important measures which their safety requires."

A deputation from one of the sections of Paris now advanced to the bar, calling for the deposition of the King. "The people," said the spokesman, "are weary of the crimes of the court, and have sworn to maintain Equality and Liberty. Dare to swear that you will save the empire." "Yes, we swear it," cried the representatives rising to their feet. Again the distant sound of voices was mingled with the roar of the cannon and of the musketry. Presently a deputation from the insurrectional Commune arrives with the announcement that Santerre has been provisionally appointed commander-general of the National Guards of Paris. One of the representatives proposes to his colleagues that they all ascend to the tribune one by one, and register an oath that they will maintain Liberty and Equality and die at their post. And now the firemen who have been summoned to put out the fire at the Tuileries come in with a protest that they can do nothing unless a commissary be sent to establish order. The Assembly answers that that is the business of the municipality.

Some royalists making their way into the hall of the Assembly, and up to the King, inform him of what has taken place at the Tuileries. The women have left the premises without being molested. The little Dauphin is delighted to

hear that "his dear Pauline," the daughter of his governess, is out of danger.

It is announced that the Swiss are moving toward the Assembly, still keeping up their fight with the insurgents, and that the hall of the sittings will shortly be turned into a scene of conflict. The Assembly asks the King to send an order to the Swiss to lay down their arms. The president proposes that the King's order be written with his own hand. Ink and paper being brought, Louis signs the order. M. d'Herilly takes it, and commands the Swiss, in the King's name, to cease firing and lay down their arms. The Marseillais and the insurgents, seeing the Swiss disarmed, made a murderous onslaught upon them.

The president now addresses the Assembly: "I now come, in the name of the extraordinary commission, to propose to you a measure of extreme rigor; but one which has become a necessity, despite the grief with which I see you penetrated. The dangers of our country, which have now reached their height, proceed from the distrust inspired by the conduct of the chief of the executive power, in a war undertaken against national liberty and independence. Petitions from all parts of the empire call loudly for the revocation of the authority entrusted to Louis XVI., and the Assembly, unwilling to increase its own through any usurpation of power, proposes to you to decree the establishment of a National Convention."

The Assembly adopts the decree. It is agreed that a new ministry shall be formed, that the civil list of the King be suppressed, that a sum of 400,000 francs shall be allotted to the expenses of the royal family, that the King and his family shall stay within the precincts of the Assembly until tranquillity has been re-established in Paris, that an order shall be given to the Seine department to prepare a residence for the King at the Luxembourg, wherein he will be under the guardianship of the citizens and of the laws.

The ministers would fain rush to the bar and declare themselves responsible for the acts with which the King was reproached. Louis restrained them. "You would only increase the number of victims," he said, "without being of any use to me; it would be but one more source of grief for

me. Leave this place, I order you to do so, and never come back to it."

In the meantime the Tuileries had been pillaged. There were brought to the Assembly jewels taken from the Queen's apartments, a trunk full of assignats, a bundle of letters ; the bearers of these articles were loud in their invectives against the King and the Queen. The Assembly continued to vote decrees, and the petitioners to file past the bar, insulting the King. The sitting lasted twelve hours.

At last the deposed King and his family were taken to cells that had been prepared for them in the Convent of the Feuillants, which adjoined the Assembly. There they spent the night, and could still hear the tumult in the hall of the sittings and the applause in the galleries. The Dauphin and his sister slept.

On the 11th of August, the royal family were brought again to the clerk's closet and remained there during the day's sitting. They saw the insurgents bring to the Assembly the standards they had taken from the Swiss. The Assembly congratulated them, and decreed the creation of the court-martial to try the Swiss on the charge of firing on the people. They heard the statement of the reasons for the convocation of the Convention, wherein Louis XVI. was declared responsible for the war and the invasion.

The Assembly decided that the King should be lodged at the Ministry of Justice. But an official of the Commune of Paris made the counter-motion that he be sent to the Temple. On the 13th of August the King and his family started for the tower in the Temple ; it was to be their last dwelling-place. From it Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were led to execution.—C. SEIGNOBOS.

THE EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI.

To this conclusion, then, hast thou come, O hapless Louis ! The Son of Sixty Kings is to die on the Scaffold by form of Law. Under Sixty Kings this same form of Law, form of Society, has been fashioning itself together these thousand years, and has become, one way and another, a most strange

Machine. Surely, if needful, it is also frightful, this Machine ; dead, blind ; not what it should be ; which, with swift stroke, or by cold, slow torture, has wasted the lives and souls of innumerable men. And behold now a King himself, or say rather Kinghood in his person, is to expire here in cruel tortures—like a Phalaris shut in the belly of his own red-heated Brazen Bull ! It is ever so ; and thou should'st know it, O haughty, tyrannous man : injustice breeds injustice ; curses and falsehoods do verily return “always *home*,” wide as they may wander. Innocent Louis bears the sins of many generations : he, too, experiences that man's tribunal is not in this Earth ; that if he had no Higher one, it were not well with him.

A Confessor has come ; Abbé Edgeworth, of Irish extraction, whom the King knew by good report, has come promptly on this solemn mission. Leave the earth alone, then, thou hapless King ; it with its malice will go its way ; thou also canst go thine. A hard scene yet remains—the parting with our loved ones. Kind hearts, environed in the same grim peril with us ; to be left *here* ! Let the reader look with the eyes of Valet Cléry through these glass doors, where also the Municipality watches, and see the cruelest of scenes :—

“At half-past eight the door of the ante-room opened ; the Queen appeared first, leading her son by the hand ; then Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth : they all flung themselves into the arms of the King. Silence reigned for some minutes, interrupted only by sobs. The Queen made a movement to lead his Majesty towards the inner room, where M. Edgeworth was waiting unknown to them. ‘No,’ said the King, ‘let us go into the dining-room ; it is there only that I can see you.’ They entered there ; I shut the door of it, which was of glass. The King sat down, the Queen on his left hand, Madame Elizabeth on his right, Madame Royale almost in front ; the young Prince remained standing between his father’s legs. They all leaned towards him, and often held him embraced. The scene of woe lasted an hour and three-quarters, during which we could hear nothing ; we could see only that always when the King spoke, the sobs of the Princesses redoubled, continued for some minutes, and that then the King began again to speak.” And so our meetings and our partings

do now end ! The sorrows we gave each other; the poor joys we faithfully shared, and all our loves and our sufferings, and confused toilings under the earthly Sun, are over. Thou good soul, I shall never, never through all ages of Time, see thee any more! NEVER! O Reader, knowest thou that hard word?

King Louis slept soundly till five in the morning, when Cléry, as he had been ordered, awoke him. Cléry dressed his hair; while this went forward, Louis took a ring from his watch, and kept trying it on his finger: it was his wedding-ring, which he is now to return to the Queen as a mute farewell. At half-past six he took the Sacrament, and continued in devotion and conference with Abbé Edgeworth. He will not see his family: it were too hard to bear.

At eight the Municipals enter; the King gives them his Will, and messages and effects, which they, at first, brutally refuse to take charge of. He gives them a roll of gold-pieces, a hundred and twenty-five louis; these are to be returned to Malesherbes, who had lent them. At nine, Santerre says the hour is come. The King begs yet to retire for three minutes. At the end of three minutes, Santerre again says the hour is come. "Stamping on the ground with his right foot, Louis answers, 'Let us go.' " How the rolling of those drums comes in, through the Temple bastions and bulwarks, on the heart of a queenly wife—soon to be a widow! He is gone, then, and has not seen us? A Queen weeps bitterly—a King's sister and children. Over all these four does Death also hover; all shall perish miserably save one; she, as Duchesse d'Angoulême, will live—not happily.

At the Temple gate were some faint cries, perhaps from voices of pitiful women: "*Grâce! Grâce!*" Through the rest of the streets there is silence as of the grave. No man not armed is allowed to be there: the armed, did any even pity, dare not express it, each man overawed by all his neighbours. All windows are down—none seen looking through them. All shops are shut. No wheel-carriage rolls, this morning, in these streets but one only. Eighty thousand armed men stand ranked, like armed statues of men; cannons bristle, cannoneers with match burning, but no word or movement: it is as a city enchanted into silence and stone; one carriage

with its escort, slowly rumbling, is the only sound. Louis reads, in his Book of Devotion, the Prayers of the Dying: the clatter of this death-march falls sharp on the ear, in the great silence; but the thought would fain struggle heavenward, and forget the Earth.

As the clocks strike ten, behold the Place de la Révolution, once Place de Louis Quinze: the Guillotine, mounted near the old Pedestal where once stood the Statue of that Louis! Far round, all bristles with cannons and armed men: spectators crowding in the rear; D'Orléans *Egalité* there in cabriolet. Swift messengers speed to the Town Hall every three minutes; near by is the Convention sitting—vengeful for Lepelletier. Heedless of all, Louis reads his Prayers of the Dying; not till five minutes yet has he finished; then the carriage opens. What temper he is in? Ten different witnesses will give ten different accounts of it. He is in the collision of all tempers; arrived now at the black Malibstrom and descent of Death: in sorrow, in indignation, in resignation struggling to be resigned. “Take care of M. Edgeworth,” he straitly charges the Lieutenant who is sitting with them; then they two descend.

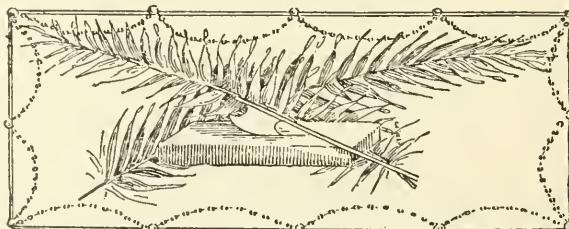
The drums are beating. “Silence!” he cries, in a terrible voice. He mounts the scaffold, not without delay; he is in puce coat, breeches of gray, white stockings. He strips off the coat; stands disclosed in a sleeve-waistcoat of white flannel. The executioners approach to bind him: he spurns, resists; Abbé Edgeworth has to remind him how the Saviour, in whom men trust, submitted to be bound. His hands are tied, his head bare; the fatal moment is come. He advances to the edge of the scaffold, “his face very red,” and says: “Frenchmen, I die innocent: it is from the scaffold and near appearing before God that I tell you so. I pardon my enemies; I desire that France—” A General on horseback, Santerre or another, prances out, with uplifted hand: “*Tambours!*” The drums drown the voice. “Executioners, do your duty!” The executioners, desperate lest themselves be murdered (for Santerre and his Armed Ranks will strike, if they do not), seize the hapless Louis: six of them desperate, him singly desperate, struggling there; and bind him to their

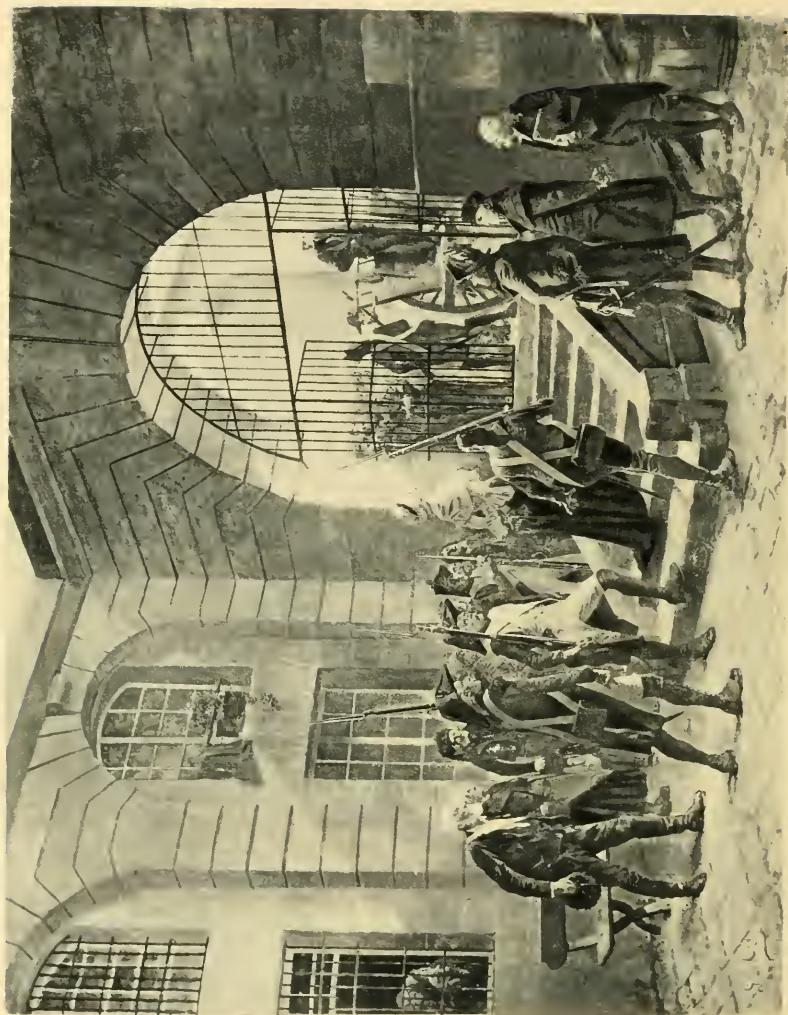
plank. Abbé Edgeworth, stooping, bespeaks him: "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven." The Axe clanks down; a King's life is shorn away. It is Monday, the 21st of January, 1793. He was aged 38 years, 4 months and 28 days.

Executioner Sansom shows the Head: fierce shout of *Vive la République* rises, and swells; caps raised on bayonets, hats waving: students of the College of Four Nations take it up, on the far Quais; fling it over Paris. D'Orléans drives off in his cabriolet: the Town-hall Councillors rub their hands, saying, "It is done, it is done." There is dipping of handkerchiefs, of pike-points in the blood. Headsman Sansom, though he afterwards denied it, sells locks of the hair: fractions of the puce coat are long after worn in rings. And so, in some half-hour it is done; and the multitude has all departed. Pastry-cooks, coffee-sellers, milkmen sing out their trivial quotidian cries: the world wags on, as if this were a common day. In the coffee-houses that evening, says Prudhomme, Patriot shook hands with Patriot in a more cordial manner than usual. Not till some days after, according to Mercier, did public men see what a grave thing it was.

At home this killing of a King has divided all friends; and abroad it has united all enemies. Fraternity of Peoples, Revolutionary Propagandism; Atheism, Regicide; total destruction of social order in this world! All Kings, and lovers of Kings, and haters of Anarchy, rank in coalition; as in a war for life. They all declare war. The sword is drawn, the scabbard thrown away. It is even as Danton said, in one of his all-too gigantic figures: "The coalized Kings threaten us; we hurl at their feet, as gage of battle, the Head of a King."

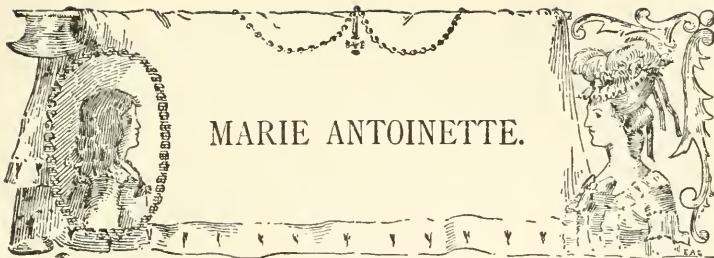
T. CARLYLE.





MARIE ANTOINETTE LED TO EXECUTION

C. GAIN, P. N. R.



MARIE ANTOINETTE.



MARIE ANTOINETTE, like Mary Queen of Scots, is famed for her beauty and her tragic fate. But the course by which she passed from the throne to the scaffold was far different from that of the Scottish queen. The French queen suffered entirely for the misdeeds of others and the accumulated wrongs done to the people. The Scotch queen did much to excite opposition and aversion, but suffered eventually from the apprehensions and cruelty of an imperious rival.

Marie Antoinette, of Lorraine, Archduchess of Austria, was the daughter of Francis I. and of Maria Theresa, the famous Empress of Austria. She was born at Vienna in November, 1755. In girlhood, to a beautiful person and a highly-cultivated mind she added the charms of gentleness and feminine grace. When, at the age of fifteen, the beautiful princess left Vienna for Versailles, to give her hand to Louis, the Dauphin of France, the capital of her native land was filled with regret. In May, 1770, she was married amid all the festivities of the most polished court of Europe. The youthful bride was in every way fitted to adorn such a court. She was accomplished in the French, Italian and Latin languages, besides her native German, and was also proficient in music and drawing. The goodness of her heart and the sweet expression of her countenance seemed easily to win the hearts of a people to whom enthusiasm is as natural as the air they breathe.

In 1774 her husband ascended the French throne under the name of Louis XVI. The young queen, whenever she appeared in public, was applauded to the skies, and often had to stand on the steps of her carriage to show herself to the people. This popularity was greatly augmented when she became the mother of a family. In the course of a few years, however, the expensive luxury of the court, the exhaustion of the public finances, and the distresses of the people, due both to natural and artificial causes, prepared the way for scenes far different from these popular ovations. The natural liveliness of Marie Antoinette, which her mother often warned her to repress, brought upon her the scandal of her enemies about the French court, who attributed the undisguised frankness of her nature to levity and indiscretion.

An extraordinary occurrence added fuel to the flame of calumny, while it subjected the name of the queen to a disgraceful lawsuit. Two jewelers demanded the payment of an immense price for a necklace which had been purchased in her name. In the examination which she demanded, it was proved that she had never ordered the purchase. It had become known to the Countess de la Motte, a lady of Marie Antoinette's figure and complexion, that the queen had been offered by her jeweler a diamond necklace, which she had declined on account of its enormous price, no less than 1,800,000 livres. To obtain possession of this treasure, the countess pretended she was authorized to negotiate for the queen, and not only concluded the bargain, but made the Cardinal de Rohan a party to it, who was persuaded that Marie Antoinette had given him a midnight meeting in the park of Versailles. The fraud was not discovered till the first payment was demanded, and though the countess, in May, 1786, was condemned to be whipped and branded for her infamous conduct, the queen never recovered the good opinion of her subjects.

When the Revolution broke out in 1789, the credulous and infatuated people, stirred up by her enemies, laid every public disaster to her charge. She became an object of the popular suspicion and hatred, chiefly on account of her Austrian connections; but, in a great degree, also, by reason of her high

spirit and superior capability of resistance and action when compared with her husband, Louis XVI. Marie Antoinette was on the side that was for making resistance; but unable to impart energy to her husband, she only led him into inconsistencies. She did not disguise her aversion to those leaders who had begun the Revolution, and would never stoop to conciliate their favor. Even after the National Assembly had assumed the supreme power, she refused the offers of Mirabeau to support the interests of the crown, and thus drove that able but unprincipled orator back into the ranks of the revolutionists.

A story runs that the lowest class of the French people were greatly excited by a heartless speech, attributed to Marie Antoinette. When informed that the peasantry were starving for want of bread, she is said to have replied, "If they cannot get wheat-bread, why don't they eat pie-crust?" This seemed to the French an unfeeling jest, and made them regard the speaker as an utterly heartless woman. Yet the explanation is given that in the mountains of Austria it was customary to roast pigs covered with a paste of coarse meal and pine bark. This paste, or pie-crust, was also used instead of bread when flour was too dear. But the French people, though starving, were not disposed to learn economy from an Austrian queen.

On the 5th of October the Parisian mob rushed to Versailles. Breaking into the palace on the following morning, they murdered several soldiers of the body-guard, and uttered against the Queen the most furious threats. In the middle of the night a priest wrote to her, "Take measures for your preservation; early in the morning, at six o'clock, you are to be murdered." She remained tranquil, and concealed the letter. The infuriated mob, finding an unguarded avenue, rushed up the staircase. The shouts and horrid imprecations of the ruffians indicated plainly that the Queen was the object of their fury. They reviled her as "the Austrian." "We will cut off her head! Tear out her heart!" Mismandre, one of the survivors of the body-guard, had time to gain the apartments occupied by the Queen, opening and crying to her attendants, "I am alone against two thousand tigers: we are conquered; save the Queen!" As the unfortunate princess

fled, he who had just spoken the generous word of warning fell under the blows of his pursuers. They mangled his remains with disappointment and rage, on perceiving that their prey had escaped. A more numerous troop of the body-guard occupied the doors through which Marie Antoinette had retreated ; the assassins had but the satisfaction of making villainous jibes upon her yet warm couch.

La Fayette at this moment arrived, and by his exertions prevented a renewal of the slaughter. The rest of the body-guard were spared ; the ruffians contenting themselves with decapitating the dead, and fixing their gory heads on pikes to adorn their triumph. The mob and Parisian army outside now exulted in the achievement of this barbarous feat. To put a stop to the outrage, the King and Queen showed themselves, with their children, on the balcony. This spectacle made a momentary impression on the enraged people ; but soon the cry resounded from every mouth, "No children ! the Queen, the Queen alone !" She instantly put her son and daughter into the arms of the King and returned to the balcony. This unexpected courage dismayed the mob ; and their threats were followed by shouts of approbation. At mid-day the royal family were taken to the palace of the Tuilleries at Paris. The journey was dreadful. Before, around and behind their coach were a mob of frantic women, debauched and drunken, attended and cheered by men, if possible, more diabolical than themselves. The procession was headed by two men, who, with their arms naked and bloody, displayed aloft on their pikes the heads of two of the body-guard whom they had murdered.

The royal family soon attempted to flee the country, but were captured and brought back to Paris. Regicidal mania was arriving at a fearful height. Marie Antoinette was imprisoned in the Temple after the triumph of the populace, on the 10th of August, 1792 ; and there is reason to believe that the willingness of the illustrious captives to submit themselves to their jailors, was owing to the persuasion that they had secured the interest of Danton, and that they were really embracing the means provided for their safety. The fanaticism of the populace, excited by Marat and his myrmidons, and the

coalition formed against France by the neighboring powers, rendered such a compromise, if it existed, of no effect.

Louis XVI., after a mockery of a trial, was executed on the 21st of January, 1793. On the evening of the 3d of July, little Louis, now the rightful King, was sleeping calmly, his mother having hung a shawl in front of his bed to screen his eyes from the light of a candle by which she and the Princess Elizabeth were mending their clothes; the door of the chamber was thrown violently open, and commissioners from the Municipal Council entered to announce that the Convention had ordered that the boy should be removed from his mother, and committed to the care of a tutor; the tutor selected being a cobbler named Simon, notorious even among the Revolutionists for extraordinary savageness of temper. At this unexpected blow all Marie Antoinette's fortitude and resignation for a time gave way. She wept, she remonstrated, she humbled herself to supplicate for mercy; but it was in vain. The commissioners, with abuse, dragged the boy away; but she heard and saw no more. The ex-Queen had fainted. Nothing could touch her further.

At length the "Widow Capet," as Marie was called in the indictment, was brought before the revolutionary tribunal. She was now thirty-seven years of age; but her hair had turned white during her imprisonment, and her only articles of dress had become damp and ragged in the cell she occupied. Her eyesight was injured, and her beauty marred by long suffering and care. Her trial was only a form and mockery. She was charged with having dissipated the finances, exhausted the public treasury, corresponded with the foreign enemies of France, and favored its domestic foes. Another charge, too disgraceful to enter into, cannot be thought of without a feeling of horror and disgust. With a burst of maternal indignation she so strongly appealed to the mothers who might be there present, that for a moment she overawed even her cowardly accusers. But only for a moment: she was condemned to be guillotined. When the sentence was pronounced, she preserved perfect calmness.

On the 16th of October, 1793, Marie Antoinette was led forth from the prison of the Conciergerie and removed in a

common cart to the place of execution. On her way she was reviled and abused by the ferocious mob in the most unfeeling manner; but she appeared heedless of their vociferations; and when she actually mounted the scaffold the people, before so furious, seemed to be filled with shame and awe. She threw herself on her knees, exclaiming, "O God, enlighten and affect my executioners! Farewell, my children, forever; I go to your father." Her little son died under the cruel treatment of his captors, though a story has been circulated and somewhat credited that the body of another child was given to the authorities, and that the true Dauphin was secretly transported to Canada to become a missionary to the Indians. Marie Antoinette's daughter survived her, and became the Duchess of Angoulême.

Marie Antoinette was one of the noblest of her sex. While in prosperity, she was a pattern of grace and virtue; and finally bore a series of miseries with unflinching fortitude and serene dignity. Her strict sense of honor and of duty was remarkable. M. de la Rocheterie claims for her, that "through the earlier years when frivolity was yet possible, she was whole-hearted, pure, essentially good and kindly—a genuine woman." Mirabeau said of Marie Antoinette, "The King has only one man near him, and that is his wife." Towards this one man all the hereditary hatred of France against Austria was hurled. She was made the target for all the cruel and merciless feeling of a mob's passion. So unappeasable was their malignity, that her murderers warred even with her ashes. Her body was buried in quicklime to ensure its entire destruction.

THE LITTLE TRIANON.

Marie Antoinette, when married to the Dauphin Louis, grandson of Louis XV., found at the court of France a very different life from that which she had led hitherto. The court of Vienna, where she had been brought up, was a luxurious one, the scene of grand festivals and solemn ceremonials; but the imperial family had preserved the simple and mirthful ways of southern Germany. The Empress of Austria and her children would gather together in the even-

ing, have some music or chat familiarly among themselves; not unfrequently they would go to the country, to Schönbrunn Castle, and indulge in rustic pleasures.

At the court of Versailles, on the contrary, the whole round of life was regulated hour by hour in its least details, in accordance with a ceremonial which dated from the time of Louis XIV. The King and the members of his family could neither get up nor go to bed, neither eat nor dress, nor take recreation, otherwise than in the forms prescribed by etiquette, and every act of their life took place in the presence of the great personages of the court or of the servants attached to their persons. Their existence was one continuous spectacular display. It may be readily imagined how irksome the strained, pompous mode of life seemed to the young Austrian princess. The etiquette of the court was to her a burdensome slavery. She sighed for a free and simple life in the country. The King had a summer palace, the château of Marly; but the Court went there with him; and there, too, in glaring pageantry, etiquette reigned supreme. Indeed, there had been devised a special court dress for Marly.

But in 1774, the old King, Louis XV., said to Marie Antoinette: "You are fond of flowers; I have a bouquet to give you; it is the Little Trianon." This Little Trianon, which thus became the property of the princess, was a square pavilion in the Roman style, erected at the extremity of the Grand Trianon Park, near the château of Versailles, at the entrance into the wood. It consisted of a ground-floor and two upper stories adorned with columns and pilasters in the fluted and highly ornamented Corinthian style. Close by the King had created a botanical garden in which he amused himself. Marie Antoinette grew passionately fond of this country house, where she felt at ease; she called it her "Little Vienna," and took delight in embellishing and enlarging it.

Soon Louis XV. died; the Dauphin succeeded him; and Marie Antoinette became Queen. The tyranny of the ceremonial now proved more exacting than ever. Not even her daily costume was the Queen now free to choose at will. When she awoke in the morning a chambermaid brought her

a covered basket containing articles of underwear, handkerchiefs and towels, and handed her a book in which were the samples of her twelve dresses for church service, the twelve gowns she could wear at meal time, and the twelve fancy dresses allowed for the afternoon *dishabille*. Out of each of these sets she selected one dress. Then she took a bath, went to bed again and received the "petites entrées," the first physician, the first surgeon, the reader, the secretary, the first four chamber valets.

Against this slavery the young Queen had one refuge; her dear Trianon. She had entirely remodelled the garden according to her own fancy. "English gardens" were then in vogue. The Queen wished to excel those of Monceau and Ermenonville. She called to her aid the Duke of Caraman, well-known as an amateur gardener, and Hubert Robert, famous as a painter of ruins. They designed for her a rustic bridge, a belvedere, some rocks, a windmill, an island, and a white marble dairy. She assigned the locating of the trees to the famous botanist Jussieu.

In this asylum the young Queen used to rest from the fatigues of royal life, in the midst of a few friends after her own heart. She was at this time a handsome woman, short but well proportioned, with blonde hair, an oval face, sweet blue eyes, a prominent forehead, a complexion of remarkable whiteness, a beautiful neck, plump hands, slender fingers with pink and transparent nails. Her gait was graceful, her countenance at the same time noble and affable.

She had two intimate friends. The Duchess of Lamballe, whose husband had died when she was but eighteen years old, was an affectionate, gentle, devoted woman, as true to her religious convictions as she was full of merriment, with a face beaming with serenity and a profusion of blonde curly hair. The Countess of Polignac had blue eyes, a high forehead, a retroussé nose, small pearly teeth, and brown hair. She was a woman of wit, very graceful and very simple in her dress. When the Queen made her acquaintance she had but a very moderate income, and lived at a poor hotel in the Bons-Enfants street.

At Trianon Marie Antoinette loved to lead a château life, which she fancied to be country life. She would put on a white muslin dress, a scarf round her neck and a straw hat ; and thus attired, she would delight, like a child, in running about the garden, going into the dairy, looking at the cows being milked, drinking milk and eating new-laid eggs. Sometimes she would fish in the little lake, or she sat on the grass and spun her distaff.

Etiquette was banished from Trianon. When Marie Antoinette entered the drawing-room, the ladies continued their fancy needle-work or their piano-playing without interrupting themselves to do her honor. The King himself came there on foot, alone, without his captain of the guards, who accompanied him everywhere else. His wife often brought him to her favorite grove and invited him to her luncheons on the grass. Another of the Queen's delights was to get herself dressed in her room by Mlle. Bertin, without any regard to the rules of the ceremonial.

Marie Antoinette worked at the embellishment of Trianon for several years. When at last it was arranged to her taste, she gave an inauguration fête in honor of her brother, the Emperor Joseph ; the palace and the groves were illuminated. The palace was reached by a flight of stone steps with large quarter-spaces. Prominent among the decorations were the letters M. A., the initials of the Queen's name, surrounded with caducei, lyres, festoons and oak leaves carved into the stone. Next to the vestibule was the dining-room, in the floor of which an opening had been made of such dimensions as to allow the dining-table to come up through it from the underground room ; the walls were furnished with wooden panels. The decorations of the little drawing-room consisted of vintage implements, garlands, grape-vines, and baskets of fruit. The chief work of art in the large drawing-room was a bevy of cupids ; from a rose in the ceiling hung a superb lustre. The little parlor adjoining the drawing-room was decorated with arabesques, with cupids holding horns of plenty, with doves, bows and arrows. In the bed-room the bed was covered with white silk lace ; the furniture was of blue silk stuffed with eider down and adorned with fringes of

beads and silk. The clock represented an episode of the love adventures of Estella and Nemorin.

From this little palace a flight of steps, in terrace gradations, led down to the garden. Facing the palace was the "French garden," laid out in 1780, and separated from the greater Trianon by a double rail and gate. It was filled with plants and flowers in white and blue vases. An object of admiration here was "the hall of refreshing breezes," which consisted of two porticoes and thirty arcades, each sheltering an orange-tree. To the right lay the "English garden," created by the Queen. A rapid stream bubbled its way across it; shrubs grew up here and there as if at haphazard; there were reckoned eight hundred and thirty different species. The ground had been artificially broken; it was intersected with ravines and caverns and winding paths; it bristled with rocks and eminences.

On the summit of the hill, in the midst of roses, jessamines and myrtles, stood the belvedere. It was octagonal in shape and had four doors and four windows, adorned with allegories representing the four seasons. The steps were guarded by six marble sphinxes with women's heads. The pavement was of white marble; the walls had a coating of stucco on which were painted arabesques, quivers, arrows and garlands. In the middle stood a three-footed table in gilt bronze, which was used for breakfasts. Below the belvedere rose a huge rock in which a grotto had been excavated; close by, a waterfall made a miniature torrent, and over this torrent a little bridge had been thrown. The water spread out into a little lake, and on an island in the middle of the lake a small rotunda-shaped monument had been erected, which represented the Temple of Love. A galley bearing the royal fleur-de-lis lay in readiness by the shore to take visitors to the island. Here, too, was a Chinese pagoda, and not far off a merry-go-round where, from the backs of eight coursers in the shape of ostriches and chineras, ladies and gentlemen tilted at the ring.

The brook formed by the overflow of the lake could be crossed by several foot-bridges, and had its dams and sluices as any larger stream should have. On its banks were groves of trees, fields and meadows.

At the end of the garden was the famous hamlet, a cluster of cottages with diminutive gardens, designed for the ladies invited to Trianon by the Queen. The roofs were of thatch; the windows had lead-encased panes. The better to make them represent peasants' houses, fissures had been made in the stone work, the beams had been cracked and the plaster broken in spots. The Queen's cottage was noticeable for its trellised verandas and its profusion of vases filled with flowers, as well as the arbor in her little garden. Nor was the hamlet without important structures: there was a water-mill set in motion by the stream, a public wash-house, and a bailiff's house, as in a real village.

Near the rivulet was the white marble dairy, where Marie Antoinette came to see the cows milked and to drink fresh milk. It was overlooked by the "Tour de Malbrouck," a tower so named after the once popular French song composed in derision of the English Duke of Marlborough,—this song having first been brought into vogue by the nurse of the little Dauphin, who was in the habit of singing it to him.

To this village, so like the stage village of a comic opera, the Queen would come and play at shepherdess, enticing the male members of the royal family to take their share in her entertainment; King Louis XVI. disguised himself as a miller and set the mill going; his brother, the Count of Provence, who was to be Louis XVIII., dressed as a schoolmaster.

In this country home the Queen received, beside her intimate friends, such persons as she wished to give a special mark of her affection and confidence. It was looked upon as a great favor to be received into what was called "the Queen's society."

There things went on in a style very different from court etiquette. The slavery of the ceremonial was unknown; the conversation was free and as between equals; the differences of rank were forgotten. The Queen made it a point that her guests should not feel her superiority. She spoke to all, and familiarly; she could not bear the practice of whispering certain stereotyped formulas in an unintelligible tone of voice; or, as she termed it, "the muttering" of the princesses of France.

Although rustic life and homely chats were the great charms of Trianon, a more enlivened recreation was indulged in now and again. On one side of the "French garden" the Queen had had a theatre built. The hall was bright and gay, being painted entirely in white and gold; the gallery was supported by a row of lions' heads; the seats were of blue velvet. At first the Queen and her lady friends alone appeared on this stage; they played little comedies for female casts exclusively. Then an exception was made in favor of the king's second brother, the Count of Artois, who, forty years later, was to be Charles X. The audience consisted solely of the King, his brother, the Count of Provence, and the princesses of the royal family. It was not long, however, before the court expressed the greatest desire to see the Queen's theatre; Marie Antoinette yielded by degrees, and the audience increased accordingly, the officers of the life-guards and the King's equerries being ultimately admitted, besides her Majesty's intimate friends.

The Queen had reserved to herself the management of her theatre; she settled all questions of costumes and scenery herself, and corresponded directly with the theatrical property-men; this was one of her amusements. The superintendent of the King's theatres claimed the right of controlling the Trianon theatre also. The Queen's reply was: "You cannot be 'first gentleman' when we are the actors. I have already communicated my wishes to you with regard to Trianon; I hold no court here; I live as a private person." It was this happiness of "living as a private person" that made Trianon so charming in the eyes of Marie Antoinette, and she enjoyed it fully during the first years of the reign of Louis XVI. The gloomy events which cast their shadows over the closing period of that reign left her no leisure to look after her dear Trianon.

THE DEATH OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

On Monday, the 14th of October, 1793, a Cause is pending in the Palais de Justice, in the new Revolutionary Court, such as those old stone walls never witnessed: the Trial of

Marie-Antoinette. The once brightest of Queens, now tarnished, defaced, forsaken, stands here at Fouquier-Tinville's Judgment-bar, answering for her life. The Indictment was delivered her last night. To such changes of human fortune what words are adequate? Silence alone is adequate.

There are few printed things one meets with of such tragic, almost ghastly, significance as those bald pages of the *Bulletin du Tribunal Révolutionnaire*, which bear title, *Trial of the Widow Capet*. Dim, dim, as if in disastrous eclipse, like the pale kingdoms of Dis! Plutonic Judges, Plutonic Tinville; encircled, nine times, with Styx and Lethe, with Fire-Phlegethon and Cocytus named of Lamentation! The very witnesses summoned are like Ghosts: exculpatory, inculpatory, they themselves are all hovering over death and doom; they are known, in our imagination, as the prey of the Guillotine. Tall *ci-devant* Count d'Estaing, anxious to show himself Patriot, cannot escape; nor Bailly, who, when asked if he knows the Accused, answers, with a reverent inclination towards her, "Ah, yes, I know Madame." Ex-Patriots are here, sharply dealt with, as Procureur Manuel; Ex-Ministers, shorn of their splendor. We have cold Aristocratic impassivity, faithful to itself even in Tartarus; rabid stupidity, of Patriot Corporals, Patriot Washerwomen, who have much to say of Plots, Treasons, August tenth, old Insurrection of Women. For all now has become a crime in her who has *lost*.

Marie-Antoinette, in this her utter abandonment and hour of extreme need, is not wanting to herself, the imperial woman. Her look, they say, as that hideous Indictment was reading, continued calm; "she was sometimes observed moving her fingers, as when one plays on the piano." You discern, not without interest, across that dim Revolutionary Bulletin itself, how she bears herself queenlike. Her answers are prompt, clear, often of Laconic brevity; resolution, which has grown contemptuous without ceasing to be dignified, veils itself in calm words. "You persist, then, in denial?" "My plan is not denial: it is the truth I have said, and I persist in that." Scandalous Hébert has borne his testimony as to many things: as to one thing, concerning Marie-Antoinette and her little son,—wherewith human speech had better not farther be

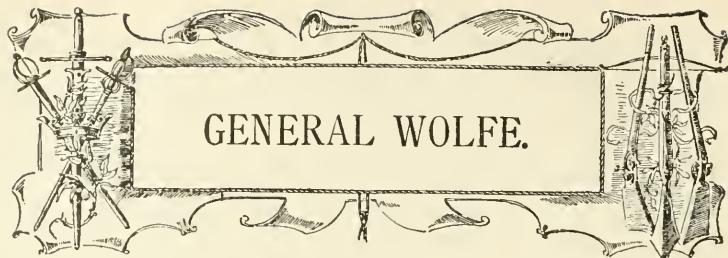
soiled. She has answered Hébert ; a Juryman begs to observe that she has not answered as to *this*. "I have not answered," she exclaims with noble emotion, "because Nature refuses to answer such a charge brought against a Mother. I appeal to all the Mothers that are here." Robespierre, when he heard of it, broke out into something almost like swearing at the brutish blockheadism of this Hébert, on whose foul head his foul lie has recoiled. At four o'clock on Wednesday morning, after two days and two nights of interrogating, jury-charging and other darkening of counsel, the result comes out : sentence of Death. "Have you anything to say?" The Accused shook her head, without speech. Night's candles are burning out ; and with her, too, Time is finishing, and it will be Eternity and Day. This Hall of Tinsville's is dark, ill lighted, except where she stands. Silently she withdraws from it, to die.

Two Processions, or Royal Progresses, three-and-twenty years apart, have often struck us with a strange feeling of contrast. The first is of a beautiful Archduchess and Dauphiness, quitting her Mother's City, at the age of fifteen, towards hopes such as no other Daughter of Eve then had. "On the morrow," says Weber, an eye-witness, "the Dauphiness left Vienna. The whole city crowded out ; at first with a sorrow which was silent. She appeared : you saw her sunk back into her carriage, her face bathed in tears, hiding her eyes now with her handkerchief, now with her hands ; several times putting out her head to see yet again this Palace of her Fathers, whither she was to return no more. She motioned her regret, her gratitude, to the good Nation which was crowding her to bid her farewell. Then arose not only tears, but piercing cries, on all sides. Men and women alike abandoned themselves to such expression of their sorrow. It was an audible sound of wail, in the streets and avenues of Vienna. The last Courier that followed her disappeared, and the crowd melted away."

The young imperial Maiden of fifteen has now become a worn, disrowned Widow of thirty-eight ; gray before her time. This is the last Procession : "Few minutes after the trial ended, the drumis were beating to arms in all sections ; at

sunrise the armed force was on foot, cannons getting placed at the extremities of the Bridges, in the Squares, Crossways, all along from the Palais de Justice to the Place de la Révolution. By ten o'clock, numerous patrols were circulating in the streets; thirty thousand foot and horse drawn up under arms. At eleven, Marie-Antoinette was brought out. She had on an undress of *piqué blanc*; she was led to the place of execution, in the same manner as an ordinary criminal; bound on a Cart, accompanied by a Constitutional Priest in Lay dress, escorted by numerous detachments of infantry and cavalry. These and the double row of troops all along her road, she appeared to regard with indifference. On her countenance there was visible neither abashment nor pride. To the cries of *Vive la République* and *Down with Tyranny*, which attended her all the way, she seemed to pay no heed. She spoke little to her Confessor. The tricolor Streamers on the house-tops occupied her attention, in the Streets du Roule and Saint-Honoré; she also noticed the inscriptions on the house-fronts. On reaching the Place de la Révolution, her looks turned towards the *Jardin National*, whilom Tuilleries; her face at that moment gave signs of lively emotion. She mounted the Scaffold with courage enough; at a quarter past twelve, her head fell; the Executioner showed it to the people, amid universal, long-continued cries of *Vive la République.*"—T. CARLYLE.





JAMES WOLFE was born at Westerham, in Kent, England, on the 2d of January, 1727. His father was a lieutenant-general in the British army, and the son, entering that service at a very early age, accompanied him to Cartagena and to Flanders. When but seventeen years old, he attracted attention by his bravery at the battle of Dettingen on the Maine, at which George II. led the British troops in person. Wolfe took part in the suppression of the rebellion of

1745, and was present at Falkirk and Culloden. In the same year, at the battle of Fontenoy, Wolfe again distinguished himself, and for his bravery in the battle of Lawfeldt, in 1747, he was specially mentioned in the official dispatches of the Duke of Cumberland, who ever after proved his friend and strenuously urged his promotion.

In 1757 that great statesman, the elder Pitt, undertook to raise England from the temporary degradation into which she had fallen, and to smite down the House of Bourbon in every quarter of the globe. He discerned the genius of Wolfe, and wisely disregarding the conventional claims of seniority, intrusted to the young officer the highest duties in the conquest of French America. Wolfe, in conjunction with Lord Jeffrey Amherst, led the force which besieged and captured Louisburg in July, 1758, an achievement which gave to England Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island. In 1759 Pitt

conferred upon Wolfe the still more important command of the expedition, which was ordered to advance up the St. Lawrence and attack Quebec from the west, while Amherst was to co-operate by assailing the French possessions from the south. Wolfe reached the Isle of Orleans in the St. Lawrence on the 25th of June, with a force of eight thousand regular troops in excellent condition, and with a strong fleet of twenty-two sail of the line under Admiral Saunders. Montcalm, the French Governor of Canada, had concentrated all the military strength of the province in Quebec; and though he was inferior to Wolfe in the number of regular troops under his command, the zeal of the numerous Canadians who fought under him, and who were jealous of the fur-trade which the British carried on with the Indians, the strength of his position, and the great skill with which he fortified and watched each approach to Quebec, made Wolfe's enterprise appear almost hopeless.

Amherst, who ought to have invested Quebec from the upper side, remained at Ticonderoga; and for two months Wolfe and his force lay below the city powerless to strike any effective blow. The severe repulse which they sustained on the 31st of July, taught them with how strong and vigilant an adversary they had to cope. Wolfe's health had been impaired by anxiety and fever; but he spared neither mind nor body; and at length he himself discovered the cove above the city, which now bears his name, and the narrow winding path that leads from it up the cliff to the Heights of Abraham, a plateau to the west of Quebec, where the city's fortifications were weakest. On the 12th of September, in the dead of night, he, with five thousand men, entered boats, and with muffled oars dropped down to the cove. Silently landing, he succeeded in leading his men up the path, and in surprising the post of Canadians, by whom the summit was guarded.

On the next morning the gallant Montcalm, who had hitherto defeated all the English generals opposed to him, led his troops out to meet the enemy, and the battle was fought which determined the ascendancy of the Anglo-Saxon race and language over the French in the New World. Both Wolfe and Montcalm fell. Wolfe was twice struck as he led

on a bayonet charge which decided the day. He received one ball in the wrist, and a second, entering his body in the region of the heart, rendered it necessary to bear him off a short distance in the rear. There, roused by the cry of "They run!" he eagerly asked, "Who run?" and being told that it was the French, and that they were defeated, he exclaimed "Now I thank God and die contented." Thus fell General Wolfe in the thirty-fourth year of his age. A national monument is erected to his memory in Westminister Abbey.

Wolfe was as exemplary in private life as he was eminent in the discharge of public duty. He was not more distinguished for personal bravery and coolness in action than for his success in disciplining his men, while at the same time he won the heart of every soldier that served under him. His name is one of the purest as well as the brightest in the long list of England's military heroes. Horace Walpole said of Wolfe: "Ambition, industry, passion for the service, were conspicuous in him. He seemed to breathe for nothing but fame, and lost no moments in qualifying himself to compass that object. Presumption on himself was necessary for his object, and he had it. He was formed to execute the designs of such a master as Pitt."

THE HERO OF LOUISBOURG.

The island of Cape Breton was appropriated by France under the regency of the Duke of Orleans, after the death of Louis XIV., and named Isle Royale. Appreciating the importance of its position at the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, no expense was spared by the French Government in the erection of Louisbourg, the stronghold and capital of the island, upon which, according to Raynal, no less a sum than £1,250,000 sterling was expended. Large though the amount appears, it is not incredible, for the stone was quarried and the lime prepared in France, whence engineers, masons and laborers were sent out to construct the town and citadel, and to fortify the harbor. Although deemed almost impregnable, and styled the Dunkirk of America, Louisbourg was reduced by Pepperel and Warren in 1745, from which time it remained in the possession of England until 1748, when, in accordance

with the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, she was obliged to restore it ; for France attached so much importance to the island, as the bulwark of Canada, and as a central point of communication with her West Indian territories, that she would consent to no terms of peace which did not include its restoration.

In England and in her American colonies this provision of the treaty was most unpopular, insomuch that the Duke of Bedford, when First Lord of the Admiralty, is said to have declared that if the French were masters of Portsmouth, he would hang the man who would give up Cape Breton in exchange for it. The English, however, did not value the island on account of any positive benefit to be derived from it, though they considered it a post of which the enemy should be deprived ; for it not only sheltered swarms of privateers that pillaged the colonial trade, but also encouraged the encroachments of the so-called "Neutrals," or Acadians subject to Great Britain, who, in plain prose, were by no means that primitive, harmless race represented in Longfellow's beautiful poem.

The Bay of Gabarouse extends from Cape L'Orembeck on the northeast to Cape Cormoran on the southwest, with an inland sweep of about ten miles. Inside this bay, and completely landlocked, was the magnificent natural harbor of Louisbourg, the narrow entrance to which, between the Lighthouse Point on the right hand and the extremity of the tongue of land upon which stood the town, was further defended by a formidable battery on an island in the centre of the channel. In this inner basin, protected by the cannon of the town and a grand battery on the north bank, lay the French fleet ; while the fortress to the left or west of the harbor presented heavy batteries towards the sea, and three strongly-fortified fronts towards the land. In addition to these permanent works, the French had established, for the present occasion, strong breastworks, defended by three thousand men, posted along the shore of the bay for a distance of several miles westward of the town, at every spot where a descent was possible. At intervals were masked batteries of heavy cannon and swivels of large calibre ; and between the lines and the water's edge, wherever there was not an

impenetrable barrier of rocks, there were artificial thickets of prostrate trees, with their branches towards the sea.

On the 7th of June, 1758, the tempestuous state of the weather prevented every attempt on the part of the invaders; but, the wind and swell abating that evening, Admiral Boscawen gave hopes that something might be done next morning. Accordingly, at midnight the troops began to enter their boats, and with the first glimpse of dawn on the 8th the covering cannon of the fleet began to play upon the shore. The fire ceasing in about a quarter of an hour, the boats, in three divisions, made for the land. The division on the right, consisting of five battalions commanded by Brigadier Whitmore, rowed eastward, in the direction of Louisbourg, as if intending to land upon White Point; and the central division, of six battalions, under Brigadier Lawrence, proceeded straight forward towards Freshwater Cove, in order to make a show of landing there, but virtually with the object of diverting the attention of the enemy from the real descent by Wolfe's brigade upon the left.

The detachment commanded by Wolfe comprised twelve companies of Grenadiers, Frazer's Highlanders, Major Scott's Light Infantry corps of five hundred and fifty marksmen, selected from the different regiments, and a company of Provincial Rangers. The sailors plied their oars vigorously through the heavy sea, while the strictest order and silence were observed by the soldiers, who were assured by the confidence and calmness of their young leader, towards whom, not only the men, but officers double his age, looked up to as the rising star of their profession. No sooner had they got within musket-shot of the shore than a deadly volley issued from the batteries behind the green branches of the trees which concealed them. But cannon and musketry were not their worst antagonisms. The sea, which had grown more and more boisterous since they had set out, now lashing the coast, dashed them against the rocks, shattering several of the boats, upsetting others; and many a brave fellow, who hoped ere night to win renown in the field, found an instant watery grave.

Wolfe, perceiving that some of the Light Infantry had got

ashore, beckoned to the rest to follow. Without arms of any kind, his cane only in his hand, he sprang from his boat, and scrambling through the spray, over rocks and steeps, quickly joined them, and formed the men upon the beach as, one way or another, they reached the land. The troops, in nowise discouraged, but exasperated by the masked fire which raked them, had still to climb a height of about twenty feet in order to reach the hostile lines ; but, following their chief, they soon gained the ascent, and attacking the defenders of the nearest post with their bayonets, speedily routed them. In like manner post after post was taken. Lawrence's division having landed at the same place immediately after Wolfe's, and additional reinforcements arriving from the fleet, the enemy, forsaking their cannon and stores, fled towards Louisbourg ; and for four miles were pursued over hills, hollows and swamps by Wolfe's and Lawrence's brigades. As soon as the fugitives had gained their refuge, a fierce cannonade from the town was opened upon the pursuers. On the ground before the town then taken possession of, the invaders afterwards formed the encampment which the main army continued to occupy until the end of the siege, and in the course of the same day the remainder of the land force got on shore ; but, owing to the roughness of the sea and the constant fog, neither artillery, tents, provisions nor ammunition could be landed for three days.

On the 12th, the commander-in-chief learned that the French had dismantled their Grand Battery on the north side of the harbor, called in their outposts, and concentrated all their power within the walls of Louisbourg—a proceeding which gave the English an uninterrupted range of the country. He therefore sent Wolfe, with twelve hundred men, round the harbor to the Lighthouse Point, which at once commanded the sea-wall of the town, the shipping, and the Island Battery ; and at the same time he sent the requisite artillery and stores by sea to meet the Brigadier at L'Oreinbeck.

From the Lighthouse Point, Wolfe kept up an incessant fire upon the Island Battery, until the 25th of the month, on which day it was silenced. Then, leaving a detachment of

artillery behind him to keep it from being restored, he returned to the camp of the grand army before Louisbourg to superintend the formation of an approach to the West Gate. In order to prevent the English fleet from getting into the harbor, rendered defenceless by the demolition of the Island Battery, the French sank four men-of-war at the entrance; and of their entire fleet there were now left but three line-of-battle ships and one 36-gun frigate.

A large party from the town having crept out on the morning of the 1st of July, Wolfe, ever on the alert, heading the Light Infantry corps, drove them back with a brisk fire. The Brigadier, on the same day, took post on the hills northward of the town, and began to erect a powerful battery, which continued to play with the most destructive effect on the fortress, as well as on the shipping that remained in the harbor. On the 3d, the Brigadier was back again with the grand army, forming an approach to the right within six hundred and fifty yards of the covered way; but the delays arising from the rugged nature of the country, which necessitated the construction of roads and draining of bogs, together with adverse weather, greatly retarded his operations.

The most fatal sally from the town was on the night of the 9th of July, when a party surprised a small redan near the sea, occupied by a company of Grenadiers, killing their captain, Lord Dundonald, with a few of his men, and making prisoners of the rest; but Major Murray, with a detachment of Highlanders, coming to their relief, speedily put the assailants to flight. The Brigadier's report on the 13th shows that he was not satisfied with the engineering. In it he says: "The parapets in general are too thin, and the banquettes everywhere too narrow. The trench of the parallel should be wide, and the parapets more sloping. . . . No accidents in the trenches; very few shots and shells in the night; but this morning they threw several shells very near the lodgments."

Notwithstanding heavy rain, the works were not discontinued for a moment; and on the 16th, Wolfe, with a body of Highlanders and Grenadiers, took possession of the heights in front of the fortress, and effected a lodgment in the glacis, which exposed the parapet and embrasures to the fire of his

musketry. The approaches, in carrying on which the men underwent great fatigue, were considerably advanced, when an accident happened which afforded them great relief, and increased the distress of the enemy. On the 21st, the "Entrepreneur" exploded in the harbor, setting on fire two other ships, which burned furiously; whilst, in order to prevent boats from the town coming to their assistance, the batteries kept firing upon them until they were completely destroyed. Next day the besiegers' shells set the citadel in flames; but General Amherst humanely ordered his fire to be directed against the defences, so as not to destroy the town. The following night the barracks were burned to the ground.

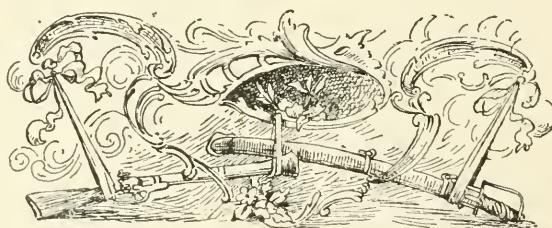
Although M. Drucour, the brave Governor of Louisbourg, was by this time convinced that the reduction of the place was inevitable, he determined to hold it as long as he possibly could; for should he not receive the succor he expected from Montcalm, he at least hoped, by prolonging his resistance, to detain the besiegers until it would be too late in the season for them either to reinforce the British army upon the American continent or to ascend the river St. Lawrence. In this resolution he was ably seconded by his intrepid wife, who was continually on the ramparts, supplying the wants of the soldiers, and encouraging them by occasionally firing the guns with her own hand. The condition of the garrison was now such that for eight days neither officers nor men had a moment's rest, nor, indeed, a place to take rest, for there was not even a secure spot in which to lay the wounded. Yet there was not a murmur amongst them, and none deserted but a few German mercenaries. The cannonade, which they had kept up night and day, grew weaker and weaker; and, instead of balls, they were driven to discharge grapeshot, old iron, or whatever missiles they could find.

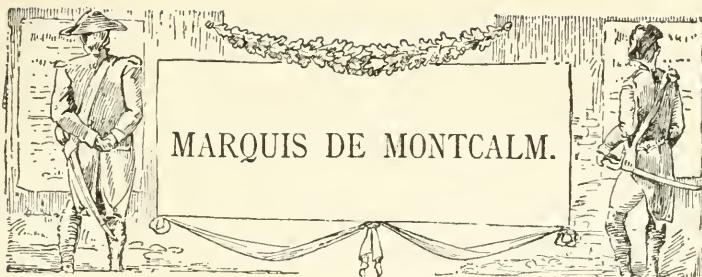
Admiral Boscawen having at length resolved to take or destroy the two ships which remained of the French fleet, Captains Balfour and Laforey, with six hundred sailors in boats, entered the harbor on the night of the 25th, when they gallantly took the "Bienfaisant," of seventy-four guns, and towed her away from the town; but the "Prudent" being aground, they were obliged to burn her. In consequence of

this misfortune, and Wolfe's batteries having made several breaches in the King's, the Queen's, and the Dauphin's bastions, while his approaches rapidly neared the covered way, the Governor, advised by a council of war, wrote to General Amherst early on July 26, offering to capitulate upon the same terms as those granted to the English at Port Mahon.

The Admiral had just come ashore, and told the General that he purposed sending six ships into the harbor next day, when the messenger arrived with the Chevalier Drucour's letter. The British commanders immediately answered by informing him of their intention to attack the town by sea as well as by land ; but wishing to avoid the effusion of blood, they allowed him one hour to decide, either to surrender at discretion, or incur the consequences of further resistance. Satisfied that he had done his duty towards his King, and that obstinacy on his part would only lead to unnecessary bloodshed, he yielded to the petition of the inhabitants, and sent back the officer who had carried his previous communications to inform his more fortunate adversaries that, trusting to the honor of a generous foe, he would submit to the law of force.

That night the English troops remained in their trenches, as usual. At eight o'clock next morning the Porte Dauphine was given up to them, and Major Farquhar took possession of the West Gate ; while Wolfe placed sentinels upon the ramparts to prevent the now idle soldiers, sutlers, and camp-followers from entering the town through the breaches his guns had made in the shattered walls. Brigadier Whitmore then proceeded to the esplanade, where at noon, the assembled garrison laid down their arms, implements, colors, and ornaments of war, which were immediately conveyed to the English encampment.—R. WRIGHT.





THERE is no more romantic battle scene in the history of the world than that of the victory by which England won from France, after a possession for two centuries, the vast dominion of Canada. Great as that battle was in its consequences, its interest is intensified by the common fate of the opposing generals, who in it yielded up their lives for the cause of their respective countries, yet won imperishable fame, which has forever united their names—Wolfe and Montcalm.

Louis Joseph, Marquis de Montcalm, de Saint Véran, was born at the château of Candiac, near Nîmes, on February 28, 1712. At the age of seventeen he purchased a captain's commission, and served with honor in Italy and in Germany. At the battle of Piacenza, in 1746, he gained the rank of colonel, and afterwards obtained the command of a brigade. In January, 1756, he was appointed commander of the French troops in Canada, with the rank of major-general. The position was one which the Court generals disdained as a kind of banishment from civilization.

Montcalm arrived in Canada in May, and found that his army consisted of six battalions of regulars, 1,900 marines and 4,000 Canadian militia, of whom only 1,100 had arms. There were also warriors from several Indian tribes, Algonkins and

Hurons, who were allowed to fight under their own chiefs in their own way. With these inefficient troops Montcalm soon established a brilliant reputation. In August he captured the adjoining Forts Ontario and Oswego, from which he sent sixteen hundred prisoners down the St. Lawrence. Large stores of ammunition, provisions and money were also secured. The forts were razed, and Montcalm returned to Fort Frontenac; but his Indian allies made raids on the frontiers of the British colonies as far south as Virginia.

In the next year Montcalm besieged Fort William Henry, at the head of Lake George, and compelled its brave commander, Munro, to surrender at discretion. He was unable, however, to prevent the Indians from plundering and massacring the British, who had trusted to his honor. "Kill me," cried Montcalm, "but spare these prisoners, for they are under my protection." When his prayers and menaces were alike fruitless, he urged the British to defend themselves. The terrible catastrophe has been described by Cooper in his "*Last of the Mohicans.*"

Montcalm refrained from attacking Fort Edward, and as his troops were suffering from scarcity of provisions, dismissed his Canadians to gather in their harvest. The Marquis of Vaudreuil, who was Governor of Canada, obstructed Montcalm's movements, and tried to have him recalled to France. In 1758 the English made a more determined effort to conquer the French in Canada. An army of 15,000 men under Abercrombie advanced from the south, designing an attack on Montcalm at Ticonderoga, or Fort Carillon, as the French called it. Here behind strong, but incomplete, intrenchments were gathered 3,600 men. Lord Howe, the bravest of the British officers, was soon killed in a preliminary skirmish. Abercrombie rashly ordered the attack to be made on the centre, though the flanks could readily have been turned. After four hours' severe fighting on July 8th, his troops were routed, and had they been vigorously pursued, must have been destroyed. The British loss was 1,950, the French 450. Abercrombie fled across the lake, and sent his artillery to Albany.

Montcalm's glorious victory only aggravated the hostility

of Governor Vaudreuil, and Montcalm, weary of the difficulties in which he found himself placed, wrote to France requesting to be recalled. Yet he declared his determination to do all he could to save the neglected province of Canada. When Bougainville, whom he had sent to the Court, brought arguments that Canada must be lost to France if no help were sent, the Minister replied, "My dear sir, when the house itself is on fire, we cannot possibly look after the stable." Yet Montcalm's victories, the only ones gained by France in the war, and contrasting strongly with the losses of Louisburg and Fort Du Quesne, gave him prominence in public estimation. He was accordingly appointed lieutenant-general, while Bougainville was promoted to a colonelcy. The latter returned to Canada with a few shiploads of powder, arms and provisions, and with some four hundred and fifty soldiers. "A little is acceptable to those that have nothing," said Montcalm on receiving this meagre reinforcement. Knowing the preparations which the English were making for the conquest of Canada, he was convinced that they would be successful, yet he resolved, as he expressed it, "to find his grave under the ruins of the Colony."

In 1759 the British General Amherst conducted the forces against the French at Lake George, and was expected to capture Montreal; General Prideaux marched against Fort Niagara. But to Wolfe, Pitt's favorite general, who had distinguished himself at Louisburg, was intrusted the expedition against Quebec. To protect this essential point, Montcalm had made extensive intrenchments, and concentrated his forces on the banks of the Montmorency. They numbered about 12,500 in all. Wolfe was able to secure Point Levi on the 30th of June; but after other minor attacks was repulsed with considerable loss, when he assailed Montcalm's camp on the 31st of July. Wolfe found the task he had undertaken more formidable than he had expected. But his great military genius enabled him to triumph over every obstacle. In September he landed his troops above Quebec, and pretended to make preparations for a long siege. But on the night of the 12th his troops were re-embarked, passed secretly down the river, and climbed to the Heights of Abraham, in the rear of the French army.

Montcalm, though taken completely by surprise, was fully confident of his ability to repulse the daring enemy. The two armies, almost equal in numbers, met about 10 o'clock. Montcalm led the attack in person; but his Canadian militia broke before the deadly fire of the British, and Wolfe at the head of his grenadiers, gave the order to charge with bayonets. Montcalm had received a musket-ball early in the fight, and was now mortally wounded while attempting to rally the fugitive Canadians. Almost at the same moment Wolfe received a fatal wound. Montcalm was carried into the city which he had gallantly striven to defend. On being told that death was near, he replied, "So much the better; I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." He died September 14, 1759, and with him fell the French power in Canada.

THE BATTLE OF QUEBEC.

Montcalm resolved to concentrate all his forces at Quebec. This city, with its stone houses, its churches, its ecclesiastical college and convents, surrounded with trees, was like a natural stronghold perched upon a steep rock to guard the upper part of the river. The height behind the town was furnished with palisades, parapets, redoubts and batteries. "With intrenchments that we can throw up in a hurry," said Bougainville, "and three or four thousand men, I believe the town would be safe." Montcalm left in Quebec five battalions of infantry, fifteen hundred marines, the militia and the Indians. At the back of the town, near the river, between the St. Charles and the Falls of Montmorency, at the foot of steep hills, he pitched his camp and fortified it with earth-works, protected by muddy swamps. Here he lay with the main portion of his infantry and the bush-rangers. The forces gathered in Quebec and in the camp amounted almost to 15,000 men; but this had necessitated a call to arms of all the colonists in Canada, even to youths fifteen years old. It was the supreme effort of the French Colony to repel invasion.

Wolfe, the general-in-chief of the English expedition, was a young man full of intrepidity and vigor, who led the campaign with unheard-of rapidity. His fleet sailed up the Saint



WOLFE AND MONTCAULM IN THE BATTLES OF QUEBEC.

Lawrence, stood suddenly in front of Quebec, to the amazement of the inhabitants, and bombarded the town. The houses were burnt, and the inhabitants sought refuge in the country or in the suburb of Saint Roch. The Canadian militia, accustomed as they were to skirmishes and short and swift encounters, after which every man immediately returned to his home, could not bear to remain whole weeks in idleness and away from their homes.

On the night of the 18th of July, 1759, an English flotilla forced its way up the Saint Lawrence past the town, and in spite of the batteries—a feat which had been deemed impracticable. Montcalm detailed six hundred men to defend the heights along the river below Quebec, and Vaudreuil sent down the stream against the English fleet an “*infernal machine*,” consisting of debris of old ships chained together and filled with grenades, loaded cannons and fuel; the English stopped it in its course.

Towards the end of July, Wolfe, who now had only 5,000 men at his disposal, determined to finish the enterprise by a single bold and desperate effort. He attacked Montcalm’s camp, but was repelled. On the 3d of September, he ordered his troops and his cannons to be re-embarked. In two months he had lost in battle 19 captains, 2 colonels, and 850 men, not to speak of those who, like himself, had succumbed to sickness. Montcalm, on his part, was worn out with fatigue. He had not taken off his clothes since the 23d of June; he slept with his boots on, and his horses were kept saddled so that he might be ready to set out at any moment. “I am exhausted with incessant labor,” he said in one of his letters, “and I would lose patience if I did not keep in mind that I am paid by Europe not to lose it.”

On the 12th of September, a French deserter informed Wolfe that Bougainville, who was posted higher up on the river, intended to send a convoy of provisions to Montcalm by water during the following night. The English ships that had sailed up the stream had remained above Quebec. Wolfe ordered them to fall silently down the river and land their troops at the foot of Quebec. He was in hopes that the French soldiers stationed on the water-side would mistake his

ships for Bougainville's convoy, and that was exactly what happened.

About 2 A.M. the ebb began to flow, a fresh breeze arose, and the English ships glided down with the tide. Bougainville had countermanded the convoy; but the French sentinels had not been notified, and allowed the vessels to approach. The officer who commanded the detachment of Canadian militia stationed on the bank next to Quebec was apprehensive of no danger, and had permitted almost all his men to return to their homes for the harvest; on this particular night he had not even set any men on guard.

Under favor of this lucky coincidence, the English fleet first crossed the French lines, and then sailed down to the very foot of the forest-clad rock on which Quebec stood. Here a sentinel called out, "Who goes there?" There was on board the English fleet an officer of Highlanders who had been through the Dutch wars and spoke very good French; he replied, "France." "What regiment?" inquired the sentinel. "The Queen's," was the answer; and the English fleet continued to pass on. On reaching the second sentinel, the same officer said, "Boats with provisions. Don't make any noise; the English would hear us." Presently the whole fleet came to a standstill; the troops landed on a narrow strip of sand at the foot of a hillock, and the next moment the post was captured, and the commander caught in bed and made prisoner.

Daylight was just breaking through the darkness of a cloudy sky. Wolfe's little army had already climbed up the precipitous rock; they were marching in battle array on the plateau and making straight for the town. At 6 A.M. white uniforms were seen approaching them; it was the Guienne battalion. A short encounter followed; the French, dazed by the unexpected meeting, beat a hasty retreat, and the English continued their march forward.

In the meantime, Montcalm, ignorant of these fatal movements, heard at break of day the roar of the cannon, and dispatched an officer to Governor Vaudreuil to know what was going on. The answer was, "Nothing." At 6 A.M., unable to contain himself any longer, Montcalm mounted his horse

and sallied forth to reconnoitre. He had no sooner reached the piazza in front of Vaudreuil's house than he perceived, at the distance of a couple of miles, the red coats of the English. Sending off his aide-de-camp to order the advance of the troops on the centre and the left wing was the work of an instant.

Montcalm spurs his horse towards the bridge of the Saint Charles River. His troops hasten after him, cross the bridge, enter Quebec, push their way through the narrow streets of the town and come out again on the opposite side : the whole army, regulars, Canadians and Indians, rush to the help of the Guienne battalion. Montcalm is astounded to find an army where he expected a mere detachment. The English infantry, silent and in rigid line, form a red wall, by the side of the Highlanders, distinguished by their tartans.

The Quebec garrison are detained by the Governor, and are under orders not to leave the town. Montcalm sends to Commander Rainsay for the twenty-five cannons that are in battery at the palace. Rainsay replies that he needs them himself, and lets him have but three. Montcalm thereupon holds a council of war, which decides on an immediate attack. At 10 o'clock the French were formed into three corps, with the infantry in the centre. The Canadians, who form the wings, follow their usual mode of fighting : they fire and immediately throw themselves on the ground to reload their arms.

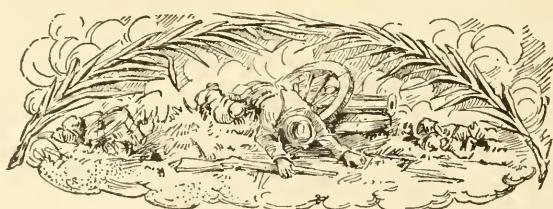
The English advance in one line and with precise regularity, as if they were at drill. At a distance of forty paces they halt and fire simultaneously. They reload, and a fresh discharge rends the air. The French, frightfully decimated, utter shrieks of pain, and their ranks become confused. Wolfe gives the order to charge with the bayonet ; his troops rush forward, and the French line is entirely broken up. As he leads his grenadiers, Wolfe falls to the ground, struck with three different shots, and he is carried to the rear. When asked if they shall fetch a surgeon for him, he replies : "It is no use. It is all over with me." Just then he hears some one cry, "Look, they run !!" "Who run ?" he inquires. "The enemy." "Run to Colonel Benton, and tell him to

send Webb's regiment to cut off their retreat by the bridge. And now, God be praised ! I shall die in peace."

Montcalm had been dragged towards Quebec by the fugitives. As they approach the ramparts, a bullet strikes him in the breast. Two of his men sustain him on his horse and bring him into the town. A woman in the crowd is heard to exclaim, "O God, the Marquis is killed !" He raises his voice and says, "It is nothing ; do not fret about me, my good friends." Montcalm was carried to a surgeon's house, and the wound was declared fatal. "I am glad of it," remarks the commander. "How long have I to live?" "About twelve hours." "That's well. I rejoice to think I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec."

Rainsay, the commander of the garrison, sent to him for his orders. "I do not intend," replied Montcalm, "to issue any more orders, or attend to you in any way. I have many affairs to settle far more important than your garrison and this wretched country. My time is now altogether too short. Leave me, pray. I wish you a happy deliverance out of your present difficulty."

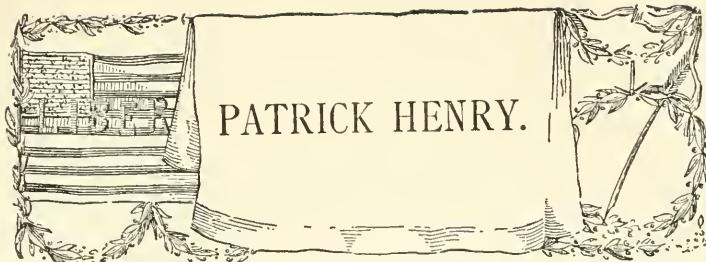
Then he wrote to the English general : "Sir, the humanness of the English race reassures me on the fate of the French and Canadian prisoners you have made. Do not make them feel that they have changed masters. Be their protector, as I have been their father." The Archbishop of Quebec administered extreme unction, and Montcalm expired at 4 A.M. on the 14th of September. Quebec capitulated on the 18th of September. "New France," the scene of so many heroic labors and sacrifices, ceased to exist.—C. SEIGNOBOS.





J.L.G. FERRIS. PINK.

PATRICK HENRY IN THE FIRST CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.



PATRICK HENRY was the most distinguished orator of the American Revolution, and his speeches which have been preserved fully sustain his reputation. They are the fervent outburst of a passion for liberty nurtured in the freedom of the forest. Patrick Henry was born at Studley, Hanover County, Virginia, on the 29th of May, 1736. His father, Col. John Henry, was

a native of Scotland, and his mother was the sister of Judge Winston, who was also noted for his oratorical powers.

As a boy, Patrick delighted in out-door amusement and field sports, and often, when supposed to be at school, had wandered to the woods. At the age of fifteen he was placed as clerk in a country store. A year later his father started him and his elder brother in business for themselves. This brother was even more indolent and careless than Patrick, and the consequence was that in a short time their business failed. Patrick sought relief from his troubles in reading such books as fell in his way, and thus developed a love of reading which became the foundation of his future greatness. From boyhood he took great delight in the study of character, and this faculty also contributed to his success in after life. Marrying the daughter of a respectable planter, Henry became a farmer; but being entirely unacquainted with agriculture he soon found himself again in financial difficulties. Once more he tried a mercantile pursuit, but without any better success than before. He then, at the age of twenty-four, determined

to study law, and in six weeks from the time of entering a law office he was admitted to the bar. His examiners granted his license, not for his acquaintance with the law, but for the strength of his intellect.

For three years Henry made but slight advancement in his profession, and was chiefly engaged in assisting his father-in-law in keeping the tavern at Hanover Court House. An event then occurred which brought him into notoriety. For a long time tobacco had been a medium of exchange in the Colony of Virginia, and it was used to pay the salaries of the clergy. The fluctuations in prices led to much discontent, and in a year of scarcity the Legislature fixed the rate of commutation at two pence a pound. A war of pamphlets ensued, and at length the matter was brought into the courts for settlement. Patrick Henry, then twenty-seven years of age, pleaded in support of the Act of the Legislature and against the clergy, with such wonderful success as at once to establish his reputation as a public pleader. A lucrative practice soon banished want. He rose upon the flood tide of prosperity.

In 1765 Henry was elected to the Assembly, and took a bold stand against British oppression. His resolutions against the Stamp Act were so extreme as to alarm the older members, although they admitted the truth and justice of the sentiments expressed. Each resolution was based upon equity and law as set forth in the "Magna Charta," and the well-defined principles of the English Constitution. In one of his speeches Henry made the famous historical allusion: "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third"—Here he was interrupted by loud cries of "Treason! Treason!!" from the Tories.—Calmly facing them, he continued, "George the Third may profit by their example. If that be treason, make the most of it." After a protracted debate, which brought into full action Henry's wonderful oratory and towering intellect, the resolutions were passed by a majority of one.

In August, 1774, a Convention met at Williamsburg, and passed another series of resolutions, offered by Henry, pledging support to the Eastern Colonies against the tyranny of the British government. Peyton Randolph, Richard Henry Lee,

George Washington, Benjamin Harrison, Richard Bland, Edmund Pendleton and Patrick Henry were appointed delegates to the Continental Congress. On the 4th of September that august assembly of true patriots assembled in Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia, and there Patrick Henry, by the fire of his eloquence, roused every heart to do its utmost to resist "the unholy claims of Great Britain to wield an iron sceptre over America." His speech proved him to be the most powerful orator in the country. As a member of the Virginia Convention, convened at Richmond in March, 1775, he proposed resolutions to adopt immediate measures of defence sufficient to repel any invasion by Great Britain. It was at this Assembly that he made one of his most remarkable speeches, concluding with these thrilling words: "I know not what course others may take; but as for me—Give me Liberty or give me Death!"

In August, when the Convention met, Patrick Henry was again elected to the Continental Congress. In 1776 he was elected Governor of Virginia. He served faithfully for two years; but on being re-elected declined to hold office longer. In 1780 he was a member of the Legislature of his State; and in 1788 he was a member of the Virginia Convention convened to consider the Federal Constitution. This instrument he opposed with all the eloquence at his command, believing that it consolidated the States into one government, destroying the sovereignty of each and endangering the rights of the people. His resistance to its ratification was in vain, though much of what he contended for was afterwards secured by the first Ten Amendments.

In 1791 Henry retired from public life, and was busily engaged in the practice of his profession, in which he secured some marked triumphs. In 1795 President Washington tendered him the office of Secretary of State, but he declined the honor. In the year previous he had been again elected Governor of Virginia; but his health prevented his accepting the office. President Adams also appointed Henry one of the Envoys to France in 1799; but he was unable to serve. His health had been declining, and on the 6th of June, 1799, he expired, at the age of sixty-four. His loss was deeply mourned

by the American nation, and most strongly felt by those who knew him best.

Patrick Henry is one of the men whom every lover of liberty and justice must justly honor. Fired by the wrongs inflicted by a strong power on what was considered a community too weak to offer resistance, he used all his wonderful talent, all his power of speech to arouse his compatriots to a true sense of their manhood. His reverence for the Almighty gave him a keen sense of justice. As an orator he has had, perhaps, no compeer in America. Jefferson said that he was "one of the greatest orators that ever lived," whilst Wirt, himself a famous orator, declares that "Never was there a man in any age who possessed, in a more eminent degree, the lucid and nervous style of argument, the command of the most beautiful imagery, or that language of passion which burns from soul to soul."

AN APPEAL TO ARMS.

(Speech of Patrick Henry in the Convention of Delegates of Virginia, March 23, 1775.)

This, Sir, is no time for ceremony. The question before the house is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfill the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at this time through fear of giving offence, I should consider myself as guilty of treason towards my country, and of an act of disloyalty towards the Majesty of Heaven, whom I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of the siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern our temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit

it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth ; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided ; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British Ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received ? Trust it not, Sir ; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation ? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love ?

Let us not deceive ourselves, Sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation, the last arguments to which kings resort.

I ask gentlemen, Sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission ? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it ? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies ? No, Sir, she has none. They are meant for us : they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British Ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose them ? Shall we try argument ? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject ? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable ; but it has been all in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication ? What terms shall we find which have not already been exhausted ? Let us not, I beseech you, Sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have pros-

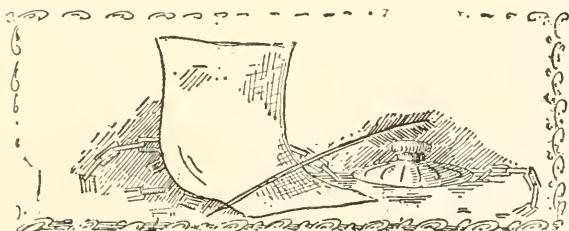
trated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hand of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted ; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult ; our supplications have been disregarded ; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne.

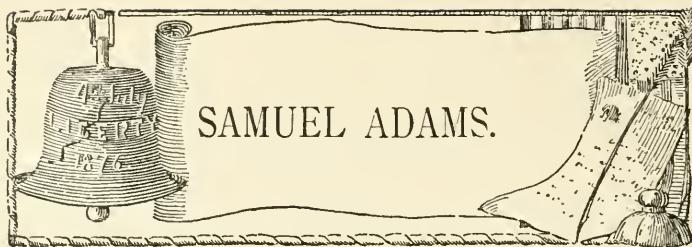
In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight ; I repeat it, Sir, we must fight ! An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us !

They tell us, Sir, that we are weak, unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger ? Will it be next week, or the next year ? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house ? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction ? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot ? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible against any force which our enemy can send against us.

Besides, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God, who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, Sir, is not to the strong alone ; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, Sir, we have no election. If we are base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable, and let it come ! I repeat it, Sir, let it come !

It is in vain, Sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace ! but there is no peace ! The war is actually begun ! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms ! Our brethren are already in the field ! Why stand we here idle ? What is it that gentlemen wish ? What would they have ? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery ? Forbid it, Almighty God. I know not what course others may take ; but as for me,— Give me Liberty, or give me Death !





WHEN American independence was first proclaimed, Samuel Adams had the distinction, together with John Hancock, to be exempted from pardon by the British King, and became thereby famous in Europe and America, yet his personality was often confounded with that of his second cousin, John Adams, both there and here.

Samuel Adams was born September 27, 1722, in Boston. He was graduated at Harvard College

in 1743, and in his thesis on that occasion asserted the doctrine of "the lawfulness of resistance to the Supreme Magistrate, if the Commonwealth cannot otherwise be preserved." In the controversies which then agitated men's minds, young Adams soon became a conspicuous participant. He was elected to the Colonial Legislature of Massachusetts in 1765, and at once was chosen clerk of that body, which position he continued to hold from year to year till 1774. He was frequently upon important committees, and acquired great influence with the members by his knowledge of parliamentary practice and by his exceeding affability.

Samuel Adams was the first man who clearly expressed, and with extraordinary effect diffused, the idea of American independence, until it became, in 1776, the rallying cry of the people. It was the custom in Massachusetts for the people, when about to choose representatives to the Legislature, to

bind them by instructions. In 1763 the design of the British Government to tax the Colonists had become known, and the people of Boston requested Samuel Adams to draw up appropriate instructions. The document is still extant in his handwriting, and in it is found "the first public denial of the right of the British Parliament to tax the Colonies without their consent, and the first public suggestion of a union on the part of the Colonies to protect themselves against British aggression." On account of the general esteem for his solid judgment and the wonderful lucidity of his style, there were few important documents published in Boston, between 1764 to 1769, that were not revised by this New England Phocion.

On November 2, 1772, on his motion, a large committee of citizens was appointed "to state the rights of the Colonists and of this province in particular, as men, as Christians, and as subjects, to communicate and publish the same to the several towns in this province, and to the world, as the sense of this town, with the infringements and violations thereof, that have been or from time to time may be made; also requesting from each town a free communication of their sentiments on this subject." This was the original Committee of Correspondence out of which grew the subsequent Union of the Colonies and the Congress of the United States.

General Gage, the British Governor, arrived in Boston in May, 1774, and through an agent sought to buy off the opposition of Samuel Adams. The latter indignantly returned the answer: "I trust I have long since made my peace with the King of kings. No personal considerations shall induce me to abandon the righteous cause of my country. Tell General Gage it is the advice of Samuel Adams to him no longer to insult the feelings of an exasperated people."

Governor Gage having rejected thirteen councilors, chosen by the people in May, 1774, and adjourned the General Court to Salem, the Assembly of Massachusetts advised a Congress of the Colonies at Philadelphia in September, and in secret session deputed five delegates thereto, of whom Samuel Adams was one. In these proceedings the liberal party in the Assembly set the Governor at defiance, as he had issued an official injunction. His secretary, armed with a commission

to dissolve that body, found the door of the Assembly locked and bolted against his entrance, and was obliged to sustain his dignity on the steps outside, while the key of the hall door reposed in Samuel Adams' pocket.

To the tact of Samuel Adams was undoubtedly due the enlistment of John Hancock in the cause of the Colonists. Hancock, a wealthy and polished man, devoted his splendid fortune to the cause of liberty. The shrewdness of Adams was also shown in the case of a Scotch importer in Boston, who, when requested by a committee deputed by the citizens assembled in Faneuil Hall, to sign the agreement to cease importing British goods, refused to do so. At this great wrath was evinced by the meeting, whereupon Samuel Adams made a motion that the meeting should resolve itself into a committee of the whole, and wait upon Mr. Mc—— “at the close of the meeting.” As Adams foresaw, some of the Scotchman’s friends slipped out at once to inform him that the “whole body” would, as a committee, wait upon him at the close of the meeting. Very shortly, whilst deliberation on other subjects was under way, in rushed Mr. Mc——, all in a foam, and, bowing to the chairman, said he was ready and willing to put his name to the non-importation pledge.

Samuel Adams served in the Continental Congress from 1774 to 1781. In one of his speeches he used the following remarkable words, in reply to the fears of some of the members concerning any rupture with Britain: “I should advise persisting in our struggle for liberty though it were revealed from Heaven that nine hundred and ninety-nine were to perish, and only one freeman of a thousand survive and retain his liberty. That one freeman must possess more virtue, and enjoy more happiness, than a thousand slaves: let him propagate his like and transmit to them what he has so nobly preserved.”

He has been charged with being one of the members of the cabal for the removal of Washington from the position of commander-in-chief in 1781. He seems to have been much displeased because Washington had not succeeded in bringing the war to a speedy close.

In 1780 Adams was elected a member of the convention to draft a Constitution for the State of Massachusetts. He became

a member of its Senate, and then was chosen president of that body during a number of terms. He was a member of the convention which ratified the Federal Constitution, although he himself, like Patrick Henry, opposed its adoption. He served as Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts from 1789 to 1794, when, on the death of the Governor, John Hancock, Adams succeeded to that position, to which he was annually re-elected until 1797, when he retired from public life. He died at Boston, October 2nd, 1803. His only son had died before him.

Samuel Adams was not an eloquent orator, "but he, above all his contemporaries, glorified with his incorruptible poverty the Revolution which he was the first to excite, and the last to abandon." He devoted his life to the diffusion and strengthening of opinions in favor of a pure democracy, as the only means of assuring permanency to the institutions which he loved. He was the grand embodiment of the spirit of the New England town-meeting.

THE CONGRESS OF 1774.

The Carpenters' Company has offered its hall to the delegates, and the place seems fit. It is "a spacious hall," says one of them, and above there is "a chamber, with an excellent library," "a convenient chamber opposite to this, and a long entry where gentlemen may walk." The question is put whether the gentlemen are satisfied, and passed in the affirmative; the members are soon seated and the doors are shut. The silence is first broken by Mr. Lynch, of South Carolina. "There is a gentleman present," he says, "who has presided with great dignity over a very respectable society, and greatly to the advantage of America;" and he "moves that the Honorable Peyton Randolph, Esquire, one of the delegates from Virginia, be appointed chairman." He doubts not it will be unanimous. It is so, and yonder "large, well-looking man," carefully dressed, with well-powdered wig and scarlet coat, rises and takes the chair. The commissions of the delegates are then produced and read, after which Mr. Lynch nominates as secretary Mr. Charles Thomson, "a gentleman," he says, "of family, fortune, and character." And

thereupon, with that singular wisdom which our early statesmen showed in their selection of men for all posts of responsibility; the Congress calls into his country's service that admirable man, "the Sam Adams of Philadelphia, and the life of the cause of liberty."

There are fifty delegates present, the representatives of eleven Colonies. Georgia has had no election, the North Carolinians have not yet arrived, and John Dickinson, that "shadow, slender as a reed, and pale as ashes," that Pennsylvania Farmer who has sown the seeds of empire, is not a member yet. Directly in front, in a seat of prominence, sits Richard Henry Lee. His brilliant eye and Roman profile would make him a marked man in any company. One hand has been injured, and is wrapped in a covering of black silk; but when he speaks his movements are so graceful and his voice so sweet that you forget the defect of gesture, for he is an orator—the greatest in America, perhaps, save only one. That tall man with the swarthy face, and black unpowdered hair, is William Livingston, of New Jersey—"no public speaker, but sensible and learned." Beside him, with his slender form bent forward, and his face lit with enthusiasm, sits his son-in-law, John Jay, soon to be famous. He is the youngest of the delegates, and yonder sits the oldest of them all. His form is bent, his thin locks fringing a forehead bowed with age and honorable service, and his hands shake tremulously as he folds them in his lap. It is Stephen Hopkins, once Chief Justice of Rhode Island. Close by him is his colleague, Samuel Ward, and Sherman, of Connecticut—that strong man whose name is to be made honorable by more than one generation. Johnson of Maryland is here, "that clear, cool head," and Paca, his colleague, "a wise deliberator." Bland of Virginia, is that learned-looking, "bookish man," beside "zealous, hot-headed" Edward Rutledge.

The Pennsylvanians are grouped together at one side—Morton, Humphreys, Mifflin, Rhoads, Biddle, Ross, and Gallowsay, the Speaker of the Assembly. Bending forward to whisper in the latter's ear is Duane of New York—that sly-looking man, a little "squint-eyed" (John Adams has already written of him), "very sensible and very artful." That large-

featured man, with the broad, open countenance, is William Hooper; that other, with the Roman nose, McKean of Delaware. Rodney, the latter's colleague, sits beside him, "the oddest-looking man in the world—tall, thin, pale, his face no bigger than a large apple, yet beaming with sense, and wit, and humor." Yonder is Christopher Gadsden, who has been preaching independence to South Carolina these ten years past. He it is who, roused by the report that the regulars have commenced to bombard Boston, proposes to march northward and defeat Gage at once, before his reinforcements can arrive; and when some one timidly says that in the event of war the British will destroy the seaport towns, turns on the speaker, with this grand reply: "Our towns are built of brick and wood; if they are burned down we can rebuild them; but liberty once lost is gone forever."

In all this famous company perhaps the men most noticed are the Massachusetts members. That Colony has thus far taken the lead in the struggle with the mother-country. A British army is encamped upon her soil; the gates of her chief town are shut; against her people the full force of the resentment of King and Parliament is spent. Her sufferings called this Congress into being, and now lend sad prominence to her ambassadors. And of them surely Samuel Adams is the chief. What must be his emotions as he sits here to-day—he who "eats little, drinks little, and thinks much"—that strong man whose undaunted spirit has led his countrymen up to the possibilities of this day? It is his plan of correspondence, adopted, after a hard struggle, in November, 1772, that first made feasible a union in the common defence. He called for union as early as April, 1773. For that he had labored without ceasing and without end, now arousing the drooping spirits of less sanguine men, now repressing the enthusiasm of rash hearts, which threatened to bring on a crisis before the time was ripe, and all the while thundering against tyranny through the columns of the *Boston Gazette*. As he was ten years ago he is to-day, the master-spirit of the time—as cool, as watchful, as steadfast, now that the hour of his triumph is at hand, as when, in darker days, he took up the burden James Otis could no longer bear. Beside him sits his younger kinsman,

John Adams, a man after his own heart—bold, fertile, resolute, an eloquent speaker, and a leader of men.

But whose is yonder tall and manly form? He is a man of forty years of age, in the prime of vigorous manhood. He has not spoken, for he is no orator; but there is a look of command in his broad face and firm-set mouth, that marks him among men, and seems to justify the deference with which his colleagues turn to speak with him. He has taken a back seat, as becomes one of his great modesty—for he is great even in that—but he is still the foremost man in all this company. This is he who has just made in the Virginia Convention that speech which Lynch, of Carolina, says is the most eloquent that ever was made: “I will raise a thousand men, subsist them at my own expense, and march with them, at their head, for the relief of Boston.” These were his words—and his name is Washington. Such was the Continental Congress assembled in Philadelphia.

Its members were met by a serious difficulty at the very outset. The question at once arose, How should their votes be cast—by colonies, by interest, or by the poll? Some were for a vote by colonies; but the larger ones at once raised the important objection that it would be unjust to allow to a little colony the same weight as a large one. “A small colony,” was the reply of Major Sullivan, of New Hampshire, “has its all at stake, as well as a large one.” Virginia responded that the delegates from the Old Dominion will never consent to waive her full representation; and one of them went so far as to intimate that if she were denied an influence in proportion to her size and numbers, she would never again be represented in such an assembly. On the other hand, it was confessed to be impossible to determine the relative weight which should be assigned to each colony. There were no tables of population, of products, or of trade, nor had there been a common system in the choice of delegates. Each province had sent as many as it liked—Massachusetts four, South Carolina five, Virginia seven, Pennsylvania eight. In one case they had been chosen by a convention of the people, in another by a general election, in most by the Assembly of the province. There was no rule by which the members could be guided.

Nor was this the only point of difference among the delegates. On no one thing did they seem at first sight to agree. Some were for resting their rights on an historical basis—others upon the law of nature. These acknowledged the power of Great Britain to regulate trade—those denied her right to legislate for America at all. One would have omitted the Quebec Bill from the list of grievances—another held it to be of them all the very worst. Some were for paying an indemnity for the destruction of the tea—others cried out that this were to yield the point at once. One was defiant, a second conciliatory; Gadsden desired independence; Washington believed that it was wished for by no thinking man.

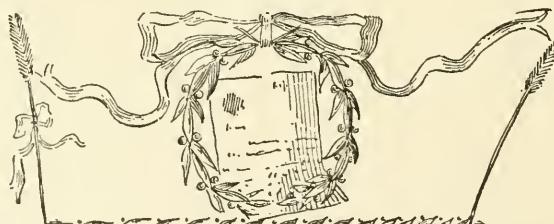
It was with a full sense of the diversity of these views, of the importance of a speedy decision, and of the danger of dissension, that the Congress reassembled the next morning.

When the doors had been closed, and the preliminaries gone through with, it is related that an oppressive silence prevailed for a long time before any man spoke. Suddenly a man rose up. His form was tall and angular, and his short wig and coat of black gave him the appearance of a clergyman. His complexion was swarthy, his nose long and straight, his mouth large, but with a firm expression on the thin lips, and his forehead exceptionally high. The most remarkable feature of his face was a pair of deep-set eyes, of piercing brilliancy, changing so constantly with the emotions which they expressed that none could tell the color of them. He began to speak in a hesitating manner, faltering through the opening sentences, as if fully convinced of the inability, which he expressed, to do justice to his theme. But presently, as he reviewed the wrongs of the colonies through the past ten years, his cheek glowed and his eye flashed fire, and his voice rang out rich and full, like a trumpet, through this hall.

There was no report made of his speech that day; but from the notes which John Adams kept of the debate, we may learn what line of argument he took. He spoke of the attacks made upon America by the king and ministry of Great Britain, counselled a union in the general defence, and predicted that future generations would quote the proceedings of this Congress with applause. A step in advance of his time, as he

had ever been, he went far beyond the spirit of the other delegates, who, with the exception of the Adamses and Gadsden, did not counsel or desire independence. "An entire new government must be founded," was his cry; "this is the first in a never-ending succession of Congresses," his prophecy. And gathering up, as it was the gift of his genius to do, the thought that was foremost in every mind about him, he spoke it in a single phrase: "British oppression has effaced the boundaries of the several colonies; I am not a Virginian, but an American."

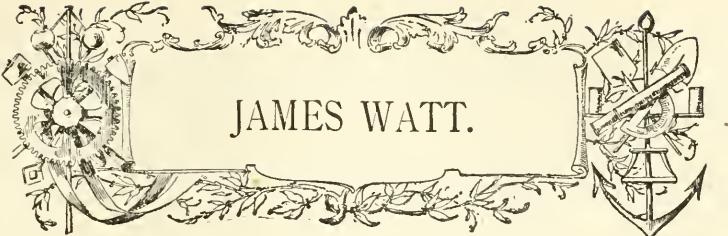
We cannot exaggerate the debt we owe this man. The strength of his intellect, the fervor of his eloquence, the earnestness of his patriotism, and the courage of his heart placed him in the front rank of those early patriots, and he stands among them the model of a more than Roman virtue. His eloquence was one of the chief forces of the American Revolution—as necessary to that great cause as the intelligence of Franklin, the will of Samuel Adams, the pen of Thomas Jefferson, or the sword of Washington. In such times of a nation's trial there is always one voice which speaks for all. It echoes the spirit of the age—proud or defiant, glad or mournful, now raised in triumph, now lifted up in lamentation. Greece stood on the Bema with Demosthenes; indignant Rome thundered against Catiline with the tongue of Cicero. The proud eloquence of Chatham rang out the triumphs of the English name, and France stood still to hear her Mirabeau. Ireland herself pleaded for liberty when Henry Grattan spoke, and the voice of Patrick Henry was the voice of America, struggling to be free!—H. A. BROWN.





D. NEAL. PINX.

WATTS FIRST DISCOVERY OF THE POWER OF STEAM.



JAMES WATT.



BY common consent of mankind James Watt is regarded as the inventor of the steam-engine, which has revolutionized the industry of the world. Long before his time there had been mechanical devices in which the power of steam had been employed, and there were in particular in the coal mines of England pumping-engines in which

steam assisted in the work of raising water; but Watt so altered and regulated the action of the engine as to make it capable of being applied to the finest manufactures, and so increased its power as to set weight and solidity at defiance. The complete adaptation of this simple power to man's use has transformed the aspect of civilization.

James Watt was born at Greenock, Scotland, January 19, 1736. He was the son of a Scotch merchant and grandson of a professor of mathematics. As his constitution was delicate, the chief part of his education was obtained at home, and his natural turn for mathematics was fostered. A curious anecdote is told of the bent of his mind concerning the properties of steam, even during his boyhood. His aunt rebuked him one evening for his idleness. He would do nothing but take off and put on the lid of a tea-kettle, holding a cup over the steam and counting the drops of water formed in it by condensation. This well-known story, however, has its counterpart in the story about the Marquis of Worcester, whilst a prisoner in the Tower of London in 1649, being attracted by the perturbation of the lid of a pot or kettle, which was suspended over the open fire in his room.

In his eighteenth year Watt placed himself under the instruction of a mathematical instrument-maker in London. In his twenty-first year (1757) he settled in Glasgow, intending to start business for himself, but was thwarted by the local trade guild who refused him the necessary license. He was rescued from his embarrassment by the University, which granted him a room within their building, and appointed him mathematical instrument-maker to the college. In this position he enjoyed the intimacy of the professors, among whom were the political economist, Adam Smith, and the chemist, Dr. Black.

In his twenty-seventh year (1763), a working model of one of Newcomen's pumping-engines, commonly called atmospheric engines, was placed in his hands for repair, and while doing this work he made several improvements to it. Out of this beginning arose, one after another, in the lapse of years, his amazing contrivances for the perfecting of the steam-engine. He transformed Newcomen's atmospheric engine into a veritable steam-engine.

Watt's earliest improvement was the establishment of the condenser separate from the steam cylinder, so that they might be kept all the while at different temperatures, the condenser at the lowest, and the cylinder at the highest temperature considered desirable. This gave for the first time the distinct separation of the steam motor into three divisions: the boiler, the condenser, and the engine proper or piston-cylinder. The device of separating the condenser from the steam-cylinder occurred to him during a leisure walk. Steam, he reflected, being elastic, would rush into any previously air-exhausted place; consequently, if he were to have his vacuum-space in a separate container, all that was necessary to obtain condensation without lowering the temperature of the steam-cylinder was to connect it by means of a pipe with the vacuum chamber. The problem of the transformation of the atmospheric into the steam-engine was solved.

Knowing that in a perfect steam-engine the cylinder should always be as hot as the steam that entered it, and that the vapor should be instantaneously chilled in the condenser, Watt embodied this in his first patent for a steam-engine

(January 5, 1769, the one renewed six years afterwards by Act of Parliament). In addition to the jet of water squirting perpetually inside of the condenser, he placed the latter in a cistern of cold water, thus obtaining the instantaneous condensation necessary for the causation of a vacuum in the steam cylinder. The constant warmth of the steam-cylinder he obtained by means of a jacket composed of a non-conducting material.

Having transferred the condensing jet of water from the cylinder to the now-separate condenser, Watt proceeded to enclose the cylinder at the top by a steam-tight cover, instead of leaving it open to the atmosphere, as hitherto, and had the rod of the piston to work vertically through a hole in the centre of this cover. This hole had connected with it a stuffing-box to hold well-compacted materials, like tow plentifully saturated with grease, through which the piston-rod moved up and down. The cylinder, being now for the first time closed at both top and bottom, could be used for the admission of steam at either end, so as to drive the piston up and down alternately.

During the following years Watt's improvements to his steam engine consisted of a number of devices, among which was one for cutting off the steam from the cylinder at any part of the stroke of the piston, the expansive force of the vapor accomplishing the rest, thereby economizing the power. On the 25th of October, 1781, Watt took out his second patent, especially designed for the production, from the piston's vertical action, of a revolving motion to keep going all kinds of rotatory machinery. Through the treachery of the model-maker the secret had been revealed, and a patent wrongfully obtained by John Steed. Watt, rather than enter into litigation, devised other methods for obtaining the revolving motion; but not being as perfect as his first, the adaptation of the crank, he used it alone on the expiration of Steed's patent.

Watt's third patent (March 12, 1782) was for the substitution of two cylinders and pistons working alternately, instead of the one cylinder as formerly. Watt's fourth patent (April 28, 1784) was for his masterly contrivance, by which he obtained the celebrated parallel motion "consisting of an

arrangement of five-jointed rods, including a parallelogram." It was, as Watt himself expressed it, "a perpendicular motion derived from a combination of motions about centres." Besides this wonderful adaptation of the parallel motion to the double-acting steam-engine, Watt hit upon the idea of the steam governor; that is, a double conical pendulum, by the movements of which the axle of the fly-wheel was enabled to regulate to a nicety the opening or closing of the throttle-valve, thereby, exactly in accordance with the needs of the engine at the moment, increasing or diminishing the supply of steam to the cylinder. The governor is, in fact, an automatic device by means of which the amount of steam admitted to the cylinder is regulated according to the greater or less amount of work required of the engine. Still another remarkable invention, contributing to the perfect action of the steam-engine was the eccentric, a marvellous device attached to the axle of the fly-wheel. The eccentric opens and closes the valves of the engine with mathematical precision at the right moment. The indicator also was one of Watt's inventions. By this device diagrams showing the relation of the steam-pressure in the cylinder to the movement of the piston are exactly drawn. He also introduced the term "horse-power" as a mode of rating engines, defining one horse-power as the rate at which 33,000 pounds are raised one foot in one minute. This estimate was based on trials of the work done by horses, but is excessive as a statement of what an average horse can do. Watt purposely made it so, in order that his customers might have no reason to complain of the results of his engines in operation.

In the beginning of his career Watt was greatly hampered by his want of means, but through his early friend, Dr. Roebuck, proprietor of the Carron Iron Works, the first patent was obtained and an engine built; but Roebuck, who was a speculator, failing, Watt was thrown upon his own resources as a civil engineer to obtain his living. At length, in 1774, Watt entered into partnership with Boulton, the owner of the Soho Iron Works, near Birmingham, England. Under the vigorous business management of Boulton the great invention of the steam-engine began to be appreciated, and the saving

of fuel was shown to be three-fourths of that required by Newcomen's atmospheric engine.

Up to the time when James Watt died, on the 25th of August, 1819, Boulton and Watt's great establishment at Soho had turned out 10,000 steam engines, which were doing the work of four millions of men or 500,000 horses,—with an annual saving thereby of nearly \$65,000,000.

James Watt, in honor of his great services to mankind, was elected a member of the various scientific societies at home and abroad; among others, of the Institute of France. In 1806 the honorary degree of LL.D was conferred upon him by the University of Glasgow, that had formerly employed him as its instrument maker. A few years before his death he was offered the honor of a baronetcy; but after a consultation with his son, Watt declined it.

Five statues have been erected to the memory of this illustrious man, of which number the one in Westminster Abbey, by Chantrey, bears on its pedestal the famous inscription prepared by Lord Brougham:—

“Not to perpetuate a name which must endure while the peaceful arts flourish, but to show that mankind have learnt to honor those who best deserve their gratitude, the King, his ministers, and many of the nobles and commoners of this realm raised this monument to

JAMES WATT,

who, directing the force of an original genius early exercised in philosophic research to the improvement of the steam engine, enlarged the resources of his country, increased the power of man and rose to an eminent place among the most illustrious followers of science and the real benefactors of the world.

Born at Greenock, MDCCXXXVI.

Died at Heathfield in Staffordshire, MDCCCXIX.”

Virtually the history of the development of the steam engine closes with the labors of Watt, whose life of 83 years marks the interval within which the wasteful motor, the atmospheric engine, of limited availability, was transformed

into his wonderful mechanism—the perfect steam-engine, of universal application.

Since the time of Watt, his finished masterpiece has been supplemented with improvements which are more in the nature of refinements than essentials of the machine, such as that in 1801 made by Joseph Bramah (the invention of the Unpickable Lock and of the Hydrostatic Press), and Jacques Leupold's Four-way-cock (1820), enabling it to revolve continuously in one direction ; or as the employment of super-heated steam ; the Corliss cut-off ; the Compound Steam Engine together with the twin-screw.

PRECURSORS OF THE STEAM ENGINE.

Of all the individuals to whom the early invention of the steam engine has been ascribed, the most celebrated was the Marquis of Worcester, the author of a work entitled “The Scantling of One Hundred Inventions,” but which is more commonly known by the title “A Century of Inventions.” It is to him that by far the greater number of writers and inquirers on this subject ascribe the merit of the discovery of the invention. This contrivance is described in the following terms in the 68th Invention in the work above named :

“I have invented an admirable and forcible way to drive up water by fire ; not by drawing or sucking it upwards, for that must be, as the philosopher terms it, *infra sphæram activitatis*, which is but at such a distance. But this way liath no bounder, if the vessels be strong enough. For I have taken a piece of whole cannon whereof the end was burst, and filled it three-quarters full of water, stopping and screwing up the broken end, as also the touch-hole, and making a constant fire under it ; within twenty-four hours it burst, and made a great crack. So that, having a way to make my vessels so that they are strengthened by the force within them, and the one to fill after the other, I have seen the water run like a constant fountain strain forty feet high. One vessel of water rarefied by fire driveth up forty of cold water, and a man that tends the work has but to turn two cocks ; that one vessel of water being consumed, another begins to force and refill with cold water, and so successively ; the fire being

tended and kept constant, which the self-same person may likewise abundantly perform in the interim between the necessity of turning the said cocks."

These experiments must have been made before the year 1663, in which the "Century of Inventions," was published. The description of the machine here given, like other descriptions in the same work, was only intended to express the effects produced, and the physical principle on which their production depends. It is, however, sufficiently explicit to enable any one conversant with the subsequent contrivance of Savery, to perceive that Lord Worcester must have contrived a machine containing all that part of Savery's engine in which the direct force of steam is employed. As in the above description, the separate boiler or generator of steam is distinctly mentioned; that the steam from this is conducted into another vessel containing the cold water to be raised; that this water is raised by the pressure of steam acting upon its surface; that when one vessel of water has thus been discharged, the steam acts upon the water contained in another vessel, while the first is being replenished; and that a continued upward current of water is maintained by causing the steam to act alternately upon two vessels, employing the interval to fill one while the water is discharged from the other.

In this contrivance of Lord Worcester, the agency of the steam was employed in the same manner as it is in the steam-engines of the present day, being generated in one vessel, and used for mechanical purposes in another. Nor must this be regarded as trifling and insignificant, because on it depends the whole practicability of using steam as a mechanical agent. Had its action been confined to the vessel in which it was produced, it never could have been employed for any useful purpose.

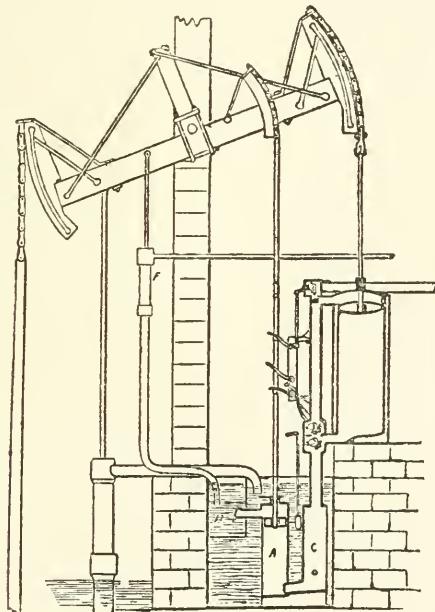
It appears, by a MS. in the Harleian Collection in the British Museum, that a mode of applying steam to raise water was proposed to Louis XIV. by Sir Samuel Morland. It contains, however, nothing more than might have been collected from Lord Worcester's description, and is only curious because of the knowledge the writer appears to have had of the expansion which water undergoes in passing into steam. The following is extracted from the MS. :

“The principles of the new force of fire invented by Chevalier Morland in 1682, and presented to his Most Christian Majesty in 1683:—‘Water being converted into vapor by the force of fire, these vapors shortly require a greater space (about 2000 times) than the water before occupied, and sooner than be constantly confined, would split a piece of cannon. But being duly regulated according to the rules of statics, and by science reduced to measure, weight and balance, then they bear their load peaceably (like good horses), and thus become of great use to mankind, particularly for raising water, according to the following table, which shows the number of pounds that may be raised 1800 times per hour to a height of six inches, by cylinders half filled with water, as well as the different diameters and depths of the said cylinders.’ ”

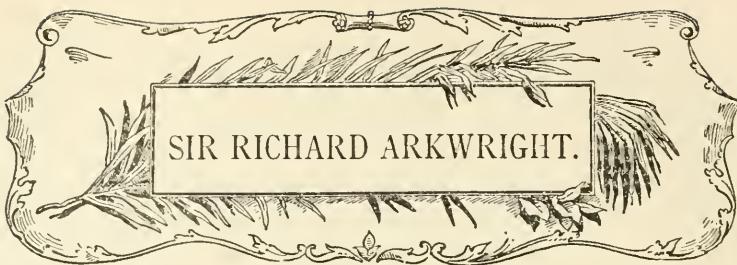
Denis Papin, a native of Blois in France, and professor of mathematics at Marbourg, had been engaged about this period in the contrivance of a machine in which the atmospheric pressure should be made available as a mechanical agent, by creating a partial vacuum in a cylinder under a piston. His first attempts were directed to the production of this vacuum by mechanical means, having proposed to apply a water-wheel to work an air-pump, and so maintain the degree of rarefaction required. Papin next, however, attempted to produce a partial vacuum by the explosion of gunpowder; but this was found to be insufficient, since so much air remained in the cylinder under the piston, that at least half the power due to a vacuum would have been lost. “I have, therefore,” proceeds Papin, “attempted to attain this end by another method. Since water being converted into steam by heat acquires the property of elasticity like air, and may afterward be recondensed so perfectly by cold that there will no longer remain the appearance of elasticity in it, I have thought that it would not be difficult to construct machines in which, by means of a moderate heat, and at a small expense, water would produce that perfect vacuum which has been vainly sought by means of gunpowder.”

Papin accordingly constructed the model of a machine, consisting of a small pump, in which was placed a solid piston, and in the bottom of the cylinder under the piston was

contained a small quantity of water. The piston being in immediate contact with this water, so as to exclude the atmospheric air, on applying fire to the bottom of the cylinder steam was produced, the elastic force of which raised the piston to the top of the cylinder: the fire being then removed, and the cylinder being cooled by the surrounding air, the steam was condensed and reconverted into water, leaving a vacuum in the cylinder into which the piston was pressed by the force of the atmosphere. The fire being applied and subsequently removed, another ascent and descent were accomplished; and in the same manner the alternate motion of the piston might be continued. Papin described no other form of machine by which this property could be rendered available in practice; but he states generally that the same end may be attained by various forms of machines easy to be imagined.—D. LARDNER.



WATT'S SINGLE-ACTING ENGINE, 1769.



SIR RICHARD ARKWRIGHT.



THE latter half of the eighteenth century was distinguished by two great revolutions, the one political, the other industrial. The former established the independence of the United States, and gave the world its grandest example of the government of the people by the people; the latter consisted in two grand inventions, which have given a new impulse to the material civilization of the human race—the steam engine

and the combination of machinery by which cotton can be manufactured into cheap and serviceable clothing. The former series of events has had conspicuous and durable effects on the subsequent history of all nations, and is the frequent theme of orators, historians, statesmen and philosophers. The latter series of adaptations of the powers and resources of material nature to the needs and use of man, though it has as widely-reaching effects, is more difficult to trace and excites less interest when recounted. The names of the heroes of the former are familiar to all readers; but except in the case of James Watt, the great effectors of the industrial revolution are but little known or appreciated. The spinning-frame, which gave the great impulse to the cotton-manufacture, was due chiefly to the inventive genius of Richard Arkwright, though others assisted at various stages of its development.

Richard Arkwright was born at Preston, England, December 23, 1732, and is said to have been the youngest of thir-

teen children. The poverty of his parents having prevented his acquisition of learning, Arkwright found himself, in his fiftieth year, compelled to learn grammar, and to improve his writing and spelling. In early life he was a barber, and the sign above the door of his shop, in one of the obscurest alleys of the town of Bolton, read: "Come to the Subterraneous Barber! He Shaves for a Penny!"

About 1760 he abandoned his cellar and became an itinerant dealer in hair, buying the material on his travels and selling it to the wigmakers. Having discovered the secret of dyeing the hair in a particular manner, his business turned out very lucrative, and he improved his fortune by his marriage to a second wife in 1761.

Lancashire, in which Arkwright was born and bred, was even then the chief seat of the cotton manufacture in England, though the total product was less than that of a single mill of the present day. Kay's invention of the fly shuttle in 1750 so greatly increased the demand for yarn, that it was almost impossible to meet it by hand labor. A machine for carding cotton had been introduced in Lancashire in 1760. Shortly afterward Arkwright devoted his whole attention to the perfecting of a contrivance for spinning by rollers. After getting Kay, a clockmaker, to construct for him certain wooden models, they both proceeded to Preston, where, with the co-operation of John Smalley, the machine was constructed and set up in the building of the Free Grammar School. The secrecy of their operations aroused suspicion, and popular superstition at once connected them with some kind of sorcery. But years of arduous toil were required to reach the desired object. Arkwright, having sacrificed his means in developing his invention, was reduced to straits. In 1768 he removed to Nottingham, the seat of the stocking trade, whither Hargreaves, the inventor of the spinning jenny, had gone the year previous, after his machinery had been destroyed by a mob at Blackburn. Arkwright patented his spinning-frame July 3, 1769, and entered into partnership with Smalley.

The spinning-frame was the result of inventive power of a higher order than that necessary to originate the spinning jenny. In the spinning-frame there was the application of a

new principle, that of spinning by rollers. It consisted of four pairs of rollers acting by tooth and pinion. The top roller was covered with leather, to enable it to take hold of the cotton, the lower one fluted longitudinally, to let the cotton pass through it. By one pair of rollers revolving quicker than another, the rove was drawn to the requisite fineness for twisting, which was accomplished by spindles or flyers placed in front of each set of rollers. The invention of Arkwright has, of course, undergone various minor improvements, but the principle remains the same in the latest machines.

Arkwright's first spinning-mill was driven by horse-power; but finding this had certain inconveniences, he resorted to water-power, and entered into partnership with Reed and Strutt, the possessors of patents for the manufacture of ribbed stockings. From the fact that the spinning-frame was driven by water, it came to be known by the name of water-frame, but since the application of steam, by that of throste.

In 1773 he began to use the thread as warp for the manufacture of calicoes, instead of the linen warp formerly used together with the cotton warp, and thus a cloth solely of cotton was for the first time produced in England. It met at once with a great demand; but an old law for the protection of the woolen manufactures of England against the calicoes of India, made it liable to double duty, which, at the instance of the Lancashire manufacturers, was speedily enforced. Arkwright, notwithstanding their strenuous opposition, obtained an act in 1774 specially exempting from extra duty the "new manufacture of stuffs wholly made of raw cotton wool." Up to this time over \$60,000 had been expended by Arkwright and his partners on machinery with little return; but after the new act the cotton manufacture created by his genius developed with amazing rapidity throughout England.

In 1775 Arkwright obtained a patent for a series of adaptations by means of which the whole process of yarn manufacture—including carding, drawing, roving and spinning—was performed by a beautifully arranged succession of operations on one machine. The success of cotton manufacture was now established, and soon the invention was adapted for

the woollen and worsted trade with equally favorable results. By 1782 it was estimated that the new method had necessitated the employment of 5,000 persons and \$1,000,000 of capital.

Difficulties, however, had arisen. In 1779 serious riots occurred in Lancashire, and an expensive mill of Arkwright's was completely sacked. Up to this time the unskillfulness of his workmen had much hampered him, and the destruction of his mill therefore strained his resources to the utmost limits, while the increasing infringements of his patents threatened to rob him of his just profits. As the infringers took the precaution to swear their employees to secrecy, he was greatly baffled in obtaining justice. At last in 1781 he brought suit against nine firms. The first cause selected for trial was that against Colonel Mordaunt, who at once admitted his use of Arkwright's machine, but pleaded insufficiency of specification in the patent, and on that ground Arkwright was non-suited. The following year the partnership of Reed, Strutt & Arkwright was dissolved, and he now drew up a statement of his "case," in which, after recording his difficulties, he concluded by praying that the "legislature would be pleased to confirm, connect and consolidate the two letters patent so as to preserve to him the full benefit of his invention for the remainder of the term yet to come in the *last* patent." The legislature took no action. In a judicial process, however, in 1785 he obtained a verdict in his favor despite of the plea of insufficiency of specification. This verdict greatly alarmed the cotton spinners, for owing to the verdict of 1781, the unauthorized use of the patent had grown so greatly that it was calculated that 30,000 persons were employed in establishments set up in defiance of it, involving a capital of \$1,500,000. Several of the manufacturers combined, therefore, in self-defence and obtained a writ for a new trial. The case was tried before a special jury, June 25, 1785, when for the first time Arkwright's claim to the invention was disputed. The judge summed up against Arkwright, and the jury decided against him. Arkwright moved for a new trial, but was refused. On November 14, 1785, judgment was given to cancel the letters patent.

During the trial it was proved that Arkwright had given directions that the specifications should "be as obscure as the nature of the case would admit;" but besides this he had introduced into it articles intended to render it unintelligible, and some of which, if put into operation, would have inevitably spoiled the cotton. In regard to the originality of the invention, the opponents of Arkwright sought to prove that the whole series of machines included in the patent were stolen by Arkwright from others, his sole title to originality being the combination of them into one machine. In support of their allegation they relied chiefly on two witnesses, Kay, the watchmaker, who had made Arkwright's first models, and Hayes, the reedmaker, whom Kay asserted to be the original inventor of the models. Kay's evidence was vitiated by the fact that he was confessedly guilty of fraud in revealing to Arkwright the secret of Hayes, that he had fled from Arkwright when threatened with a charge of felony, and that he had in conversation represented himself to be the author of the invention. The evidence of Hayes was obscure and contradictory on some important points. He claimed to have made spinning rollers in 1767, but admitted that it was not until 1769—the year after Arkwright's removal to Nottingham—that he had hit on the contrivance of having the one roller fluted and the other covered with leather, a contrivance without which it was impossible that a machine constructed on Arkwright's principles could work. Further, none of the machines by which Hayes asserted that he had spun cotton as an experiment were ever produced.

Arkwright after this never took any further steps to vindicate his patent rights. What Stephenson said of the locomotive—that it was "not due to one man, but to the efforts of a nation of mechanical engineers,"—is also true of Arkwright's machine. The same idea arises spontaneously in many different minds; but the capacity to conceive and the capacity to execute are not always co-existent in the same mind, and the palm of victory is due to him who elaborates the idea, adapts it to practical purposes, and presents it to the world in a working shape. Hargreaves and Paul, and perhaps Hayes and Kay, were of service to the world as far as their pursuits

went; but without Arkwright the production of the perfect spinning machine might have been long delayed.

Arkwright's loss of his monopoly affected his progress to the possession of wealth only slightly. From the superior qualities of his goods, he soon obtained a control over the whole trade, fixed its prices, and gave law to the lesser cotton spinners. The honor of knighthood was conferred upon him in 1786, not because of his inventions, but because, as High Sheriff, he presented King George III. with an address from Derby County, congratulating him upon his escape from an assassination. No man ever better deserved his good fortune, or has a stronger claim on the respect and gratitude of the world. Though strong in body, he frequently suffered from severe asthma. He died in 1792, at his works at Cromford.

CROMPTON AND CARTWRIGHT.

The career of Samuel Crompton presents as striking a contrast to that of Richard Arkwright as the difference in the characters of the two men. The orphan boy of Hall-in-the-Wood was shy, sensitive, studious, a mathematician, a musician, an inventive artisan. Arkwright was pushing, callous, ignorant, unrefined, without originality in his ideas, but a most skillful appropriator. The bold man died worth half a million sterling, for he had self-confidence, tact, and knowledge of human character. The timid man was easily disheartened, shrinking from speculation, and easily deceived. He would have lived a poor weaver to the end of his days, unable, as he said of himself, "to contend with men of the world," had not Parliament, in 1812, granted him a paltry compensation of £5,000 for the great invention which he "gave up to the country," as he said, but which he was really cheated into giving up by a host of selfish manufacturers, who made fortunes out of his simple trust. Crompton was spinning with Hargreaves' jenny four or five years after Arkwright had produced harder and finer yarn by his water-frame than the jenny could produce, whatever amount it had added to the quantity spun. Crompton saw what was wanting. With a few common tools, and a clasp-knife, he worked for five years before he perfected what was originally called

the Hall-in-the-Wood wheel. "The great and important invention of Crompton was his spindle-carriage, and the principle of the thread having no strain upon it until it was completed. The carriage with the spindles could, by the movement of the hand and knee, recede just as the rollers delivered out the elongated thread in a soft state, so that it would allow of a considerable stretch before the thread had to encounter the stress of winding on the spindle." This was "the corner-stone of the merits of his invention," which Crompton connected with the system of rollers, and thus added the second great and permanent principle of the machinery for cotton spinning.

In 1779, when this machine was completed by the young weaver, the riots broke out by which Arkwright's mill at Chorley was destroyed. From the solitary room where Crompton had been so long working in secret he heard the shouts of the mob who were breaking to pieces a carding-engine in the adjoining hamlet of Folds. He was prepared for such an emergency. He had cut an opening in the ceiling of his room to the loft above, which aperture he had fitted with a trap-door. He hastily took his machine to pieces, and hoisted the parts into the dark hole, where they were concealed for many weeks. The riots were put down, and tranquillity was restored, but not till after the jennies had been destroyed for miles round Bolton. While working upon his invention Crompton had married. He took to wife a young woman of good family and education, but who, being left an orphan in reduced circumstances, maintained herself by spinning. The home of the young people was in a cottage attached to the Hall-in-the-Wood; and in a room of the old mansion they secretly worked on the now-perfected mule. No yarn comparable for fineness and firmness had ever been produced as that which Crompton carried to the Bolton market, obtaining a proportional price. People began to think that there was some mystery. Fingers could not produce such yarn, nor could the jenny. Manufacturers gathered round, some to buy, others to endeavor to penetrate the secret. They in vain tried to obtain admission to the old house. They climbed up to the windows to look in. The bewildered

man soon saw that it would be impossible to keep his secret. In a manuscript which he left behind him, he says, of this anxious period, "During this time I married, and commenced spinning altogether. But a few months reduced me to the cruel necessity either of destroying my machine altogether or giving it up to the public. To destroy it I could not think of; to give up that for which I had labored so long was cruel. I had no patent, nor the means of purchasing one. In preference to destroying it I gave it to the public." Manufacturers had come about him with tempting promises, and had persuaded him to give up his secret, upon the condition, recited in a formal document, of subscribing sums to be affixed to the name of each "as a reward for his improvement in spinning." The whole sum they subscribed was 67*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* The subscription paper is in existence. "The list is curiously interesting as containing among the half-guinea subscribers the names of many Bolton firms now of great wealth and eminence as mule-spinners, whose colossal fortunes may be said to have been based upon this singularly small investment." In five years Crompton's "mule" was the machine chiefly employed for fine spinning, not only round Bolton, but in the manufacturing districts of England, Scotland and Ireland.

The common piracies of Arkwright's water-frame, its more extensive use when the patent expired in 1784, and the general appropriation of Crompton's mule, very soon changed the neighborhood of which Manchester was the centre, from a country of small farmers into a country of small manufacturers. Houses on the banks of streams whose current would drive a wheel and shaft were greedily seized upon. Sheds were run up in similar situations. The clank of wheels and the buzz of spindles were heard in once solitary places upon the branches of the Irwell. The smaller streams that flowed from the barren hills into secluded valleys might be apostrophized in the lines of Ebenezer Elliott:

"Beautiful rivers of the desert ! ye
Bring food for labor from the foodless waste."

Crompton's mules, worked by hand, "were erected in gar-

rets or lofts ; and many a dilapidated barn or cow-house was patched up in the walls, repaired in the roof, and provided with windows, to serve as lodging-room for the new muslin wheels." Amid this hurried system of expedients to obtain the gains of cotton-spinning, these small factories were supplied with the labor of children by a mode which excited the indignation of all right-thinking persons. Children of very tender age, collected from the London work-houses, and other abodes of the friendless, were transported to Manchester and the neighborhood as apprentices. These were often worked through the whole night ; had no regard paid to their cleanliness, and received no instructions. Aiken, who records these grievances, adds that in many factories remedies had been adopted. It was forty years before the Legislature effectually interfered to protect factory children.

A greater change than that produced by the water-frame and the mule was impending. The period was quickly approaching when the tall stalk would start up in the by-streets of quiet towns, and gather around its clouds of smoke a new population. Of Bolton, whose inhabitants had more than doubled from 1783 to 1789, it is recorded that "the want of water in this district is made up by the ingenious invention of the machines called mules." The want of water would in a few years be made up by a far more manageable power. Bury had its "cotton manufacture, originally brought from Bolton," with "factories erected upon the rivers and many brooks within the parish." Its population had increased in a larger proportion than that of Bolton ; but the increase would be far more rapid when the rivers and brooks were no longer essential for the movement of rollers and spindles. In 1794 some small steam-engines, made by Mr. Sherrard, a very ingenious and able engineer, had begun in Manchester to be "used in cotton-mills, and for every purpose of the water-wheel, where a stream is not to be got." This local manufacturer of steam-engines was beginning to encounter a formidable rivalry : "Some few are also erected in this neighborhood by Messrs. Boulton and Watts, of Birmingham, who have far excelled all others in their improvement of the steam-engine." In this stage of his career, the name of the

Glasgow mechanic, whose statue is in Westminster Abbey, appears not to have been sufficiently known to be spelled correctly by a writer of note. Dr. Aiken probably knew little of the achievements of the man who, "directing the force of an original genius, early exercised in philosophic research, to the improvement of the steam-engine, enlarged the resources of his country, increased the power of man, and rose to an eminent place among the illustrious followers of science and the real benefactors of the world." The rotatory steam-engine of Watt was first applied to the textile manufactures of Lancashire in 1787, when one was erected at Warrington. It had been applied in Nottinghamshire in 1785.

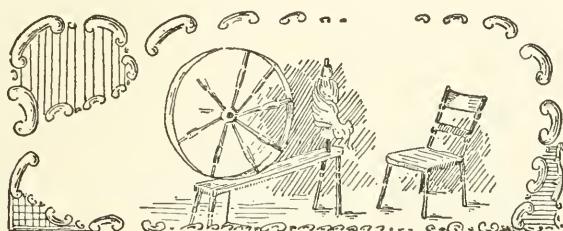
In 1856, according to the report of the Factory Commissioners, the steam-engines employed in 5,000 factories represented 161,000 horse-power, giving motion to the astounding number of 33,000,000 spindles. It is calculated, in the statistical account of the population of 1851, that in Great Britain "more than a million young women are *spinsters*"—the still recognized name for unmarried women. To produce the same amount of yarn spun in the old domestic way would probably require not only all the spinsters of our own country, and all the spinsters of our great Indian Empire, where the Hindoo girl still produces the finest yarn from her primitive wheel, but all the spinsters of the habitable globe. The rate at which the spindles of a cotton-mill move so far exceeds the rate of the spinning-wheel that no smaller number, we may presume, could convert a thousand million pounds of raw cotton into yarn in one year, as is now done in Great Britain. But if the rate of speed were equal, and the object could be effected by the daily movement for ten hours of thirty-three millions of spindles, it would be necessary that every British spinster should have the power of giving activity to thirty-three wheels with one spindle each; or that, having the advantage of the spinning-jenny with eight spindles, she should have the power of working four jennies at one and the same time. The contrast between the old spinning-wheel and the spinning-mill cannot be put in a stronger point of view.

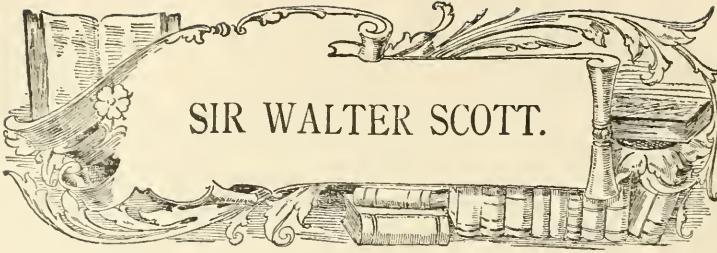
Inventions connected with the more rapid processes of spinning were not long behind the jenny and the water-frame. Such was the cylindrical carding-engine. The natural progression of machinery in spinning, from the simplest domestic wheel to the complex mule, would, we may presume, have suggested that the same advance would be applicable to weaving; that as the fly-shuttle had doubled the rate at which a hand-weaver could work, so some invention might double, or even supersede, the still tardy process of the hand-weaver. Such an invention did come, though in a very rude and imperfect state. Edmund Cartwright, a clergyman, bred at University College, Oxford—a poet and a critic—was at Matlock in 1784, when in a mixed company in which were some persons from Manchester, the talk was about cotton—how the want of hands to weave would operate against the spinning-mills. Cartwright knew nothing of machines or manufacturers; he had never even seen a weaver at work; but he said that if it came to a want of hands, Arkwright must invent a weaving-mill. The Manchester men maintained that such a notion was impracticable. Cartwright went home, and, turning his thoughts from weaving articles for the “*Monthly Review*,” labored assiduously to produce a loom that would weave cloth without hands to throw the shuttle. His children remembered him as walking about as in deep meditation, occasionally throwing his arms from side to side, and they were told that their father was thinking of the action of the shuttle. He completed his machine, which, he says, required the strength of two powerful men to work at a slow rate, and whose springs were strong enough to have thrown a Congreve rocket. He took out a patent. Cartwright’s power-loom, improved by the inventor by incessant exercises of ingenuity, came very slowly into use. A mill, the first erected for their employment on a large scale, was willfully set on fire, and five hundred of the power-looms were destroyed. The patent expired, having been to the inventor a constant source of loss and anxiety.

Cartwright’s invention, great as its results have been, was scarcely recognized in the last century. The power-loom was first brought into profitable use at Glasgow in 1801. But

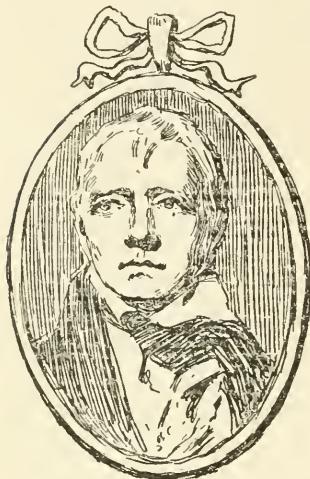
the ultimate advantage of the principle of automatic weaving was fully acknowledged; and in 1807, upon a memorial of the principal cotton-spinners, Parliament granted Dr. Cartwright £10,000, for "the good service he had rendered the public by his invention of weaving." There were only 2,300 power-looms at work in Great Britain in 1813. In 1833 there were 100,000. At the present time they are as universal as spinning-machines—very different in their beautiful construction from Cartwright's invention, but the same in principle. The returns of the Factory Inspectors for 1856 show the employment of 369,205 power-looms, of which 298,847 were for weaving cotton. Such has been the progress of an idea casually impressed upon the active mind of a scholar, who was previously conscious of no aptitude for mechanical pursuits. His parliamentary reward did not repay his expenses in working out his scheme.

The history of the cotton manufacture, as of most other arts, abounds with examples of the struggles of inventors, if not against neglect and fraud, against the almost insuperable difficulties of carrying forward an invention to commercial success. Bentham has expressed a great truth in forcible words: "As the world advances, the snares, the traps, the pitfalls, which inexperience has found in the path of inventive industry, will be filled up by the fortunes and the minds of those who have fallen into them and been ruined. In this, and every other career, the ages gone by have been the forlorn hope, which has received for those who follow them the blows of fortune."—C. KNIGHT.





SIR WALTER SCOTT.



IF we were asked who, among all the writers of the nineteenth century, has had most influence upon the world, perhaps we should hesitate long how to reply. But if the question were put, what writer has been most widely read, there could be only one answer—Walter Scott. His writings, and more especially his novels, apart from any question of their merits, have reached a far greater number of readers than those of any other writer of fiction, living or dead.

When the mystery of the authorship of *Waverley* was still unveiled, and novel after novel came from the prolific brain of the unknown author, with their wonderful variety of scenes and characters, the number printed of a first edition was 10,000 copies. This would often run up to 50,000 in the ultimate demand, and that, too, when the price of every novel ran from a guinea-and-a-half to two guineas. Such was the absorbing interest felt over the advent of each new romance by the author of *Waverley*, that people not only besieged the bookshops in throngs, but eager readers, unable to buy, entered their names weeks in advance at the circulating libraries, while young men sat up all night taking turns at reading aloud the coveted volumes. People almost literally tumbled over each other in their wild eagerness to get an early glance at each new gallery of portraits by the author of *Waverley*. Nor was this popularity at all limited in range by the country

whose scenery and manners were the chief themes of the tales. London vied with Edinburgh, and New York with London, in the zest with which the fascinating volumes were devoured. And even now, after more than half a century of unparalleled literary activity, with works of the imagination poured out literally by the thousand, with our libraries and bookshops full of an ever-growing flood of British, French, German and American novels, the popularity of Scott still maintains its ground. No less a literary artist than Nathaniel Hawthorne, after his return from England, re-read the whole *Waverley* series to his family—some evidence, surely, of their perennial attraction.

In attempting briefly to portray some of the characteristics of Scott the writer, and of Scott the man, it is needless to dwell upon the familiar facts of his biography. Everything connected with his career hinges upon his literary activity. Scott's father was in no wise a person of notable talent or acquirements; but his mother possessed intellectual gifts of a high order, and wonderful conversational powers. To her he owed much of his talent for story-telling, with which in his early years he fascinated his school-fellows. He had a native passion for books. When he left the University in his sixteenth year, he had read more than most men in a long lifetime. If his knowledge of the sciences were slender, and that of Greek none at all, he had filled his strong and retentive memory with inexhaustible stores of poetry, history, legends, voyages and travels, biography and romance. His wide and discursive reading gave him a better equipment as a writer of imaginative works than the more exact scholarship which is the aim of university training. Scott said that if his father had left him an estate of five or six hundred pounds, he should have spent his lifetime in miscellaneous reading, and not in writing. How much the world owes to his lack of inherited wealth is plain in the case of Walter Scott, and is illustrated in that of hundreds of other great writers.

To the copious stores of the lore to be found in books, the young Walter added a wonderfully keen observation of men and manners. His perceptive faculties were of the first order, and with his extraordinary natural gifts of memory, and early-

formed habit of reproducing what he heard or read or saw which was most striking, he acquired a gift of expression, of rare facility, vividness and power.

But, more than all and above all, perhaps, in influence upon Scott's imagination, must be ranked the wild and beautiful scenery of his native land. Born in 1771, in Edinburgh, the most picturesque of British cities, which Hawthorne calls "a Gothic dream," under the shadow of Edinburgh Castle, whose towering and splendid architecture overtops a frowning precipice of four hundred feet in height, Scott soon became an enthusiast for all that was stately and beautiful and grand in nature and in art. His early excursions brought him acquainted with the finest scenery in the Lowlands, and the more rugged and mountainous Highlands afterwards became to him familiar ground. The river Tweed, which he has rendered as famous as the Scamander or the Tiber, runs for a hundred miles through a region presenting almost every variety of scenery of which Scotland can boast. This is the

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,"

which the verse of Scott never tires of celebrating. Amid this inspiring scenery, sometimes sparkling under the brilliant rays of the sun, or swept by the whirlwind and the storm, or sleeping under the soft radiance of the moon, falling like a splendor out of heaven, the imagination of the future poet and romance-writer was kindled.

With all these influences contributing to mould his character, with omnivorous reading of works of imagination, with the intercourse of scholars and ballad-mongers, and antiquarians full of legendary lore, with the splendid scenery of Scotland ever before his eyes, what wonder that Walter Scott became a poet and a writer of fiction? His intellect was steeped in romance from the cradle.

It may be granted that there are to be found in Scott's poetry both tediousness and triviality; that his muse never ascends "the brightest heaven of invention;" that the metre is often faulty, and the style careless. You look in vain for the "long resounding line" of the epic poets, and the verses

often impress you as if written at full gallop. Yet there is in them such wealth of imagery, such beautiful descriptions of nature, such a glow of patriotism, such martial ardor, such energy and such fire, that they are redeemed in the judgment of wisest censure from the rank of poems foredoomed to perish.

The faults of the *Waverley* novels are mainly faults of style and of plot. There are many incongruities, scenes which do violence to probability, much want of proportion in the various parts—some being drawn out to tediousness, others hurried and abbreviated to a sudden finale. We may grant that Scott's style is generally careless, sometimes slovenly, and often incorrect; but it is always clear and flowing, and that is a merit of the first magnitude. His power of description is marvellous; his landscapes, characters and situations have an impress of reality; his books are instinct with life, vividness and energy. They are bracing and wholesome—the work of a hearty and robust intellect—of a man full of human sympathy, noble charity, and a lofty moral purpose. He wrote customarily without study, from the treasure-house of his full mind, refreshed as to facts and dates by previous copious references in his library. Sometimes, indeed, he composed in a glee of enthusiasm. His marvellous fecundity is shown in the production of twenty-seven novels in seventeen years, besides the matter of many volumes of history, poetry, and criticism. It is not needful for the admirers of Scott to put his novels above all other creations of the intellect. Doubtless Dickens surpassed him in humor, Fielding in unity of plot and fidelity to life, Thackeray and George Eliot in mastery of style and literary proportion; but where is the writer who has produced upon the whole so many volumes of romantic fiction containing more of the elements of enduring interest?

If we turn from Scott the writer, to Scott the man, we shall find a character full of simplicity, energy, kindness and devotion to his work. Walter Scott was a manly, brave, high-souled gentleman. Cast physically in an ample mould, fully six feet in height, and early acquiring that passionate ardor for open exercise which lasted him through life, he had not a morbid nerve in his whole body. Never was man of

letters who had more delight in physical exercise, and especially in the saddle. He could walk thirty miles in a day, or ride a hundred miles on horseback, which he actually did on one pressing occasion. Hence the secret of his glowing descriptions of the charge and the chase, and the strong sweep of his verse. Tall, stately and commanding, with eyes of bluish gray, peering from under his shaggy brows, his lofty forehead was typical of the intellectual force within. So persistently did Scott maintain the habit of literary industry, that even when traveling, or at the house of a friend, the morning hours saw him turning off sheets of copy for his Edinburgh printer. His motto was "*Aurora musis amica*," and he used to say that he made it a point never to be doing nothing.

With his unprecedented fame, with the daily incense that was offered up to him by admiring visitors, he was utterly free from egotism. Never was so much genius united to so much modesty. His kind and gentle heart, his frankness and unwavering courtesy, his love of truth and evident sincerity made him welcome everywhere. "Sir Walter speaks to the poorest man," said one of his friends, "as though he were his blood-relation." Everybody loved Sir Walter. That marvellous industry, which made him a slave to the pen so many hours a day, made no inroads on his good humor or his sunny temper.

There is nothing more pathetic in the personal history of men of genius than the misfortunes which clouded Scott's later years. These were caused in part by his own sanguine temperament and overwhelming ambition to make his residence the seat of baronial splendor and hospitality. All the magnificent sums which he made by his prose and poetry were lavished upon Abbotsford. This was the weak side of his nature, and it was this that ruined him. He had incautiously embarked in partnership with a publishing firm without accurate knowledge of their business, and was bound for all their liabilities. In the very tide of his greatest glory and success the tempest struck him. The year 1825 brought to England and Scotland one of those great commercial panics, the fruit of unwise speculation, which so often sweep away

the accumulations of years. Scott's publisher and partner, Ballantyne, failed, owing £117,000 (nearly \$600,000), and this was paid in full, owing to Scott's heroic exertions and the prodigious value of his name in literature. Half of it was paid before he died, the rest by his life insurance and the sale of his copyrights, leaving Abbotsford free to his descendants. But it was a bitter blow to the proud, high-toned and laborious Sir Walter ; when it came, sudden as a clap of thunder in a clear sky, he saw himself standing on his own hearth a pauper, with all his household gods shivered around him. All his private fortune, his copyrights, his magnificent home of Abbotsford, were swallowed up in this colossal bankruptcy. But he met adversity with the same serenity as good fortune. He might have been released by proceedings in bankruptcy, which would have left his splendid powers untrammelled to create for himself a new fortune ; but he refused to do it. Was it stoicism or rectitude of mind ? "Walter Scott ruined !" exclaimed an English nobleman,— "it must not be : let every one whom his books have delighted give him sixpence, and he will be richer than all the Rothschilds." Many offers of aid (one magnificent one of £30,000) were refused. "My own right hand," he said, "shall pay for all." And it did. His resolution knew no respite : every morning found him early at his desk, and he increased his working hours, now that they were for others, from five or six to twelve and even fourteen hours a day.

With calm courage he toiled on, coining his brain into guineas, turning out book after book with diminished power, for he was now grappling with the disease that in a few years proved fatal. He made light of his loss of fortune, and wrote to a friend, "The blowing off of my hat on a stormy day has given me more uneasiness." Yet his private journal evinces the fact that much care and labor were gradually sapping his strength. On the first of January, 1831, he wrote : "I have had a paralytic touch ; I am not solicitous about this, only if I were worthy I would pray God for a sudden death, and no interregnum between I cease to exercise reason and I cease to exist." He wrote to Lockhart, who remonstrated with him upon his overwork, "If I did not write, I should go mad."

Attended by his loving daughter, who did not long survive

him, Sir Walter lingered with gradually failing powers, passed peacefully away, and was laid to rest on the 21st of September, 1832. Honors almost unexampled followed him. His death—far more truly than Doctor Johnson said of Garrick—may be said to have “eclipsed the gayety of nations.” His fame and memory are cherished throughout the world. His home at Abbotsford is visited yearly by more than two thousand pilgrims. It is one of those “Meccas of the mind” that evince the immortality of genius. His place in the Temple of Fame is secure; for his works have delighted and will continue to delight whole generations of mankind.

THE PORTEOUS MOB.

(From “The Heart of Midlothian.”)

On the day when the unhappy Porteous was expected to suffer the sentence of the law, the place of execution, extensive as it is, was crowded almost to suffocation. There was not a window in all the lofty tenements around it, or in the steep and crooked street called the Bow, by which the fatal procession was to descend from the High Street, that was not absolutely filled with spectators. The uncommon height and antique appearance of these houses, some of which were formerly the property of the Knights Templars and the Knights of St. John, and still exhibit on their fronts and gables the iron cross of these orders, gave additional effect to a scene in itself so striking. The area of the Grass-market resembled a huge, dark lake or sea of human heads, in the centre of which arose the fatal tree, tall, black and ominous, from which dangled the deadly halter. Every object takes interest from its uses and associations, and the erect beam and empty noose, things so simple in themselves, became, on such an occasion, objects of terror and of solemn interest.

Amid so numerous an assembly there was scarcely a word spoken, save in whispers. The thirst of vengeance was in some degree allayed by its supposed certainty; and even the populace, with deeper feeling than they are wont to entertain, suppressed all clamorous exultation, and prepared to enjoy the scene of retaliation in triumph, silent and decent, though stern and relentless. It seemed as if the depth of their hatred

to the unfortunate criminal scorned to display itself in anything resembling the more noisy current of their ordinary feelings. Had a stranger consulted only the evidence of his ears, he might have supposed that so vast a multitude were assembled for some purpose which affected them with the deepest sorrow, and stilled those noises which, upon all ordinary occasions, arise from such a concourse ; but if he gazed upon their faces, he would have been instantly undeceived. The compressed lip, the bent brow, the stern and flashing eye of almost every one on whom he looked, conveyed the expression of men come to glut their sight with triumphant revenge. It is probable that the appearance of the criminal might have somewhat changed the temper of the populace in his favor, and that they might in the moment of death have forgiven the man against whom their resentment had been so fiercely heated. It had, however, been destined that the mutability of their sentiments was not to be exposed to this trial.

The usual hour for producing the criminal had been past for many minutes; yet the spectators observed no symptom of his appearance. "Would they venture to defraud public justice?" was the question which men began anxiously to ask at each other. The first answer in every case was bold and positive,—"They dare not." But when the point was further canvassed, other opinions were entertained, and various causes of doubt were suggested. Porteous had been a favorite officer of the magistracy of the city, which, being a numerous and fluctuating body, requires for its support a degree of energy in its functionaries which the individuals who compose it cannot at all times alike be supposed to possess in their own persons. It was remembered, that in the Information for Porteous (the paper, namely, in which his case was stated to the judges of the criminal court), he had been described by his counsel as the person on whom the magistrates chiefly relied in all emergencies of uncommon difficulty. It was argued, too, that his conduct, on the unhappy occasion of Wilson's execution, was capable of being attributed to an imprudent excess of zeal in the execution of his duty, a motive for which those under whose authority he acted might be sup-

posed to have great sympathy. And as these considerations might move the magistrates to make a favorable representation of Porteous' case, there were not wanting others in the higher departments of government, which would make such suggestions favorably listened to.

The mob of Edinburgh, when thoroughly excited, had been at all times one of the fiercest which could be found in Europe ; and of late years they had risen repeatedly against the government, and sometimes not without temporary success. They were conscious, therefore, that they were no favorites with the rulers of the period, and that, if Captain Porteous' violence was not altogether regarded as good service, it might certainly be thought, that to visit it with a capital punishment would render it both delicate and dangerous for future officers, in the same circumstances, to act with effect in repressing tumults. There is also a natural feeling on the part of all members of government, for the general maintenance of authority ; and it seemed not unlikely, that what to the relatives of the sufferers appeared a wanton and unprovoked massacre, should be otherwise viewed in the cabinet of St. James. It might be there supposed, that, upon the whole, master Captain Porteous was in the exercise of a trust delegated to him by the lawful civil authority ; that he had been assaulted by the populace, and several of his men hurt, and that in finally repelling force by force, his conduct could be fairly imputed to no other motive than self-defence in the discharge of his duty.

These considerations, of themselves very powerful, induced the spectators to apprehend the possibility of a reprieve ; and to the various causes which might interest the rulers in his favor, the lower part of the rabble added one which was peculiarly well adapted to their comprehension. It was averred, in order to increase the odium against Porteous, that while he repressed with the utmost severity the slightest excesses of the poor, he not only overlooked the license of the young nobles and gentry, but was very willing to lend them the countenance of his official authority, in execution of such loose pranks as it was chiefly his duty to have restrained. This suspicion, which was perhaps much ex-

aggerated, made a deep impression on the minds of the populace; and when several of the higher rank joined in the petition, recommending Porteous to the mercy of the crown, it was generally supposed he owed their favor not to any conviction of the hardness of his case, but to the fear of losing a convenient accomplice in their debaucheries. It is scarcely necessary to say how much this suspicion augmented the people's detestation of this obnoxious criminal, as well as their fear of his escaping the sentence pronounced against him.

While these arguments were stated and replied to, and canvassed and supported, the hitherto silent expectation of the people became changed into that deep and agitating murmur which is sent forth by the ocean before the tempest begins to howl. The crowded populace, as if their motions had corresponded with the unsettled state of their minds, fluctuated to and fro without any visible cause of impulse, like the agitation of the waters called by sailors the ground-swell. The news, which the magistrates had almost hesitated to communicate to them, was at length announced, and spread among the spectators with a rapidity like lightning. A reprieve from the Secretary of State's office, under the hand of his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, had arrived, intimating the pleasure of Queen Caroline (Regent of the kingdom during the absence of George II. on the continent), that the execution of the sentence of death pronounced against John Porteous, late Captain-lieutenant of the City Guard of Edinburgh, present prisoner in the tolbooth of that city, be respite for six weeks from the time appointed for his execution.

The assembled spectators of almost all degrees, whose minds had been wound up to the pitch which we have described, uttered a groan, or rather a roar of indignation and disappointed revenge, similar to that of a tiger from whom his meal has been rent by his keeper when he was just about to devour it. This fierce exclamation seemed to forebode some immediate explosion of popular resentment, and, in fact, such had been expected by the magistrates, and the necessary measures had been taken to repress it. But the shout was not repeated, nor did any sudden tumult ensue, such as it appeared to announce. The populace seemed to be ashamed of

having expressed their disappointment in a vain clamor, and the sound changed, not into the silence which had preceded the arrival of these stunning news, but into stifled mutterings, which each group maintained among themselves, and which were blended into one deep and hoarse murmur which floated above the assembly. Yet still, though all expectation of the execution was over, the mob remained assembled, stationary as it were, through very resentment, gazing on the preparations for death, which had now been made in vain, and stimulating their feelings by recalling the various claims which Wilson might have had on royal mercy, from the mistaken motives on which he acted, as well as from the generosity he had displayed towards his accomplice. "This man," they said,—"the brave, the resolute, the generous, was executed to death without mercy for stealing a purse of gold, which in some sense he might consider as a fair reprisal; while the profligate satellite, who took advantage of a trifling tumult, inseparable from such occasions, to shed the blood of twenty of his fellow-citizens, is deemed a fitting object for the exercise of the royal prerogative of mercy. Is this to be borne?—would our fathers have borne it? Are not we, like them, Scotsmen and burghers of Edinburgh?"

The officers of justice began now to remove the scaffold, and other preparations which had been made for the execution, in hopes, by doing so, to accelerate the dispersion of the multitude. The measure had the desired effect; for no sooner had the fatal tree been unfix'd from the large stone pedestal or socket in which it was secured, and sunk slowly down upon the wain intended to remove it to the place where it was usually deposited, than the populace, after giving vent to their feelings in a second shout of rage and mortification, began slowly to disperse to their usual abodes and occupations.

The windows were in like manner gradually deserted, and groups of the more decent class of citizens formed themselves, as if waiting to return homewards when the streets should be cleared of the rabble. Contrary to what is frequently the case, this description of persons agreed in general with the sentiments of their inferiors, and considered the cause as common to all ranks. Indeed, as we have already noticed, it

was by no means amongst the lowest class of spectators, or those most likely to be engaged in the riot at Wilson's execution, that the fatal fire of Porteous' soldiers had taken effect. Several persons were killed who were looking out of windows at the scene, who could not of course belong to the rioters, and were persons of decent rank and condition. The burghers, therefore, resenting the loss which had fallen on their own body, and proud and tenacious of their rights, as the citizens of Edinburgh have at all times been, were greatly exasperated at the unexpected respite of Captain Porteous.

The rabble, as well as the more decent part of the assembly, dispersed, and went home peaceably ; and it was only by observing the moody discontent on their brows, or catching the tenor of the conversation they held with each other that a stranger could estimate the state of their minds. We will give the reader this advantage, by associating ourselves with one of the numerous groups who were painfully ascending the steep declivity of the West Bow, to return to their dwellings in the Lawn-market.

"An unco thing this, Mrs. Howden," said old Peter Plumdamas to his neighbor the rousing-wife, or saleswoman, as he offered her his arm to assist her in the toilsome ascent, "to see the grit folk at Lunnon set their face against law and gospel, and let loose sic a reprobate as Porteous upon a peaceable town !"

"And to think o' the weary walk they hae gien us," answered Mrs. Howden, with a groan ; "and sic a comfortable window as I had gotten, too, just within a penny-stane-east of the scaffold—I could hae heard every word the minister said—and to pay twalpennies for my stand, and a' for naething !"

"I am judging," said Mr. Plumdamas, "that this reprieve wadna stand gude in the auld Scots law, when the kingdom was a kingdom."

"I dinna ken muckle about the law," answered Mrs. Howden ; "but I ken, when we had a King, and a chancellor, and parliament-men o' our ain, we could aye peeble them wi' stanes when they were na gude bairns—But naebody's nails can reach the length o' Lunnon."

"Weary on Lunnon, and a' that e'er came out o't!" said Miss Grizell Damahoy, an ancient seamstress, "they hae taen awa our parliament, and they hae oppressed our trade. Our gentles will hardly allow that a Scots needle can sew ruffles on a sark, or lace on an owerlay."

"Ye may say that, Miss Damahoy, and I ken o' them that hae gotten raisins frae Lunnon by forpits at ance," responded Plundamas; "and then sic an host of idle English gaugers and exciseimen as hae come down to vex and torment us, that an honest man canna fetch sae muckle as a bit anker o' brandy frae Leith to the Lawn-market, but he's like to be rabbit o' the very gudes he's bought and paid for. Weel, I wi'na justify Andrew Wilson for pitting hands on what wasna his; but if he took nae mair than his ain, there's an awfu' difference between that and the fact this man stands for."

"If ye speak about the law," said Mrs. Howden, "here comes Mr. Saddletree, that can settle it as weel as ony on the bench."

The party she mentioned, a grave elderly person, with a superb periwig, dressed in a decent suit of sad-colored clothes, came up as she spoke, and courteously gave his arm to Miss Grizell Damahoy.

It may be necessary to mention, that Mr. Bartoline Saddletree kept an excellent and highly-esteemed shop for harness, saddles, etc., etc., at the sign of the Golden Nag, at the head of Bess Wynd. His genius, however (as he himself and most of his neighbors conceived), lay towards the weightier matters of the law, and he failed not to give frequent attendance upon the pleadings and arguments of the lawyers and judges in the neighboring square, where, to say the truth, he was oftener to be found than would have consisted with his own emolument; but that his wife, an active pains-taking person, could, in his absence, make an admirable shift to please the customers and scold the journeymen. This good lady was in the habit of letting her husband take his way, and go on improving his stock of legal knowledge without interruption; but, as if in requital, she insisted upon having her own will in the domestic and commercial departments which he abandoned to her. Now, as Bartoline Saddletree had a considerable gift

of words, which he mistook for eloquence, and conferred more liberally upon the society in which he lived than was at all times gracious and acceptable, there went forth a saying, with which wags used sometimes to interrupt his rhetoric, that, as he had a golden nag at his door, so he had a gray mare in his shop. This reproach induced Mr. Saddletree, on all occasions, to assume rather a haughty and stately tone towards his good woman, a circumstance by which she seemed very little affected, unless he attempted to exercise any real authority, when she never failed to fly into open rebellion. But such extremes Bartoline seldom provoked; for, like the gentle King Jamie, he was fonder of talking of authority than really exercising it. This turn of mind was, on the whole, lucky for him; since his substance was increased without any trouble on his part, or any interruption of his favorite studies.

This word in explanation has been thrown in to the reader, while Saddletree was laying down, with great precision, the law upon Porteous' case, by which he arrived at this conclusion, that if Porteous had fired five minutes sooner, before Wilson was cut down, he would have been *versans in licito*, engaged, that is, in a lawful act, and only liable to be punished, *propter excessum*, or for lack of discretion, which might have mitigated the punishment to *pœna ordinaria*.

“Discretion!” echoed Mrs. Howden, on whom it may well be supposed the fineness of this distinction was entirely thrown away,—“whan had Jock Porteous either grace, discretion or gude manners?—I mind when his father”—

“But, Mrs. Howden,” said Saddletree—

“And I,” said Miss Damahoy, “mind when his mother”—

“Miss Damahoy,” entreated the interrupted orator—

“And I,” said Pluindamas, “mind when his wife”—

“Mr. Pluindamas—Mrs. Howden—Miss Damahoy,” again implored the orator,—“mind the distinction, as Counsellor Crossmyloof says,—‘I,’ says he, ‘take a distinction.’ Now, the body of the criminal being cut down, and the execution ended, Porteous was no longer official; the act which he came to protect and guard being done and ended, he was no better than *civis ex populo*.

“*Quivis—quivis*, Mr. Saddletree, craving your pardon,” said (with a prolonged emphasis on the first syllable) Mr. Butler, the deputy schoolmaster of a parish near Edinburgh, who at that moment came up behind them as the false Latin was uttered.

“What signifies interrupting me, Mr. Butler?—but I am glad to see ye notwithstanding—I speak after Counsellor Crossinyloof, and he said *cuvivis*.”

“If Counsellor Crossinyloof used the dative for the nominative, I would have crossed *his* loaf with a tight leathern strap, Mr. Saddletree; there is not a boy on the booby form but should have been scourged for such a solecism in grammar.”

“I speak Latin like a lawyer, Mr. Butler, and not like a schoolmaster,” retorted Saddletree.

“Scarce like a school-boy, I think,” rejoined Butler.

“It matters little,” said Bartoline; “all I mean to say is, that Porteous has become liable to the *pæna extra ordinem*, or capital punishment; which is to say, in plain Scotch, the gallows, simply because he did not fire when he was in office, but waited till the body was cut down, the execution whilk he had in charge to guard implemented, and he himself exonerated of the public trust imposed on him.”

“But, Mr. Saddletree,” said Plumdamas, “do ye really think John Porteous’ case wad hae been better if he had begun firing before ony stanes were flung at a’?”

“Indeed, do I, neighbor Plumdamas,” replied Bartoline, confidently, “he being then in point of trust and in point of power, the execution being but inchoat, or, at least, not implemented, or finally ended; but after Wilson was cut down, it was a’ ower—lie was clean exauktorate, and had nae mair ado but to get awa wi’ his guard up this West Bow as fast as if there had been a caption after him—And this is law, for I heard it laid down by Lord Vincovincentein.”

“Vincovincentein?—Is he a lord of state or a lord of seat?” inquired Mrs. Howden.

“A lord of seat—a lord of session.—I fash mysell little wi’ lords o’ state; they vex me wi’ a wheen idle questions about their saddles, and curpels, and holsters, and horse furni-

ture, and what they'll cost, and whan they'll be ready—a wheen galloping geese—my wife may serve the like o' them."

"And so might she, in her day, hae served the best lord in the land, for as little as ye think o' her, Mr. Saddletree," said Mrs. Howden, somewhat indignant at the contemptuous way in which her gossip was mentioned; "when she and I were twa gilpies, we little thought to hae sitten doun wi' the like o' my auld Davie Howden, or you either, Mr. Saddletree."

While Saddletree, who was not bright at a reply, was cudgeling his brains for an answer to this home-thrust, Miss Damahoy broke in on him.

"And as for the lords of State," said Miss Damahoy, "ye suld mind the riding o' the parliament, Mr. Saddletree, in the gude auld time before the Union,—a year's rent o' mony a gude estate gaed for horse-graith and harnessing, forbye broidered robes and foot-mantles, that wad hae stude by their lane wi' gold brocade, and that were muckle in my ain line."

"Ay, and then the lusty banqueting, with sweetmeats and confits wet and dry, and dried fruits of divers sorts," said Plumdaimas. "But Scotland was Scotland in thoose days."

"I'll tell you what it is, neighbors," said Mrs. Howden, "I'll ne'er believe Scotland is Scotland ony mair, if our kindly Scots sit doun with the affront they hae gien us this day. It's not only the blude that *is* shed, but the blude that might hae been shed, that's required at our hands; there was my daughter's wean, little Eppie Daidle—my oe, ye ken, Miss Grizell—had play'd the truant frae the school, as bairns will do, ye ken, Mr. Butler"—

"And for which," interjected Mr. Butler, "they should be soundly scourged by their well-wishers."

"And had just cruppin to the gallows' foot to see the hanging, as was natural for a wean; and what for might na she hae been shot as weel as the rest o' them, and where wad we a' hae been then? I wonder how Queen Carline (if her name be Carline) wad hae liked to hae had ane o' her ain bairns in sic a venture?"

"Report says," answered Butler, "that such a circumstance would not have distressed her majesty beyond endurance."

"Aweel," said Mrs. Howden, "the sum o' the matter is, that, were I a man, I wad hae amends o' Jock Porteous, be the upshot what like o't, if a' the carles and carlines in Eng-land had sworn to the nay-say."

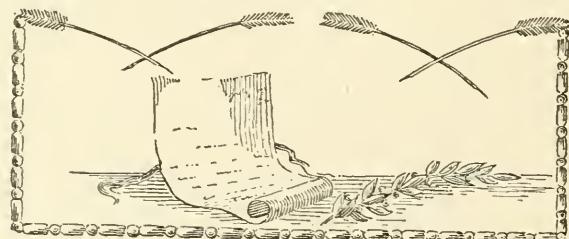
"I would claw down the tolbooth door wi' my nails," said Miss Grizell, "but I wad be at him."

"Ye may be very right, ladies," said Butler, "but I would not advise you to speak so loud."

"Speak," exclaimed both the ladies together, "there will be naething else spoken about frae the Weigh-house to the Water-gate, till this is either ended or mended."

The females now departed to their respective places of abode. Plumdamas joined the other two gentlemen in drinking their *meridian* (a bumper-drain of brandy), as they passed the well-known low-browed shop in the Lawn-market, where they were wont to take that refreshment. Mr. Plumdamas then departed towards his shop, and Mr. Butler, who happened to have some particular occasion for the rein of an old bridle (the truants of that busy day could have anticipated its application), walked down the Lawn-market with Mr. Saddletree, each talking as he could get a word thrust in, the one on the laws of Scotland, the other on those of syntax, and neither listening to a word which his companion uttered.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.



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